THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao Dr 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 5, 1912 — 5c. THE COPY

In This Number: **The Last Throw**—By James Hopper

CONGOLEUM

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(See illustrations at left)

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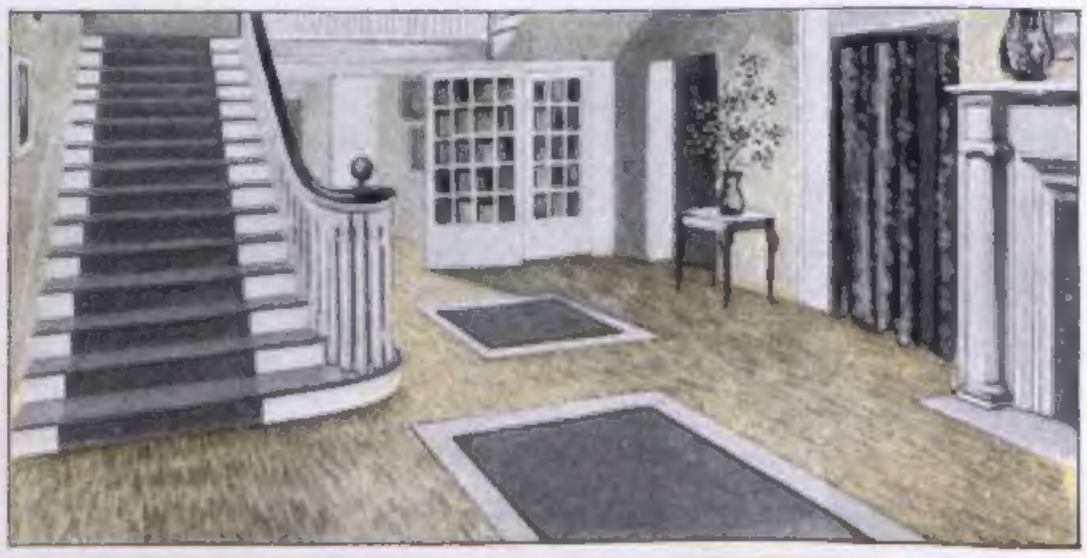

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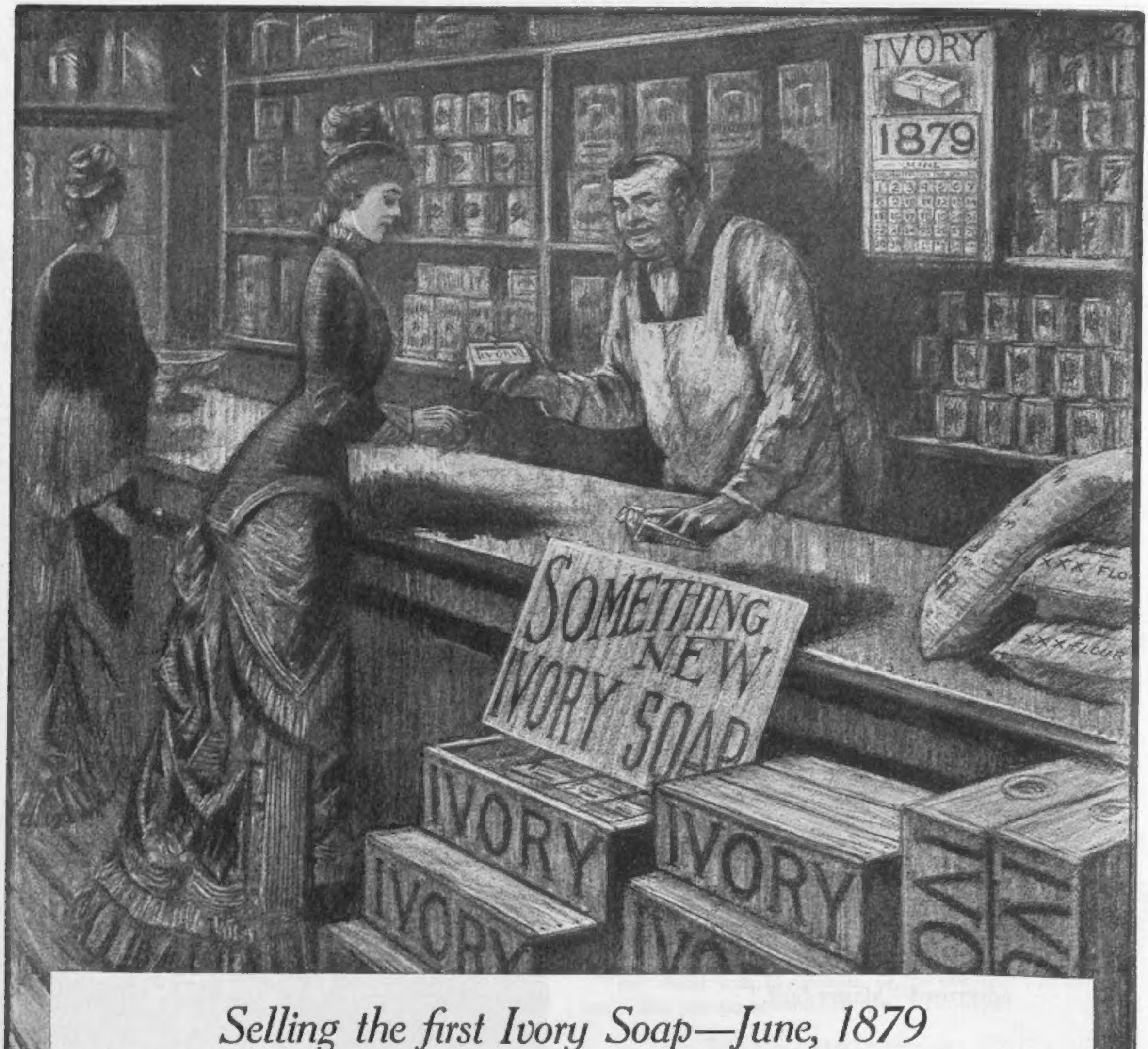

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THE LAST THROW

By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AS BASEBALL reporter of the Mail I had been accompanying the New York Giants on their last circuit for three weeks when we reached Chicago. Twenty days—thus it counted on my fingers—and yet it seemed months, years, an eternity, and I had forgotten my own little troubles in a keen sympathy for the hardships of the men of the nine. For them it meant nights spent in Pullman sleepers, in cinders and choking sulphur smoke of soft coal; weary arrivals at dawn to stuffy hotels; and then mornings and afternoons of battling beneath the pitiless sun of a protracted heat wave, beneath a rain of pop-bottles and gibes of hostile multitudes. "Double-headers" nearly all the time—for the season was drawing to a close and postponed games were thus being played off. Heat and dust and parched mouths and sweat and grime and strain—and the necessity of winning all the time.

Of winning all the time! For this was the Giants' last circuit and their final spurt for the pennant. Leaving home it had been calculated that if they could only reach Chicago with a slight lead, and hold the club of that city, their most dangerous rival, even while there, then the pennant would be practically won; for the last two weeks of the season were to be on the Giants' own grounds, in play against some of the weaker clubs, while Chicago must finish with strong Pittsburgh. But on the very first day of the invading tour—a black Friday—the Giants had lost to despised Philadelphia a double-header. After that it had been a question of winning all the time in order to reach Chicago with still a chance, and, incredible as it may seem, we had turned the trick! Behind a locomotive that spit fire and sulphur like a dragon we had sped all over the country, overthrowing one by one, in bitter struggles, club after club, pride of its city. Four out of six from Philadelphia; five out of five from St. Louis; four out of four from Cincinnati; four out of four from Pittsburgh, sending them down the percentage column and on the last day passing Chicago, slimly. Here we were in the Windy City, with its dangerous, precise, machinelike nine, still up to program; but we must win two out of the series of four games.

The situation, as a matter of fact, promising as it seemed from the outside, was to us who knew very serious. The pace at which the Giants had been going was not one that could be long kept up. They knew this, beneath the pretense of careless self-confidence that was at once their peculiarity and their method. There were several secret sore arms; thighs that were muscle-bound; stone bruises that made every leap a pain. The pitchers were tired out. Nerves were on edge; outside of play the men did not speak to one another; they felt if they spoke they would break out in senseless but irresistible wrangling. Only on the diamond did their several isolations coalesce immediately into unity. And—all of them—they were hiding a growing and deep sense of wrong akin to a grudge. This was the knowledge that they were carrying round with them a non-value, an incubus—a man to whose failure was due all this extra work put on them, this endless toil and strain that followed them everywhere like a curse.

This man was pitcher Jim McGillvray.

Going up to my room the morning of our arrival in Chicago I passed him by in the lobby of the hotel. He was sitting there alone in a big chair, in a position that made noticeable his slightly thickened waist, and gently chewed his tobacco. His swarthy face, a bit relaxed, held, in the little wrinkles that gridironed it, shadows that made it still darker. But as I greeted him in passing, it broke into that rare smile of his that came always as a new surprise and made one wish he could last a thousand years.

"Jim," said the Boy, "Why Didn't They Pitch You Today?"

Once up in my room before my typewriter it occurred to me that here was a subject for one of those feature stories for which my home office, worried to feed the fans, ceaselessly clamored. The "Has-Been"—what a subject! For ten years Jim McGillvray had been the Giants' mainstay—the pitcher whose reliability and physical endurance had won him the nickname of the Iron Man. It had been a jest for him then to pitch a double-header and win both games. Thus, out of good nature, out of love of the game and pride in his craft, he had given prodigally of his youth, until now——

From the beginning of this season, O'Toole, the Giants' wily little manager, had been forced to take McGillvray out early in the games that he pitched. At first in the seventh inning, then in the sixth, in the fifth, until finally he was lolling on the bench nearly all the time—to be called out only to finish last innings of games won beyond doubt or irremediably lost.

I saw him clearly now as he had been on this last circuit, tailing along, an incumbrance and a drag. I saw him sitting there on the bench, game after game, a little lax and heavy, his dark face stolid with what might have been seriousness or mere vacancy. His feet were parallel; both his hands were on his thighs; he chewed his tobacco gently. But if you looked at him, immediately, as if he were on his guard for it, he broke slowly into a deep, leisurely smile in which his brown eyes melted to golden tones like a woman's—a smile incredibly soft in that dark, stolid face, and that seemed to wish to reassure you, bid you think everything was well; that within him, in spite of appearances, there dwelled a certainty.

I did not write that feature story. I decided it might be a cruel one.

When a little before three o'clock that afternoon I took my place in the reporters' stand for the first of the four games—the deciding four games of which we must win two—I was glad I had not written the story. For there in the grandstand sat the Springfield delegation, which certainly would sit there the entire series and certainly would read the baseball news of all the morning papers. The Springfield delegation was one of the joys of the league. Springfield was McGillvray's home town; and every time we reached Chicago on a circuit we would be sure to see in the grandstand this little group of middle-aged men who in their childhood had sat at school with McGillvray, had played ball with him on sand lot or grassy meadow—maybe better than he—and who now came faithfully to acclaim their great man. This year they had been here at each of our appearances, a little perplexed, a little saddened, but still hopeful. And now in concert they gave him their cheerful call, to which from the bench his left arm went up in a gesture as of yore, friendly, yet a bit languid and indifferent, because of his fellow-players who might guy him.

But there was in the grandstand more than the deputation from Springfield. Pee-Wee Big-Mitt was also there, in the first row of the press box, his little face so tight against the wire screen that it was all lined with simian wrinkles. His red hair was tousled, his turned-up nose mobile, his freckles inflamed, and he bore in the pit of his right arm the catcher's mitt, fit more for his sleeping head than for his small paw, which, coupled to his squirming littleness, had gotten him his name from player and rooter. Pee-Wee was McGillvray's small son. The mother was dead. Pee-Wee lived in a Chicago suburb with his grandmother, religiously attended the games when the Giants were playing, and every evening of the series spent half an hour catching his father's delivery in his big mitt. I was glad that I had not written the story. Pee-Wee too must be an ardent peruser of the baseball columns.

The Giants spread over the diamond for their practice. The circuit had emphasized the marks of the long season's wear. They were all lean—lean as wolves, their cheeks pasted against their teeth; their faces were baked like brick; the eyes beneath the long visors seemed bloodshot; and in spite of continual baths and laundried uniforms they gave the impression of men covered with dust, with mouths parched. Coming slowly to the plate, McGillvray batted flies to the outfielders, and Pee-Wee nearly squeezed himself through a mesh of the screen.

The gods were still with us that day. We took the game. From the ring of the bell the Giants, forgetting the strain of their nerves, the weariness of their

Still in His Uniform, He Was Pitching to His Boy

flesh, draped themselves in the valiant swagger that served them so well—and everything came their way. They were not a fine, polished nine—not to the last degree. But they were lustful, insolent and gay and, beneath an assumed carelessness, quite tense. It was a joy to see them start a contest with that seeming happy-go-lucky strut, that pretentious indifference beneath which everything was tight. They would work along thus for a while—then abruptly would break out into a frenzy as of wild beasts. Literally so. It would happen, of course, with one of them at the bat, with another on base. Then from their bench—which in some grounds, carrying out the illusion, was in a recess of the concrete stand like a cage—there would explode an astounding clamor, threats, gibes, encouragements yelled, whooped, whined, snarled and roared. And charging, one after the other, bat in hand, to the plate, they would bat and bat and bat, run and run and run, with a swinging confidence, a sure daring, an insolent audacity that tumbled Fortune, dishevel ed, from her impassive throne, while the opponents, deafened, dismayed and stupefied, broke down as before a torrent and let the runs slide in.

They called this "Breaking up the game."

They broke up this one in the sixth inning—and everything was over for that day. I slipped into the dressing rooms afterward. They were elate, all, amid the splashings of showers, the flashing of towels, flushed, talking loud.

"We'll get that other game tomorrow," they boasted, "and the pennant is in our pockets." "World champions for us, eh, fellows, and a nice little lump of gate receipts in our banks, I bet!" In the midst of all this some one said with a half-sigh: "If only we had another pitcher!"

All the animation came to a stop. They remained in arrested attitudes, this one standing with one foot on the bench, that one with his towel across his back, a third stooped to the laces of his shoes. They seemed to look at something in the distance. Suddenly the movement recommenced, as if each had decided not to give expression to his obvious thought.

I looked swiftly about to see how McGillvray took this, but he was not here. I found him outside, near the right-field fence. Still in his uniform, he was pitching to his boy.

Pee-Wee was backed up against the fence, a mask upon his head, his left hand heavy with the mitt that had given him his name. His red hair was tousled; the flesh between his freckles was on fire; the lines of his brow met triangularly in an expression of immense concentration mixed with pride and a silent, sacred joy. And McGillvray, standing some fifty feet away, was pitching to him.

He pitched seriously, posed as if in the box, with grand show of preliminary winding-up and violent arm milling. But the ball floated out of all this terrific preparation guardedly and gently. With delicacy, as if it had been an egg, it came to rest each time in the exact place, hollow like a nest, in little Pee-Wee's big glove. Before throwing, McGillvray announced, "Out curve," or "in," or "drop," or some compound of these. From behind I could see that the balls so baptized were really straight, but also I could see that to Pee-Wee's readily suggestible imagination they advanced tortuously, with mysterious curvings and swoops and darts, and that each catch was the termination of an adventure absorbing and fabulous.

McGillvray said finally, "Now Old Sal," and threw his renowned Old Sal. This was a slow ball, delivered underhand, which slanted upward gradually to the plate, across which it dropped with a vicious fish-hook curve. Mixed with fast ones, coming unexpectedly it had mowed down strong batters for years and had become inextricably entwined with the great pitcher's name and his fame. But now he had no fast ones with which to flank it, to protect it; and ruthless batters leaned their weights up against it, straightening it out against the fences.

The boy came forward two steps, within the throw's last curving, and caught it reverently. Immediately he took off his mask, sliding it backward over the top of his head with a catcher's professional gesture, and with a little "So long, Jim," ran off to the street car that would take him to his grandmother and his waiting dinner. McGillvray, with equal reserve of demonstration, gave him a light wave and turned toward the clubhouse. But as he passed me he was smiling—that smile so strangely gentle that it made one wish he might last a thousand years, and at the same time wonder if he knew the truth, the implacable truth.

We had now three more games to play and only one to win. One game to win and the pennant was the Giants', with its honors and, not so very incidentally, its fat division of World Championship gate receipts. The Giants meant to make the thing sure by winning right away.

"I Am It—the Has-Been; and it Ain't So Bad Now I've Owned Up"

But they didn't. The Chicago nine the next afternoon played to the perfection of its well-known quality—a machinelike smoothness, a knit unity and an adroit finesse. With a man on base, the Giants' game-breaking roar rose several times, only to be stilled by immediate double-plays. And the day ended without tumult, with us at the quiet small end.

Afterward, by the right-field fence of the deserted field I was the witness of a little scene. Pee-Wee Big-Mitt, having caught his father and having finished with the usual little ceremony of handling Old Sal, was whisking off his mask. But this time, instead of running for the car, he came toward his father with the air of the professional catcher walking out upon the diamond to confer with his pitcher. McGillvray, surprised by this change in the usual custom, stood still.

"Jim," said the boy, "why didn't they pitch you today? If you had pitched we'd have won. Why didn't they pitch you?"

McGillvray gave an embarrassed hitch to his trousers. Then from the side I saw the corner of his eye wrinkle in small quizzical lines. "I tell you, Pee-Wee," he said confidentially, "they're saving me so I can pitch to you. If I had pitched the game today I wouldn't have pitched to you tonight, would I?"

The boy's face turned up to his father's alight with a satisfied smile. And just as the smile halted and began to freeze into doubt McGillvray pivoted Pee-Wee round by the shoulder. "Run quick for your car, you'll be late!" he shouted. And Pee-Wee ran.

We had now two games to play out of which we must win one. And again we lost!

Beneath that torrid sun, within that muggy heat, dominated by the hostile roar of the great crowd, the Giants broke a bit—especially Kerrigan, at third, a brilliant player but highstrung. The real cause of the defeat, and a more serious prognostic of future failure, was the Giants' inability to start one of their tumultuous rallies and break up the game. Each effort to do so was immediately eaten up within the cog of Chicago's double-plays. The marvelous smooth machine was always about the Giants, entwining them in its warp and woof. It was as if they had not had enough room for their vigor; as if the game they played had been transformed, while they played it, to one calling only for subtleties and leaving their own qualities useless. They were as tennis players of the hard-smashing kind who might have been asked to play ping-pong, or as football men transferred to the chess table. Invisible and multitudinous cords bound them, paralyzed them; their arms and legs were tied as in a dream; and as if in a dream they went through the game, and still in a dream lost it.

Afterward, always as if by chance, I found myself over by the right-field fence. Just as on the day before, Pee-Wee, after he had received with respect Old Sal, made straight for his father. "Jim," he said, "why didn't they pitch you? If you had pitched we'd have won. Why didn't they pitch you?"

"They're saving me so I can pitch to you," began McGillvray; then, seeing that this time the answer would not be accepted, he added quickly: "I tell you; I think they're saving me for tomorrow."

Pleasure bloomed on the serious little face. But, "Sure?" he asked again with the forced skepticism he felt due of his eleven years.

"Sure. Now run for your car."

Pee-Wee ran. McGillvray passed me, smiling. And now I was sure that in the depths of those smiling eyes I caught something elusive, secret and haunted.

The fourth day came, and the game which absolutely we must win. Larry O'Toole, the little manager, threw on the table his last trump. He pitched Christianson.

This was the best pitcher he had, and the best probably that has ever been. Four years before, when McGillvray was still in the Indian summer of his prime, and Christianson, a draft from a minor league, was astonishing the baseball world, the two of them, practically alone, pitching almost alternately, with double-headers thrown in, had tugged the Giants to the pennant, making a runaway race of it from start to finish. The youngster of those days had now matured to the nice balance that made him without a peer, what little he might have lost in verve and zest being more than made up by the phenomenal memory he had of all batters' most secret weaknesses and by his cool, unerring, lightning-like decision. But he had been used tremendously this season, and especially on this last circuit.

It was Sunday. The crowd was immense. It filled grandstand and bleachers; overflowed upon the field where, roped in, it made ground-rules necessary; and like the crest of a surf whipped by the wind it splashed up the trees and housetops, black with it as with ants as far as one could see. The Springfield delegation was out in full force—our lone small band of friends—their coats across their shirtsleeves, their straw hats upon their noses; and Pee-Wee, up early, judging from the state of his little mug, which was evidently far from the moment of towel and soap, squirmed at the wire netting. I slipped off to the New York bench. This was to be too good a struggle to be viewed at a distance.

McGillvray was there. His fellows were on the diamond, warming up, but today he was not even batting flies. He sat there, slightly heavy about the waist, his body inert, his face dark and stolid, and, both hands on his thighs, chewed his tobacco slowly. I noticed for the first time how the short-cropped hair showing below the cap was gray—a dry gray, as of years of corrosive sun.

The game at first went well with us. In the second inning, in a sudden attempt to break it up which did not quite succeed, we at least gathered in one run—which was one more than was theirs. After that the innings went on fast for a while, rapid, tense, blank of result, neither team being able to score. Twice our attempts to break things up slid down the maw of their double-plays. They also could not score. Christianson was pitching beautifully; his fingers were alive with genius; the ball left them bewitched, and bewitched crossed the plate.

But at the end of the second inning, as the Giants made for the bench and their bats, Christianson, scooping up a cup of water from the bucket held ready there, paused and said: "For God's sake, fellows, let's bat in some runs!"

After this, each inning, as he rejoined his comrades at the bench, he said with growing fervor: "For God's sake, fellows, let's bat in some more runs!"

But they could bat in no more runs. Each time each rally disappeared within the cogs of Chicago's perfect fielding. And they worked on thus, that meager run all there was between them and defeat and loss of pennant, and each time, as he came to the bench, Christianson said: "For God's sake, boys, let's bat in some more runs!"

He must have had a premonition, or felt despairingly his strength slipping from him. And in the eighth inning came the thing he feared. There were two men out already; we felt easy and safe. Then three Chicago men went to the plate and whacked three successive balls hard. And when a fourth went out on a long fly, ending the inning, two runs had been scored and victory was gone, and the pennant—with only one inning left us in which to retrieve ourselves.

It had all happened so quickly that we could hardly believe it, but the great snarling roar of the multitude, the thousand straw hats up in the air, the descending pop bottles told us that the disaster was only too real. Christianson pushed to the bench, bending his head a little to the avalanche of jeers. His face was yellow, the sweat upon it seemed cold, his hands trembled, and beneath his shirt his heart was beating so that one might have thought that a small animal was embosomed there.

"I'm pitching in a groove," he said to O'Toole, who, legs apart, confronted him, a question in his small, shrewd eyes.

A pitcher pitches in a groove when, by some psychologic phenomenon or trick of wearied flesh and snapping nerve, he begins to throw, against the protests of his will, all of his balls exactly at the same height and in the same direction, as if they were rolling along the same invisible rail. Then batters, full of a joyous certitude, strike hard and hit the fences. When we heard this we knew that Christianson was gone for the day.

And the ninth inning began thus, the score two to one against us, all our pitchers warming up, the mob howling, and our batters with only one chance—one last chance—of upsetting seemingly definite results. In my mind I could not help running back along the Giants' long effort, with its hammer-and-tongs oscillations. The lost doubleheader at Philadelphia, then the long climb back in strain, in ceaseless vigilance—seventeen games won in succession; the arrival in Chicago again up to program, the auspicious beginning, everything jeopardized by the loss of the next two games. Fortune again grabbed by the hair and held for seven long innings today, then in one fatal minute three sharp cracks of bats against balls—and all lost again!

The pitchers out there were warming up hurriedly. The mob howled. Kerrigan, our first man up, struck out!

The uproar now became something unbearable.

But Dibblee, the little shortstop, was now at the bat. He jabbed at a ball, a short, almost imperceptible jab. The ball went up in the air weakly somewhere behind second base. It seemed to remain up there a long moment without strength to come down, hesitated, hovered above the three men streaking for it below, then as if suddenly making up its mind plumped to the grass suddenly, between the three and safe.

The great thunder of voices now diminished as if we had been in a balloon rising away from it. It was replaced by another noise, a comparatively faint, ill-nourished shouting of voices, each screaming loud, but few in number. The Springfield contingent bravely was making show of its loyalty. Above its basic rumor a boy's cry piped shrill.

The next man sacrificed. There were two out, with Dibblee at second. Carr, the Indian catcher, slapped a slow one down the first-base line and made first, while Dibblee, loping to third, was held there.

Two outs and two men on bases! O'Toole waved his pitchers in toward the bench. A silence came upon the grounds. It was Christianson's turn to bat, but Christianson, of course, would not bat, and every one was watching silently, thinking that perhaps O'Toole would now choose the pitcher upon whom he would rely for the second part of this last inning—if for the Giants there was to be any second part. But O'Toole probably decided against tiring that pitcher—if he was to pitch—or had not yet chosen him, and there might be no need of choosing him; or, now that everything seemed to depend upon chance, had decided to give chance all it could do. He sent out to bat that one time, Murray, a recent draft from an obscure league, of whom little was known.

Murray went to the bat. He had flaming red hair and seemed himself, what with the excitement, all aflame. The stands howled with joy. The Chicago pitcher gave his new opponent a smile and wasted no time on him. He sent him a fast one. Murray struck and missed. He sent him a slow one. Murray struck and missed. He now sent him a wide outcurve, waist-high.

Now, if there was anything this red Murray, unbeknownst to any one in this big league, especially doted on it was a wide outcurve, waist-high. He twined himself about that one and transformed it into a flashing white streak that bisected the diamond, and stood firmly at second base while Dibblee and Carr crossed the plate.

The shouting of the Springfield delegation now became a very creditable imitation of the erstwhile noise of the big Chicago mob. Above it, without let-up, shrieked what seemed to be a locomotive whistle. From our bench was coming the Giants' famous game-breaking roar; the men, delirious, slapped each others' backs, yelled in each others' ears, gibed their discomfited opponents raucously, and taking up their bats in frenzied hands pounded the ground with them. And I went over in my mind the ding-dong seesawing I had seen—the first two Philadelphia games, the patient, slow recovery, the happy beginning at Chicago, again everything lost in the next two games, regained for seven innings of this one, relost in the eighth, and now ours again for good if only we could hold out the last part of the ninth. Hold out the last part of the ninth! With what pitcher?

The next man flied out, and a great stillness fell like a cloak upon the grounds. The throng, spellbound, was watching a scene taking place at the New York bench.

Larry O'Toole had not yet chosen his pitcher! He was standing there, before the bench, his sturdy legs stretched wide apart. On the bench were all his pitchers. And O'Toole's shrewd eyes, glancing at the group, were passing from one pitcher to another in hesitation—the first frank hesitation of his whole managerial career.

His eyes were on Kern, the left-hander; but he had pitched yesterday. On Hart—but the day before yesterday the Chicago batters had solved him. On Sondrigan, who grinned willingly; but O'Toole had meant to pitch him hard next week against Boston, to whom he was peculiarly fatal. On Sawyer, late draft; but he did not dare.

Suddenly the silence was keenly traversed by a shrill high cry. "Pitch McGillvray!" the cry said. "Pitch Jim McGillvray!"

A deep surf-note of laughter broke along the grandstand. Looking up, we could see a small form apishly knotted to the wire screen, a little marmoset face pushed against a quadrangular mesh, and behind it the heave and fall of the crowd's enormous amusement. Paunches swelled; hands slapped thighs; mouths, wide open, showed back teeth; and the men nearest Pee-Wee were pounding his meager shoulders, while other hands raised him aloft along the screen as if he were climbing the bars of a cage. The low rumble became articulate and cadenced. It took up Pee-Wee's cry in imperious clamor: "Pitch McGillvray! Pitch McGillvray! Pitch Jim McGillvray!"

Larry O'Toole was now looking at McGillvray. He seemed profoundly oblivious of the crowd. But suddenly his thumb, which was hooked to his belt, jerked backward toward the diamond. And, rising to the almost imperceptible gesture, McGillvray hitched his trousers, as at many such emergencies he had done, and walked out upon the field to the box before the impatient umpire, in the center of his waiting nine.

McGillvray took his place in the box. The stands had resumed their terrific tumult in an effort to break the nerve of the man and snatch back for the city the victory and the pennant, and in the middle of this terrible maelstrom of sound and hostile wills McGillvray stood long motionless. As if lost in a deep reverie he stood with head inclined toward the ball held in his right hand, shielded by the left, and, ear close, seemed to listen long to it, to listen to the warning, the whispered counsel of the old comrade with whom he had toiled so many years, to whom he had given so generously his strength and his youth.

What were his thoughts then? I think that mostly he realized how old he was; realized suddenly the truth beyond further struggle, possibility of delusion, defense of self-deceit. He must have seen himself with his increased weight, his torpid muscles, the speed that was gone, with his Old Sal, bald and naked, visible to all eyes without protection. He must have thought of the countless times he had stood thus in the surge of the crowd, beneath the pitiless sun, facing an alert batter, and how by this time they must know—ah, so well—all of his tricks, his wiles, his poor artifices, his growing weakness. Little by little, before these ruthless batters who had already tasted blood, there must have come to him the certitude that to gain his end, to do his duty, to hold for his mates the slim and precious advantage, he must try something entirely audacious and new. And suddenly inspired, he began to pitch as of evenings he was used to toss to his boy.

He began to pitch with complicated contortion and violent arm milling. But the ball, out of this cyclonic preparation, came out a lob, innocent of twist and guile as a new-born babe. The batter, who all day had been working up his response to Christianson's terrible speed, who for months, for years, had faced spheres propelled as from a cannon and possessed of all the frauds of Hell, swung wildly now at this poor thing—and missed it. He swung at the second long before it came to him, nearly broke his back on the third, and retired—struck out.

The hostile shouting drooped; within it, distinct now, could be heard the encouragement of the loyal little Springfield band, topped by its persistent locomotive whistle. McGillvray's heart was beating fast, as that of a boy hidden, with the searchers near. He wondered if the batter now facing him knew what he had been doing, whether he should keep it up—and decided that he must.

Again he twisted his body, whirled his arm, and out of the hocus-pocus movement evoked a gentle little ball going straight for the plate. The batter struck at it, hit it, but too soon. It went gyrating up to the left, a foul, and the left fielder, running swiftly, nearly gathered it to his bosom.

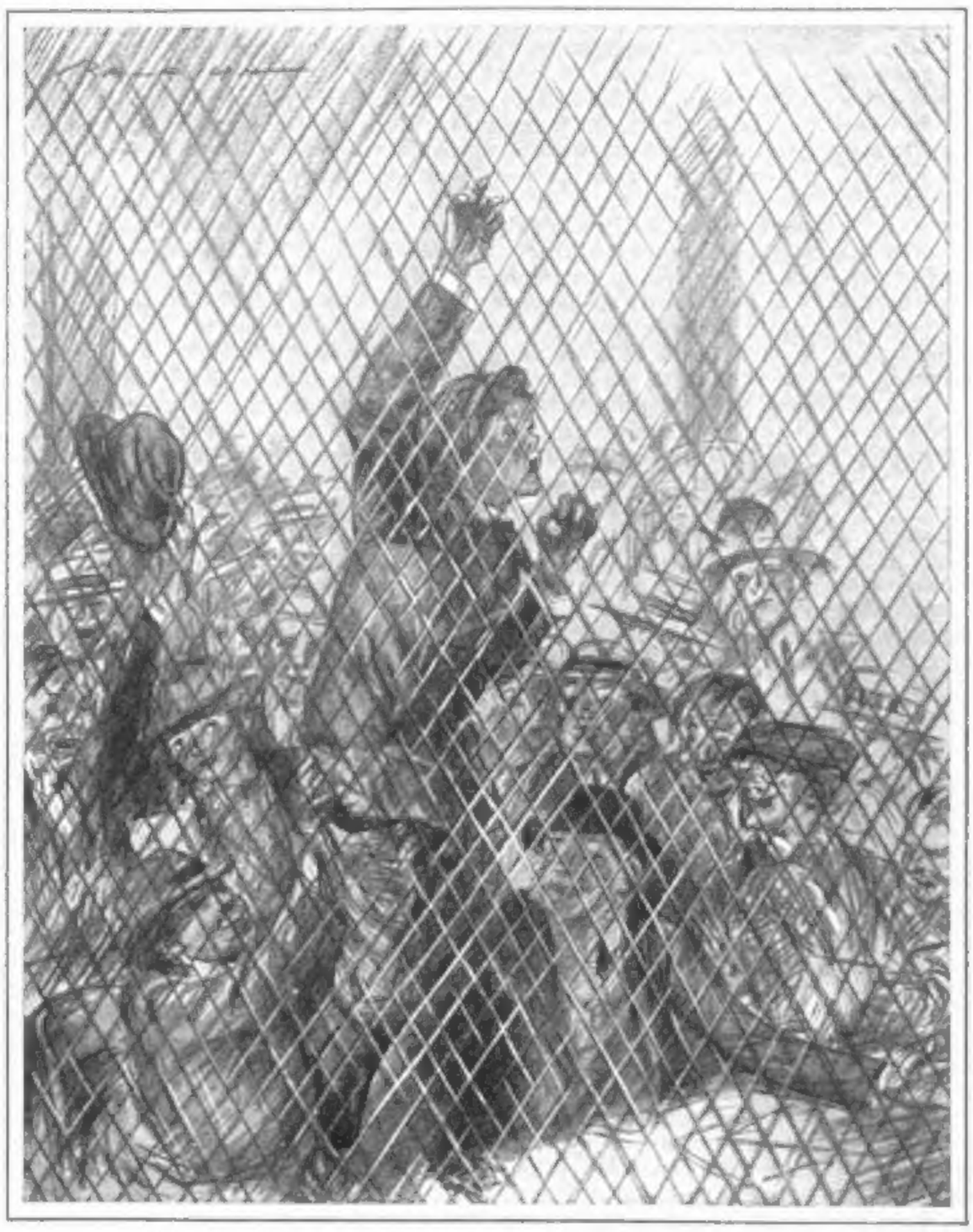
McGillvray's heart was pounding with a thief's fear of being discovered. But to the Springfield deputation everything was clover; it was cracking its voices; and Pee-Wee's shriek had now risen to where vibrations are too rapid and shrieks inaudible.

Then, just as a fine day will suddenly crystallize within itself a black cloud, everything grew troubled again. The batter hit toward McGillvray a slow grounder. It looked an easy out; the back rows of the stands stood up preparing for a quiet get-away. McGillvray stooped leisurely, his left hand, mitted, dangling at the end of his arm, down his side. Always he took such grounders thus, with apparent negligence and real precision. His coolness, his lack of needless hurry, his close timing of gestures without fatal anticipation had always been one of his strong assets and the admiration of bleachers. It was one of his little vanities to do things thus without fussy precipitation, tranquilly. But he was no longer the old McGillvray. His loose, graceful movement was clogged, was just a bit more slow than he meant it to be; to us it held that seeming indolence that so often had exasperated us on the circuit, and that was merely the inexorable slowing up of all his reflexes. When the ball, rolling along the ground, came even with McGillvray's dangling left hand, that dangling left hand was yet a few inches too high. The ball struck the tip of the fingers, lost much of its impetus, but rolled on weakly. McGillvray turned and made toward it, still cool, though behind him he heard the feet of the batter pounding for first base. It was no time to lose one's head. The ball lay there a few feet away, twirling in place like a spent shell. But the second baseman was coming for it on the lope. McGillvray stopped short to let him take it. At the same time the second baseman halted in his tracks for McGillvray. And the men stood still, silly, with the ball between them, while to a howl of derision and delight from the stands the runner reached his base.

The next batter, having watched his companions and timed his eyes to McGillvray's new ball, made a single and stopped at first base with the other runner on third.

McGillvray now lost his nerve for a moment. Try as he would he could not get his baby ball over. In anticipation he saw it already slaughtered, and each time, just as it left his hand, a little spasm of fear deflected it so that it

(Continued on Page 40)



"Pitch McGillvray! Pitch McGillvray! Pitch Jim McGillvray!".

OUR PARCEL POST

By Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr.

Its History and Its Future

THE American postal system, with its 60,000 post-offices, 285,000 employees, 435,000 miles of rail, boat and star routes, 1,000,000 miles of rural routes, and receipts and expenditures considerably more than a quarter of a billion dollars a year, is the largest single business enterprise in the world. The 52,000 money-order offices last year handled $575,000,000 of money-order funds, the 9000 postal savings banks have deposits of $18,000,000, and that branch of the service has scarcely more than commenced its operations. The postal service reaches into the most obscure corner of the most congested city and into the remotest limits of the sparsely settled frontier. It is the most valuable element in the development and improvement of social, commercial and political conditions.

Because of the magnitude of this governmental activity and the opportunities for the enlargement of its usefulness in the promotion of the general welfare, it presents today some of the most important problems requiring constructive legislation and challenges the most careful attention of the legislative branch of government.

To increase the efficiency of the service, to reduce relatively the cost of its operation, to guard against use of the mails for fraudulent purposes, to prevent unlawful expenditure of postal funds, to perfect the organization so that justice shall be accorded all employees, to take advantage of modern methods and inventions which save time or labor, to make the service in all its details responsive to the needs of citizens in general and business men in particular—these, in brief, are the administrative problems with which the postmaster-general and his four assistants are confronted.

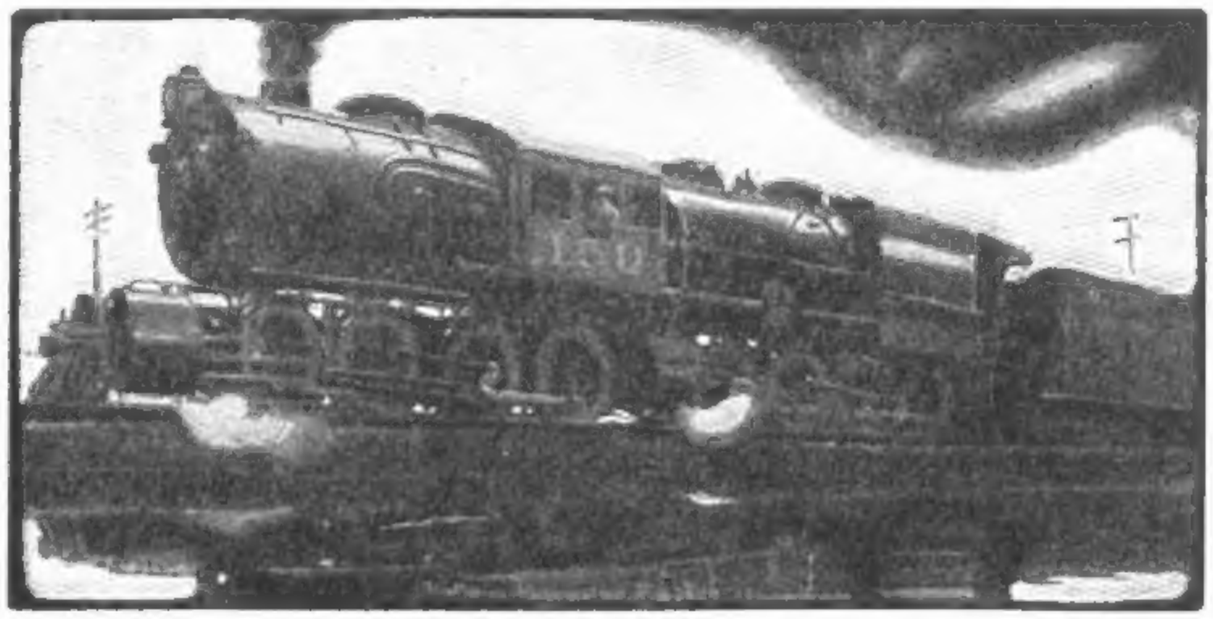
Aside from these administrative problems, there are various questions of general policy that call for legislative action because they relate to the character and scope of the service, the general control of government expenditures or the relations between the postal service and those who have dealings therewith. In the language of the business world, Congress acts in the capacity of a board of directors representing the stockholders—the citizens of the United States. The postmaster-general is the business manager, working under the direction of the board of directors. If the postal service were a private business enterprise the business manager would probably be vested with about the same discretionary power that the postmaster-general has today. His actions would be controlled by the board of directors, and any changes he desired to make in the general character of the service would be subject to authorization by the board. Experience has shown, both in private and public business, that protection of the rights and interests of the stockholders requires the guiding and restraining hand of an alert board of directors.

What Foreign Countries Have Contributed

THE scope of the postal service has undergone a gradual growth. Since its original establishment we have added the money-order and registry systems, the city delivery, rural delivery, special delivery, postal savings banks and, at this session of Congress, the parcel post. Having inaugurated and conducted the inquiry that resulted in this latest enlargement of postal service, I desire to submit to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some facts regarding the methods by which the end was attained and also to dispel some misapprehension that may have arisen because of either misstatements or partial statements of facts. It is important that the American people know as much as possible about the government.

It is my purpose in this article not merely to give a statement of the final results accomplished, but to discuss the problems that were presented, how they were solved and the reasons for the conclusions reached. This will give the reader a more complete and practical understanding of the subject than could otherwise be had.

In view of the extended discussion that has been given the general subject of a parcel post, it is needless now to set forth the general arguments that were urged in behalf of this extension of our postal service. The subject has been discussed far and wide for many years. Every argument that could be advanced for or against has been repeated time and again. Labor organizations, granges, farmers' unions, merchants' associations and many commercial organizations have considered the subject and adopted resolutions setting forth their views and desires. Newspapers and periodicals have discussed the matter at length.



After this extended consideration had been had, there could be no doubt that a very large majority of the people of the United States were convinced that the United States should establish a parcel-post service. In my opinion, therefore, the question presented before Congress was not whether a parcel-post system should be created, but, rather, what the character and extent of that service should be.

Discovering that there was in this country very little definite information upon the subject, I deemed the wisest course to pursue to be one of ascertainment, and consequently secured the adoption of a resolution authorizing the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads to conduct an inquiry into the subject of a parcel post. Under the authority of that resolution, adopted just before the adjournment of Congress in the summer of 1911, I secured from forty-three foreign countries detailed reports regarding the organization and practical operation of their parcel-post systems. These reports were printed in a pamphlet entitled Parcel Post in Foreign Countries, and the substance of the reports was summarized in statistical charts prepared under my direction.

Hearings also were held covering a period of five months, and representatives of every interest affected by the establishment of a parcel-post service were given an opportunity to present their views. The results of these hearings were printed in four large pamphlets. All this information was placed in the hands of members of both houses of Congress and of all persons who asked for it. I also called into conference the four assistant postmasters-general, and secured from them information as to the operation problems of a parcel post.

In the course of my investigation and study, which extended over many months, I learned that there were many intricate and difficult problems involved in the determination of the specific provisions of a parcel-post law. However, I believe that we have solved all these problems and have drafted and enacted a parcel-post law that is open to as few objections as any bill that can be drawn, and that will, when in operation, give a much-needed service at rates very greatly lower than those that are now charged. Its various provisions will be set forth hereafter.

Probably neither the author of any parcel-post bill nor any other person will claim for such a measure absolute scientific accuracy either in the parcel-postage rates proposed or in any zone distances suggested. Months of studying this question have convinced me that scientific accuracy in these particulars is impossible and, even if it were possible, is undesirable, for scientific accuracy would necessarily be secured at the sacrifice of simplicity and convenience, both of which will be demanded by the American people. Approximate accuracy is all that can be expected.

I have anticipated that the parcel-post law enacted by this Congress will be attacked upon the ground that its provisions are not entirely equitable when measured by scientific standards. This objection I desire to meet at the outset by saying that no man who has a desire to improve the postal service can base criticism upon this ground, for the present law governing the handling of fourth-class matter is about as unscientific as it is possible for any law to be. No bill that could have been enacted would be open to so many objections as is the present law on this subject.

The present parcel rate is one cent an ounce, with a limit of four pounds and with no variation for distance. This is what is known as a flat rate. A package weighing four pounds will be carried from New York to San Francisco for 64 cents, and exactly the same amount is charged for the same package from New York to Jersey City. At the same time the United States will receive a four-pound package at the New York post-office, bearing 48 cents in postage, and carry it through San Francisco to Tokio.

Our fourth-class mail-matter rate is unscientific in other respects. The postal service will now receive a one-ounce parcel bearing one cent in postage, and carry it any distance for that compensation. Sixteen of those one-ounce parcels going to sixteen different addresses will be carried for 16 cents, and one 16-ounce parcel will be carried to one address for the same amount. This is vastly different service at one and the same charge. The charge of one cent for a one-ounce package is below the actual cost of the service.

A Plan to Prevent Paternalism

PLANS that were proposed for parcel-post systems may be grouped under three general classes, according to the principles on which they were based:

First, the flat-rate system, similar to that now in existence except for a reduced rate of postage.

Second, a zone system, in which the rate varies according to distance.

Third, a postal express, which contemplates government acquisition and ownership of the express companies.

The flat-rate and zone systems may or may not include a government monopoly of the parcel-post business. The postal express bills, of course, include government monopoly created by statute.

A flat-rate parcel post should include government monopoly for the reason that under such a system express companies, if permitted to compete, would transact practically all of the short-haul business, which is the most profitable, and leave the Government the greater part of the long haul, which is least profitable. Such is largely the result of the present system. The zone system, without a government monopoly, contemplates a system of rates low enough to enable the Government to get a considerable share of the business in open competition with other means of transportation.

It is not my desire to enter upon any adverse discussion of any other parcel-post plan, and yet I feel that I should set forth briefly my reasons for not giving my approval to other plans that were offered.

I am not at present an advocate of the plan to have the Government take over the express companies, because I believe such a course would lead ultimately to government ownership of railroads, the building up of a vast army of government employees, the rapid growth of paternalism, the strengthening of the Administration political machine, the elimination of competition and, as a consequence, a tendency toward dry rot.

Government acquisition of express companies would require an initial investment the amount of which could not be determined in advance. The reason for this is that such acquisition would necessarily be by condemnation, and the amount to be paid to the express companies for their tangible property and franchises would be determined after the usual condemnation proceedings. It is estimated that the cost of the properties of the principal express companies would be not less than forty million dollars. The amount would probably not be definitely known until after several years of litigation.

Moreover, it should be remembered that the Government could not take over the express companies and operate them with all the advantages of the postal service without any of the disadvantages. Although we would save something in cost of operation by adopting the postage-stamp system on parcels, thus saving bookkeeping, and would save the expense of accounting necessary because of the transmission of parcels by several different express companies, we would find this gain offset by the larger

salaries the Government would have to pay the express employees for the same amount of service.

In 1907 there were 79,284 express employees in this country, 50,000 being in the exclusive employ of the express companies and the remainder jointly employed by the railroad and express companies. The average compensation of these employees was $45 a month. The average compensation of the governmental employees is over $90 a month. If the Government absorbed the express companies it would doubtless have to retain most of the express company employees and pay $90 a month on an average where the express companies pay $45, which would make, under governmental operation, the cost of labor about $40,000,000 more than is now paid by express companies or private enterprise. In this event the public would, under governmental operation, probably receive no more efficient service nor lower rates. The proper solution is: Reduction of excessive express charges by the Interstate Commerce Commission and operation of a parcel post by the Post-Office Department, giving the public the cheapest possible rate and the best possible service. A parcel-post service, such as is embodied in the Bourne Bill as passed by Congress, is necessary whether the Government or private enterprise operates the express companies.

Further, the total routes covered by the express companies aggregate but 258,000 miles, while the general mail routes cover 435,000 miles, not to mention more than 1,000,000 miles of rural routes. The express routes are in territory where the business is most profitable. If the Government should take over the express companies and extend the express service to all the routes where mail service is now maintained we should learn by experience that the service in new territory would be conducted at much greater cost. Men who compare present express rates in the most favorable territory with parcel-post rates extending to the remotest regions are clearly unfair unless they explain that the rates are not for identical service. By such unfair comparison efforts have been made to create a prejudice against the rates fixed by the parcel-post act.

The Search for a Simple System

IF WE find that a parcel-post law such as we have enacted cannot be made effective, and that control of express rates is impracticable, then government ownership is, in my opinion, inevitable. For the present, however, I believe we have enacted a parcel-post law that is sound in principle, and that will be satisfactory when perfected.

There were two general plans proposed for parcel-post rates—the flat rate and the zone system. The flat rate contemplates a uniform charge per unit of weight, regardless of the distance the mail is to be transported. The zone system contemplates a rate varying with the distance the parcel is to be carried.

The present rates on all classes of mail are flat rates. We carry a letter from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, for the same charge that we carry it from Portland, Maine, to Boston. We do this, not upon the theory that the cost of handling and transportation is the same in the one case as in the other but upon the fact that the difference in cost per unit is so slight that it is impracticable to express that difference in cents or even in fractions of a cent. All things considered, it is far better to fix a uniform rate for the transmission of letters. Since the cost of handling a letter is seventy-five to eighty per cent of the total, and the cost of transportation only twenty-five to twenty per cent, it is practically impossible to compute the difference in cost of transporting letters varying distances.

This is not true, however, when it comes to handling parcels in which weight and size are recognized as very material features. The cost of transporting a five-pound package five hundred miles is so much more than the cost of transporting it fifty miles that we can easily compute definitely this difference and can, without great inconvenience to the public, provide a charge in accordance with the difference of cost.

It will be clear to every one that a large amount of low-value merchandise will bear a rate of three cents a pound that would not bear a rate of eight cents a pound. Moreover, there are many classes of commodities that will stand shipment a distance of two hundred miles that will not, because of their perishable character, stand transcontinental shipment. We should provide rates low enough to permit the transportation of small packages of commodities of this kind for short distances.

To my mind a flat-rate system for the transportation of merchandise is objectionable from every viewpoint except that of convenience, and the advantage of the flat rate in this respect does not compensate for the very great disadvantages in other respects.

If it were practicable to reduce the cost of transportation of fourth-class matter to a nominal charge such as that in the case of letters I should favor a flat parcel-post rate; but the difference between 88 cents postage on 11 pounds, as proposed by the most favorable flat-rate bill, and 35 cents, provided by the new parcel-post law for a 50-mile zone, is so great that the flat rate must be deemed impracticable.

The flat rate on parcels is not only unscientific, but inequitable and economically unsound. Almost without exception country merchants have been vigorously opposed to a parcel post, believing that it will result in throwing them into ruinous competition with mail-order houses. There would be some basis for their fear if we were to adopt a flat-rate system of parcel-post charges. It costs the Government more than 12 cents a pound to transport fourth-class matter across the continent. The country merchant would be subjected to unfair competition if patrons of the postal service were given a flat rate of 8 cents a pound, or considerably less than actual cost. The merchant pays freight charges largely according to the distance transported. He need not fear material injury from any parcel-post system, provided the rate of transportation be fixed upon a similar basis. The zone system of rates, therefore, is necessary in order to deal fairly with retail merchants, and, since such a system has been evolved, the retail merchants have greatly discontinued their protests.

The transcontinental rate provided by the parcel-post law is 12 cents a pound, and with that rate, which covers approximately the actual cost to the Government, the country merchant cannot feel that he is the victim of improper competition, for he gets his goods by freight and at rates that are but a fraction of the parcel-post rates.

Practically all the serious opposition to the parcel post expressed by those who appeared before the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads during the investigations was based on the assumption that if a parcel-post law should be enacted it would be on a flat-rate basis, which would mean a financial loss to the Government and a transportation service not founded upon sound economic principles.

Early in my study of the parcel-post problem I discovered that the first and all-important essential was to devise some system of determining rates that would be both simple and convenient. Any system of rates based upon distance offers some difficulties, but I was satisfied that the American people would not be content with a system of rate determination as complicated as that utilized by either the express or the freight transportation companies. They will not consent to suffer the consequent delay and uncertainty. Therefore I deemed it important to evolve a system so simple that the chart for determining the rate can be hung up in the public corridor of the post-office and used by the patron himself. To devise this system was not so easy as it would seem.

At first I thought this problem could be easily solved by taking each post-office as a center and drawing a circle round it according to the zone distance established. I soon determined the impracticability of the adoption of this plan, because of the fact that there are some 60,000 post-offices in the United States. Given a map ten feet long and ten feet wide, and an effort to designate on it all the post-offices would be like printing the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin.

The next plan considered was to make each state a unit; and this also was soon ascertained to be impracticable, as Texas, for example, contains in round numbers 260,000 square miles and Massachusetts only 8000 square miles, with practically the same number of inhabitants. If each state were made a unit this would permit a citizen in Texas to send a package at a given rate many times the distance within his own state that a citizen in Massachusetts could within his. The plan of forming units by grouping several small states was also found impracticable.

The next plan considered was that of adopting each county as a unit; but the great differences in area of these counties presented much the same injustice and difficulty that the adoption of a state unit would present. Furthermore, to both state and county units arose the objection of the possibility of change in their boundaries and of the formation of new states and new counties.

How the Posts Will be Established

THE next thought was the adoption of a unit consisting of a quadrangle formed by meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude. These are always fixed—never changing—though varying somewhat in area according to their distance from the equator, but on an average in the United States having a width east and west of 54 miles and a length north and south of 69 miles.

The only difficulty to be overcome by the adoption of the degree as a unit arose from the fact that post-offices on the extreme diagonals of a degree would be approximately 80 miles apart, and, if degree lines be observed in all cases, a citizen mailing a package at a post-office near the boundary of a quadrangle would have to pay an increased rate for a distance of only two miles because the addressee's post-office was just over the line of a degree. This was recognized as unscientific and inequitable, and therefore to be avoided if possible.

Mr. J. H. Robinson, of the topographic division in the bureau of the fourth assistant postmaster-general, suggested dividing the degree quadrangles into quadrangles of thirty minutes' length north and south and east and west, giving the same rate to every post-office in each quarter-degree quadrangle, with the privilege of sending at the same rate to any post-office in every contiguous quarter-degree quadrangle. This plan appealed to me very strongly, and I earnestly recommended its adoption as the best plan upon which to determine scientific and practical distance rates of transportation charges in the handling of packages in parcel post.

We thus have the United States divided into about 3500 different and never-changing units, each being thirty

minutes in length north and south and east and west. On the chart I have had prepared each of these quadrangles is given an index number. All post-offices located in any one of these quadrangles have the same index number and will have exactly the same zone arrangement, but each quadrangle or quarter of a degree will have different zone limits, all based, however, on practically the same distances. As a guide in the use of the index chart, I suggest the printing of a directory giving the states in their alphabetical order, with marginal thumb index, and under each state the names of all post-offices located therein, with their index numbers—that is to say, after the name of each post-office the index number of the quadrangle in which the post-office is located. Thus will be provided a very simple method of ascertaining the rates for transporting a package from one post-office to another. Twenty seconds should be the ordinary amount of time consumed in ascertaining any rate.

In practice the system would work thus: The citizen brings his package to the postmaster, the addressee's name being on the package as usual, with the state and post-office. The postmaster takes his directory with the marginal thumb index, turns to the state, and with the alphabetical arrangement of post-offices in that state readily ascertains the index number of the quadrangle in which the post-office of the addressee is located. He then turns to his chart and readily sees the zone in which the addressee's post-office is located and the rate to be charged.

This system of determining transportation charges is far more simple and convenient than the systems now in use by either the express or freight companies. As every one knows, when a package is taken to the express office the clerk must not only weigh the package but search for a considerable time in a book of express rates in order to ascertain the charge that should be made. Even then mistakes occur very frequently. The system of determining express charges is so complicated that it cannot be understood by the average shipper. The same is true of freight rates.

In order that I might have the benefit of every viewpoint I recently called into conference a number of men who have for many years been connected with the transportation departments of express and railroad companies, and was assured by them that they had never before seen any plan of determining rates so simple and scientific as the one I have proposed.

The installation of this system will require the printing of charts and directories. The directories will all be alike. The charts will all be alike as far as quadrangle lines and numbers are concerned, but the zone lines will be different for each quadrangle. That is to say, on the charts for use in any one quadrangle a series of zone lines will be drawn with that quadrangle as the center. All the post-offices in that quadrangle will have the same zone arrangement. There can be no confusion, for the postmaster has before him the chart showing only the zones for his office.

Having thus found a simple and practicable plan for ascertaining the amount of postage due on a package, the next problem was to fix the rates; and this, it seemed to me, should be done by first ascertaining the actual cost to the Government. It must be admitted that under our rather loose but convenient postal system no very accurate statistics are available as to the cost of the various postal activities. However, investigation of the subject by the second assistant postmaster-general, Hon. Joseph Stewart, indicated that it costs the Government about 3 cents to receive and deliver a one-pound package of fourth-class matter. It was also learned that parcels with a maximum weight of 25 pounds can be delivered in New York City at an average cost of 5 cents per package. The manager of a transfer company in Washington, District of Columbia, expressed his willingness to contract with the Government to deliver its parcel-post mail in Washington at 5 cents a parcel, with a 25-pound limit. In view of this information my conclusion was that the Government would be absolutely safe from loss in fixing the local and rural route charge at 5 cents for the first pound and 1 cent for each additional pound, or 15 cents for an 11-pound parcel. It must be observed in this connection that the service proposed is greater than the mere local delivery of a parcel. It is contemplated that the Government will take a parcel from a resident on a rural route, carry it to the city post-office and then deliver it by city carrier, or, reversing the

(Continued on Page 52)

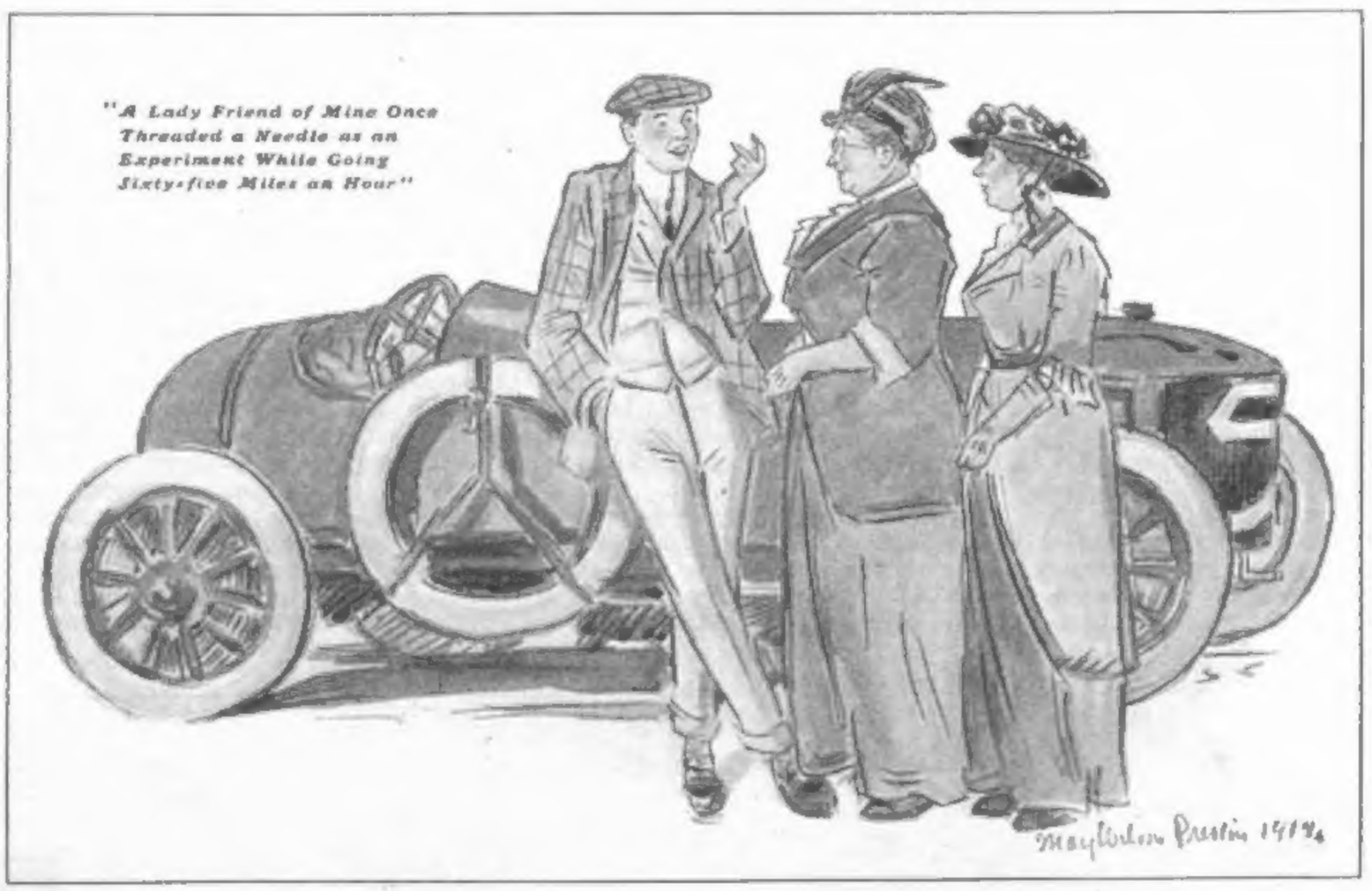
MIND OVER MOTOR

How Tish Broke the Law and Some Records

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SO MANY unkind things have been said of the affair at Morris Valley that I think it best to publish a straightforward account of everything. The ill nature of the cartoon, for instance, which showed Tish in a pair of khaki trousers on her back under a racing car was quite uncalled for. Tish did not wear the khaki trousers; she merely took them along in case of emergency. Nor was it true that Tish took Aggie along as a mechanician and brutally pushed her off the car because she was not pumping enough oil. The fact was that Aggie sneezed on a curve and fell out of the car, and would no doubt have been killed had she not been thrown into a pile of sand.



"A Lady Friend of Mine Once Threaded a Needle as an Experiment While Going Sixty-five Miles an Hour"

It was in early September that Eliza Bailey, my cousin, decided to go to London, ostensibly for a rest, but really to get some cretonne at Liberty's. Eliza wrote me at Lake Penzance asking me to go to Morris Valley and look after Bettina. Bettina's mother wrote:

Not that she will allow you to do it, or because she isn't entirely able to take care of herself; but because the people here are a talky lot. Bettina will probably look after you. She has come from college with a feeling that I am old and decrepit and must be cared for. She maddens me with pillows and cups of tea and woolen shawls. She thinks Morris Valley selfish and idle, and is disappointed in the church, preferring her Presbyterianism pure. She is desirous now of learning how to cook. If you decide to come I'll be grateful if you can keep her out of the kitchen. Devotedly, ELIZA.

P. S. If you can keep Bettina from getting married while I'm away I'll be very glad. She believes a woman should marry and rear a large family! E.

We were sitting on the porch of our summer cottage at Lake Penzance when I received the letter, and I read it aloud.

"Humph!" said Tish, putting down the stocking she was knitting and looking over her spectacles at me—"Likes her Presbyterianism pure and believes in a large family! How old is she? Forty?"

"Eighteen or twenty," I replied, looking at the letter. "I'm not anxious to go. She'll probably find me frivolous."

Tish put on her spectacles and took the letter.

"I think it's your duty, Lizzie," she said when she'd read it through. "But that young woman needs handling. We'd better all go. We can motor over in half a day."

That was how it happened that Bettina Bailey, sitting on Eliza Bailey's front piazza, decked out in chintz cushions—the piazza, of course—saw a dusty machine come up the drive and stop with a flourish at the steps. And from it alight, not one chaperon but three.

After her first gasp Bettina was game. She was a pretty girl in a white dress and bore no traces in her face of any stern religious proclivities.

"I didn't know——" she said, staring from one to the other of us. "Mother said—that is—won't you go right upstairs and have some tea and lie down?" She had hardly taken her eyes from Tish, who had lifted the engine hood and was poking at the carbureter with a hairpin.

"No, thanks," said Tish briskly. "I'll just go around to the garage and oil up while I'm dirty. I've got a short circuit somewhere. Aggie, you and Lizzie get the trunk off."

Bettina stood by while we unbuckled and lifted down our traveling trunk. She did not speak a word, beyond asking if we wouldn't wait until the gardener came. On Tish's saying she had no time to wait, because she wanted to put kerosene in the cylinders before the engine cooled, Bettina lapsed into silence and stood by watching us.

Bettina took us upstairs. She had put Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World on my table and a couch was ready with pillows and a knitted slumber robe. Very gently she helped us out of our veils and dusters and closed the windows for fear of drafts.

"Dear mother is so reckless of drafts," she remarked. "Are you sure you won't have tea?"

"We had some elderberry wine with us," Aggie said, "and we all had a little on the way. We had to change a tire and it made us thirsty."

"Change a tire!"

Aggie had taken off her bonnet and was pinning on the small lace cap she wears, away from home, to hide where her hair is growing thin. In her cap Aggie is a sweet-faced woman of fifty, rather ethereal. She pinned on her cap and pulled her crimps down over her forehead.

"Yes," she observed. "A bridge went down with us and one of the nails spoiled a new tire. I told Miss Carberry the bridge was unsafe, but she thought, by taking it very fast——"

Bettina went over to Aggie and clutched her arm. "Do you mean to say," she quavered, "that you three women went through a bridge——"

"It was a small bridge," I put in, to relieve her mind; "and only a foot or two of water below. If only the man had not been so disagreeable——"

"Oh," she said, relieved, "you had a man with you!"

"We never take a man with us," Aggie said with dignity. "This one was fishing under the bridge and he was most ungentlemanly. Quite refused to help, and tried to get the license number so he could sue us."

"Sue you!"

"He claimed his arm was broken, but I distinctly saw him move it." Aggie, having adjusted her cap, was looking at it in the mirror. "But dear Tish thinks of everything. She had taken off the license plates."

Bettina had gone really pale. She seemed at a loss, and impatient at herself for being so. "You—you won't have tea?" she asked.

"No, thank you."

"Would you—perhaps you would prefer whisky and soda."

Aggie turned on her a reproachful eye. "My dear girl," she said, "with the exception of a little homemade wine used medicinally we drink nothing. I am the secretary of the Woman's Prohibition Party."

Bettina left us shortly after that to arrange for putting up Letitia and Aggie. She gave them her mother's room, and whatever impulse she may have had to put the Presbyterian Psalter by the bed, she restrained it. By midnight Drummond's Natural Law had disappeared from my table and a novel had taken its place. But Bettina had not lost her air of bewilderment.

That first evening was very quiet. A young man in white flannels called, and he and Letitia spent a delightful evening on the porch talking sparkplugs and carbureters. Bettina sat in a corner and looked at the moon. Spoken to, she replied in monosyllables in a carefully sweet tone. The young man's name was Jasper McCutcheon.

It developed that Jasper owned an old racing car which he kept in the Bailey garage, and he and Tish went out to look it over. They very politely asked us all to go along, but Bettina refusing, Aggie and I sat with her and looked at the moon.

Aggie in her capacity as chaperon, or as one of an association of chaperons, used the opportunity to examine Bettina on the subject of Jasper.

"He seems a nice boy," she remarked. Aggie's idea of a nice boy is one who in summer wears fresh flannels outside, in winter less conspicuously. "Does he live near?"

"Next door," sweetly but coolly.

"He is very good looking."

"Ears spoil him—too large."

"Does he come around—er—often?"

"Only two or three times a day. On Sunday, of course, we see more of him."

Aggie looked at me in the moonlight. Clearly the young man from the next door needed watching. It was well we had come.

"I suppose you like the same things?" she suggested. "Similar tastes and—er—all that?"

Bettina stretched her arms over her head and yawned. "Not so you could notice it," she said coolly. "I can't think of anything we agree on. He is an Episcopalian; I'm a Presbyterian. He approves of suffrage for women; I do not. He is a Republican; I'm a Progressive. He disapproves of large families; I approve of them, if people can afford them."

Aggie sat straight up. "I hope you don't discuss that!" she exclaimed. Bettina smiled.

"How nice to find that you are really just nice elderly ladies after all!" she said. "Of course we discuss it. Is it anything to be ashamed of?"

"When I was a girl," I said tartly, "we married first and discussed those things afterward."

"Of course you did, Aunt Lizzie," she said, smiling alluringly. She was the prettiest girl I think I have ever seen, and that night she was beautiful. "And you raised enormous families who religiously walked to church in their bare feet to save their shoes!"

"I did nothing of the sort," I snapped.

"It seems to me," Aggie put in gently, "that you make very little of love." Aggie was once engaged to be married to a young man named Wiggins, a roofer by trade, who was killed in the act of inspecting a tin gutter.

Bettina smiled at Aggie. "Not at all," she said. "The day of blind love is gone, that's all—gone like the day of the chaperon."

Neither of us cared to pursue this, and Tish at that moment appearing with Jasper, Aggie and I made a move toward bed. But Jasper not going, and none of us caring to leave him alone with Bettina, we sat down again.

We sat until one o'clock.

At the end of that time Jasper rose, and saying something about its being almost bedtime strolled off next door. Aggie was sound asleep in her chair and Tish was dozing. As for Bettina, she had said hardly a word after eleven o'clock.

Aggie and Tish, as I have said, were occupying the same room. I went to sleep the moment I got into bed, and must have slept three or four hours when I was wakened by a shot. A moment later a dozen or more shots were fired in rapid succession and I sat bolt upright in bed. Across the street some one was raising a window, and a man called "What's the matter?" twice.

There was no response and no further sound. Shaking in every limb, I found the light switch and looked at the time. It was four o'clock in the morning and quite dark.

Some one was moving in the hall outside and whimpering. I opened the door hurriedly and Aggie half fell into the room.

"Tish is murdered, Lizzie!" she said, and collapsed on the floor in a heap.

"Nonsense!"

"She's not in her room or in the house, and I heard [illegible]."

Well, Aggie was right. Tish was not in her room. There was a sort of horrible stillness everywhere as we stood there clutching at each other and listening.

"She's heard burglars downstairs and has gone down after them, and this is what has happened! Oh, Tish! brave Tish!" Aggie cried hysterically. And at that Bettina came in with her hair over her shoulders and asked us if we had heard anything. When we told her about Tish she insisted on going downstairs, and with Aggie carrying her first-aid box and I carrying the elderberry wine we went down.

The lower floor was quiet and empty. The man across the street had put down his window and gone back to bed, and everything was still. Bettina in her dressing gown went out on the porch and turned on the light. Tish was not there, nor was there a body lying on the lawn.

"It was back of the house by the garage," Bettina said. "If only Jasper——"

And at that moment Jasper came into the circle of light. He had a Norfolk coat on over his pajamas and a pair of slippers, and he was running, calling over his shoulder to some one behind as he ran.

"Watch the drive!" he yelled. "I saw him duck round the corner."

We could hear other footsteps now and somebody panting near us. Aggie was sitting huddled in a porch chair, crying, and Bettina, in the hall, was trying to get down from the wall a Moorish knife that Eliza Bailey had picked up somewhere.

"John!" we heard Jasper calling. "John! Quick! I've got him!"

He was just at the corner of the porch. My heart stopped and then rushed on a thousand a minute. Then:

"Take your hands off me!" said Tish's voice.

The next moment Tish came majestically into the circle of light and mounted the steps. Jasper, with his mouth open, stood below looking up, and a hired man in what looked like a bed quilt was behind in the shadow.

Tish was completely dressed in her motoring clothes, even to her goggles. She looked neither to the right nor left, but stalked across the porch into the house and up the stairway. None of us moved until we heard the door of her room slam above.

"Poor old dear!" said Bettina. "She's been walking in her sleep!"

"But the shots!" gasped Aggie. "Some one was shooting at her!"

Conscious now of his costume, Jasper had edged close to the veranda and stood in its shadow.

"Walking in her sleep of course!" he said heartily. "The trip today was too much for her. But think of her getting into that burglar-proof garage with her eyes shut—or do sleep-walkers have their eyes shut?—and actually cranking up my racer!"

Aggie looked at me and I looked at Aggie.

"Of course," Jasper went on, "there being no muffler on it, the racket wakened her as well as the neighborhood. And then the way we chased her!"

"Poor old dear!" said Bettina again. "I'm going in to make her some tea."

"I think," said Jasper, "that I need a bit of tea too. If you will put out the porch lights I'll come up and have some."

But Aggie and I said nothing. We knew Tish never walked in her sleep. She had meant to try out Jasper's racing car at dawn, forgetting that racers have no mufflers, and she had been, as one may say, hoist with her own petard—although I do not know what a petard is and have never been able to find out.

We drank our tea, but Tish refused to have any or to reply to our knocks, preserving a sulky silence. Also she had locked Aggie out and I was compelled to let her sleep in my room.

I was almost asleep when Aggie spoke:

"Did you think there was anything queer about the way that Jasper boy said goodnight to Bettina?" she asked drowsily.

"I didn't hear him say goodnight."

"That was it. He didn't. I think"—she yawned—"I think he kissed her."

II

TISH was down early to breakfast that morning and her manner forbade any mention of the night before. Aggie, however, noticed that she ate her cereal with her left hand and used her right arm only when absolutely necessary. Once before Tish had almost broken an arm cranking a car and had been driven to arnica compresses for a week; but this time we dared not suggest anything.

Shortly after breakfast she came down to the porch where Aggie and I were knitting.

"I've hurt my arm, Lizzie," she said. "I wish you'd come out and crank the car."

"You'd better stay at home with an arm like that," I replied stiffly.

"Very well, I'll crank it myself."

"Where are you going?"

"To the drug store for arnica."

Bettina was not there so I turned on Tish sharply. "I'll go, of course," I said; "but I'll not go without speaking my mind, Letitia Carberry. By and large, I've stood by you for twenty-five years, and now in the weakness of your

"Officer, Perform Your Duty. Where are the Handcuffs?"

age I'm not going to leave you. But I warn you, Tish, if you touch that racing car again I'll send for Charlie Sands."

Charlie Sands is Tish's nephew. He is something or other on a newspaper and Tish is rather in awe of him.

"I haven't any intention of touching it again," said Tish meekly enough. "But I wish I could buy a second-hand racer cheap."

"What for?" Aggie demanded. Tish looked at her with scorn.

"To hold flowers on the dining table," she snapped

It being necessary, of course, to leave a chaperon with Bettina, because of the Jasper person's habit of coming over at any hour of the day, we left Aggie with instructions to watch them both.

Tish and I drove to the drug store together, and from there to a garage for gasoline. I have never learned to say "gas" for gasoline. It seems to me as absurd as if I were to say "but" for butter. Considering that Aggie was quite sulky at being left, it is absurd for her to assume an air of virtue over what followed that day. Aggie was only like a lot of people—good because she was not tempted; for it was at the garage that we met Mr. Ellis.

We had stopped the engine and Tish was quarreling with the man about the price of gasoline when I saw him—a nice looking young man in a black-and-white checked suit and a Panama hat. He came over and stood looking at Tish's machine.

"Nice lines to that car," he said. "Built for speed, isn't she? What do you get out of her?"

Tish heard him and turned.

"Get out of her?" she said. "Bills mostly."

"Well, that's the way with most of them," he remarked, looking steadily at Tish. "A machine's a rich man's toy. The only way to own one is to have it endowed like a university. But I meant speed. What can you make?"

"Never had a chance to find out," Tish said grimly. "Between nervous women in the machine and constables outside I have the twelve-miles-an-hour habit. I'm going to exchange the speedometer for a vacuum bottle."

He smiled. "I don't think you're fair to yourself. Mostly—if you'll forgive me—I can tell a woman's driving as far off as I can see the machine; but you are a very fine driver. The way you brought that car in here impressed me considerably."

"She need not pretend she crawls along the road," I said with some sarcasm. "The bills she complains of are mostly fines for speeding."

"No!" said the young man delighted. "Good! I'm glad to hear it. So are mine!"

After that we got along famously. He had his car there—a low gray thing that looked like an armored cruiser.

"I'd like you ladies to try her," he said. "She can move, but she is as gentle as a lamb. A lady friend of mine once threaded a needle as an experiment while going sixty-five miles an hour."

"In this car?"

"In this car."

Looking back, I do not recall just how the thing started. I believe Tish expressed a desire to see the car go, and Mr. Ellis said he couldn't let her out on the roads, but that the racetrack at the fair grounds was open and if we cared to drive down there in Tish's car he would show us her paces, as he called it. From that to going to the racetrack, and from that to Tish's getting in beside him on the mechanician's seat and going round once or twice, was natural. I refused; I didn't like the look of the thing.

Tish came back with a cinder in her eye and full of enthusiasm. "It was magnificent, Lizzie," she said. "The only word for it is sublime. You see nothing. There is just the rush of the wind and the roar of the engine and a wonderful feeling of flying. Here! See if you can find this cinder."

"Won't you try it, Miss—er—Lizzie?"

"No, thanks," I replied. "I can get all the roar and rush of wind I want in front of an electric fan, and no danger."

He stood by, looking out over the oval track while I took three cinders from Tish's eye.

"Great track!" he said. "It's a horsetrack, of course, but it's in bully shape—the county fair is held there and these fellows make a big feature of their horseraces. I came up here to persuade them to hold an automobile meet, but they've got cold feet on the proposition."

"What was the proposition?" asked Tish.

"Well," he said, "it was something like this. I've been turning the trick all over the country and it works like a charm. The town's ahead in money and business, for an automobile race always brings a big crowd; the track owners make the gate money and the racing cars get the prizes. Everybody's ahead. It's a clean sport too."

With Aggie Carrying Her First-Aid Box and I Carrying the Elderberry Wine We Went Down

"I don't approve of racing for money," Tish said decidedly. But Mr. Ellis shrugged his shoulders.

"It's really hardly racing for money," he explained. "The prizes cover the expenses of the racing cars, which are heavy naturally. The cars alone cost a young fortune."

"I see," said Tish. "I hadn't thought of it in that light. Well, why didn't Morris Valley jump at the chance?"

He hesitated a moment before he answered. "It was my fault really," he said. "They were willing enough to have the races, but it was a matter of money. I made them a proposition to duplicate whatever prize money they offered, and in return I was to have half the gate receipts and the betting privileges."

Tish quite stiffened. "Clean sport!" she said sarcastically. "With betting privileges!"

"You don't quite understand, dear lady," he explained. "Even in the cleanest sport we cannot prevent a man's having an opinion and backing it with his own money. What I intended to do was to regulate it. Regulate it."

Tish was quite mollified. "Well, of course," she said, "I suppose since it must be, it is better—er regulated. But why haven't you succeeded?"

"An unfortunate thing happened just as I had the deal about to close," he replied, and drew a long breath. "The town had raised twenty-five hundred. I was to duplicate the amount. But just at that time a—a young brother of mine in the West got into difficulties, and I—but why go into family matters? It would have been easy enough for me to pay my part of the purse out of my share of the gate money; but the committee demands cash on the table. I haven't got it."

Tish stood up in her car and looked out over the track.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars is a lot of money, young man."

"Not so much when you realize that the gate money will probably amount to twelve thousand."

Tish turned and surveyed the grandstand.

"That thing doesn't seat twelve hundred."

"Two thousand people in the grandstand—that's four thousand dollars. Four thousand standing inside the ropes at a dollar each, four thousand more. And say eight hundred machines parked in the oval there at five dollars a car, four thousand more. That's twelve thousand for the gate money alone. Then there are the concessions to sell peanuts, toy balloons, lemonade and palm-leaf fans, the lunch-stands, merry-go-round and moving-picture permits. It's a bonanza! Fourteen thousand anyhow."

"Half of fourteen thousand is seven," said Tish dreamily. "Seven thousand less twenty-five hundred is thirty-five hundred dollars profit."

"Forty-five hundred, dear lady," corrected Mr. Ellis, watching her. "Forty-five hundred dollars profit to be made in two weeks, and nothing to do to get it but sit still and watch it coming!"

I can read Tish like a book and I saw what was in her mind. "Letitia Carberry!" I said sternly. "You take my warning and keep clear of this foolishness. If money comes as easy as that it ain't honest."

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Ellis. "We give them their money's worth, don't we? They'd pay two dollars for a theater seat without half the thrills—no chances of seeing a car turn turtle or break its steering knuckle and dash into the sidelines. Two dollars' worth? It's twenty!"

But Tish had had a moment to consider, and the turning-turtle business settled it. She shook her head. "I'm not interested, Mr. Ellis," she said coldly. "I couldn't sleep at night if I thought I'd been the cause of anything turning turtle or dashing into the sidelines."

"Dear lady!" he said, shocked; "I had no idea of asking you to help me out of my difficulties. Anyhow, while matters are at a standstill probably some shrewd money-maker here will come forward before long and make a nice pront on a small investment."

As we drove away from the fair grounds Tish was very silent; but just as we reached the Bailey place, with Bettina and young Jasper McCutcheon batting a ball about on the tennis court, Tish turned to me.

"You needn't look like that, Lizzie," she said. "I'm not even thinking of backing an automobile race—although I don't see why I shouldn't, so far as that goes. But it's curious, isn't it, that I've got twenty-five hundred dollars from Cousin Angeline's estate not even earning four per cent?"

I got out grimly and jerked at my bonnet strings.

"You put it in a mortgage, Tish," I advised her with severity in every tone. "It may not be so fast as an automobile race or so likely to turn turtle or break its steering knuckle, but it's safe."

"Huh!" said Tish, reaching for the gear lever. "And about as exciting as a cold pork chop."

"And furthermore," I interjected, "if you go into this thing now that your eyes are open I'll send for Charlie Sands!"

"You and Charlie Sands," said Tish viciously, jamming at her gears, "ought to go and live in an old ladies' home away from this cruel world."

Aggie was sitting under a sunshade in the broiling sun at the tennis court. She said she had not left Bettina and Jasper for a moment, and that they had evidently quarreled, although she did not know when, having listened to every word they said. For the last half-hour, she said, they had not spoken at all.

"Young people in love are very foolish," she said, rising stiffly. "They should be happy in the present. Who knows what the future may hold?"

I knew she was thinking of Mr. Wiggins and the icy roof, so I patted her shoulder and sent her up to put cold cloths on her head for fear of sunstroke. Then I sat down in the broiling sun and chaperoned Bettina until luncheon.

III

JASPER took dinner with us that night. He came across the lawn, freshly shaved and in clean white flannels, just as dinner was announced, and said he had seen a chocolate cake cooling on the kitchen porch and that it was a sort of unwritten social law that when the Baileys happened to have a chocolate cake at dinner they had him also.

There seemed to be nothing to object to in this. Evidently he was right, for we found his place laid at the table. The meal was quite cheerful, although Jasper ate the way some people play the piano, by touch, with his eyes on Bettina. And he gave no evidence at dessert of a fondness for chocolate cake sufficient to justify a standing invitation.

After dinner we went out on the veranda, and under cover of showing me a sunset Jasper took me round the corner of the house. Once there, he entirely forgot the sunset.

"Miss Lizzie," he began at once, "what have I done to you to have you treat me like this?"

"I?" I asked, amazed.

"All three of you. Did—did Bettina's mother warn you against me?"

"The girl has to be chaperoned."

"But not jailed, Miss Lizzie, not jailed! Do you know that I haven't had a word with Bettina alone since you came?"

"Why should you want to say anything we cannot hear?"

"Miss Lizzie," he said desperately, "do you want to hear me propose to her? For I've reached the point where,

if I don't propose to Bettina soon, I'll· I'll propose to somebody. You'd better be warned in time. It might be you or Miss Aggie."

I weakened at that. The Lord never saw fit to send me a man I could care enough about to marry, or one who cared enough about me, but I couldn't look at the boy's face and not be sorry for him.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Come for a walk with us," he begged. "Then sprain your ankle or get tired, I don't care which. Tell us to go on and come back for you later. Do you see? You can sit down by the road somewhere."

"I won't lie," I said firmly. "If I really get tired I'll [illegible] If I don't——"

"You will." He was gleeful. "We'll walk until you do! You see it's like this, Miss Lizzie. Bettina was all for me, in spite of our differing on religion and politics and——"

"I know all about your differences," I put in hastily.

"Until a new chap came to town—a fellow named Ellis. Runs a sporty car and has every girl in the town lashed to the mast. He's a novelty and I'm not. So far I have kept him away from Bettina, but at any time they may meet, and it will be one-two-three with me."

I am not defending my conduct; I am only explaining. Eliza Bailey herself would have done what I did under the circumstances. I went for a walk with Bettina and Jasper shortly after my talk with Jasper, leaving Tish with the evening paper and Aggie inhaling a cubeb cigarette, her hay fever having threatened a return. And what is more, I tired within three blocks of the house, where I saw a grassy bank beside the road.

Bettina wished to stay with me, but I said, in obedience to Jasper's eyes, that I liked to sit alone and listen to the crickets, and for them to go on. The last I saw of them Jasper had drawn Bettina's arm through his and was walking beside her with his head bent, talking.

I sat for perhaps fifteen minutes and was growing uneasy about dew and my rheumatism when I heard footsteps and, looking up, I saw Aggie coming toward me. She was not surprised to see me and addressed me coldly.

"I thought as much!" she said. "I expected better of you, Lizzie. That boy asked me and I refused. I daresay he asked Tish also. For you, who pride yourself on your strength of mind——"

"I was tired," I said.

"I was to sprain my ankle," she observed sarcastically. "I just thought as I was sitting there alone——"

"Where's Tish?"

"A young man named Ellis came and took her out for a ride," said Aggie. "He couldn't take us both, as the car holds only two."

I got up and stared at Aggie in the twilight. "You come straight home with me, Aggie Pilkington," I said sternly.

"But what about Bettina and Jasper?"

"Let 'em alone," I said; "they're safe enough. What we need to keep an eye on is Letitia Carberry and her cousin Angeline's legacy."

But I was too late. Tish and Mr. Ellis whirled up to the door at half past eight and Tish did not even notice that Bettina was absent. She took off her veil and said something about Mr. Ellis' having heard a grinding in the differential of her car that afternoon and that he suspected a chip of steel in the gears. They went out together to the garage, leaving Aggie and me staring at each other. Mr. Ellis was carrying a box of tools.

Jasper and Bettina returned shortly after, and even in the dusk I knew things had gone badly for him. He sat on the steps, looking out across the dark lawn, and spoke in monosyllables. Bettina, however, was very gay.

It was evident that Bettina had decided not to take her Presbyterianism into the Episcopal fold. And although I am a Presbyterian myself I felt sorry.

Tish and Mr. Ellis came round to the porch about ten o'clock and he was presented to Bettina. From that moment there was no question in my mind as to how affairs were going, or in Jasper's either. He refused to move and sat doggedly on the steps, but he took little part in the conversation.

Mr. Ellis was a good talker, especially about himself.

"You'll be glad to know," he said to me, "that I've got this race matter fixed up finally. In two weeks from now we'll have a little excitement here."

I looked toward Tish, but she said nothing.

"Excitement is where I live," said Mr. Ellis. "If I don't find any waiting I make it."

"If you are looking for excitement we'll have to find you some," Jasper said pointedly. Mr. Ellis only laughed.

"Don't put yourself out, dear boy," he said. "I have enough for present necessities. If you think an automobile race is an easy thing to manage, try it. Every man who drives a racing car has a *coloratura* soprano beaten to death for temperament. Then every racing car has quirky spells; there's the local committee to propitiate; the track to look after; and if that isn't enough, there's the promotion itself, the advertising. That's my stunt—the advertising."

"It's a wonderful business, isn't it?" asked Bettina. "To take a mile or so of dirt track and turn it into a sort of stage, with drama every minute and sometimes tragedy!"

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Ellis; "I want to put that down. I'll use it somewhere in the advertising." He wrote by the light of a match, while we all sat rather stunned by both his personality and his alertness. "Everything's grist that comes to my mill. I suppose you all remember when I completed the speedway at Indianapolis and had the governor of Indiana lay a gold brick at the entrance? Great stunt that! But the best part of that story never reached the public."

Bettina was leaning forward, all ears and thrills. "What was that?" she asked.

"I had the gold brick stolen that night—did it myself and carried the brick away in my pocket—only gold-plated, you know. Cost eight or nine dollars, all told, and brought a million dollars in advertising. But the papers were sore about some passes and wouldn't use the story. Too bad we can't use the brick here. Still have it kicking about somewhere."

It was then, I think, that Jasper yawned loudly, apologized, said goodnight and lounged away across the lawn. Bettina hardly knew he was going. She was bending forward, her chin in her palms, listening to Mr. Ellis tell about a driver in a motor race breaking his wrist cranking a car, and how he—Ellis—had jumped in the car and driven it to victory. Even Aggie was enthralled. It seemed as if, in the last hour, the great world of stress and keen wits and endeavor and mud speed had sat down on our doorstep.

As Tish said when we were going up to bed, why shouldn't Mr. Ellis brag? He had something to brag about.

IV

ALTHOUGH I felt quite sure that Tish had put up the prize money for Mr. Ellis I could not be certain. And Tish's attitude at that time did not invite inquiry. She took long rides daily with the Ellis man in his gray car, and I have reason to believe that their objective point was always the same—the racetrack.

Mr. Ellis was the busiest man in Morris Valley. In the daytime he was superintending putting the track in condition, writing what he called promotion stuff, securing entries and forming the center of excited groups at the drug store and one or other of the two public garages. In the evenings he was generally to be found at Bettina's feet.

Jasper did not come over any more. He sauntered past, evening after evening, very much white-flanneled and carrying a tennis racket. And once or twice he took out his old racing car, and later shot by the house with a flutter of veils and a motor coat beside him.

Aggie was exceedingly sorry for him, and even went the length of having the cook bake a chocolate cake and put it on the window-sill to cool. It had, however, no perceptible effect, except to draw from Mr. Ellis, who had been round at the garage looking at Jasper's old racer, a remark that he was exceedingly fond of cake, and if he were urged

That was, I believe, a week before the race. The big city papers had taken it up, according to Mr. Ellis, and entries were pouring in.

"That's the trouble on a small track," he said—"we can't crowd 'em. A dozen cars will be about the limit. Even with using the cattle pens for repair pits we can't look after more than a dozen. Did I tell you Heckert had entered his Bonor?"

"No!" we exclaimed. As far as Aggie and I were concerned, the Bonor might have been a new sort of dog.

"Yes, and Johnson his Sampler. It's going to be some race eh, what!"

Jasper sauntered over that evening, possibly a late result of the cake after all. He greeted us affably, as if his defection of the past week had been merely incidental, and sat down on the steps.

"I've been thinking, Ellis," he said, "that I'd like to enter my car."

"What!" said Ellis. "Not that ——"

"My racer. I'm not much for speed, but there's a sort of feeling in the town that the locality ought to be represented. As I'm the only owner of a speed car ——"

"Speed car!" said Ellis, and chuckled. "My dear boy, we've got Heckert with his ninety-horse-power Bonor!"

"Never heard of him." Jasper lighted a cigarette. "Anyhow, what's that to me? I don't like to race. I've got less speed mania than any owner of a race car you ever met. But the honor of the town seems to demand a sacrifice, and I'm it.

"You can try out for it anyhow," said Ellis. "I don't think you'll make it; but, if you qualify, all right. But don't let any other townpeople, from a sense of mistaken local pride, enter a street roller or a traction engine."

Jasper colored, but kept his temper. Aggie, however, spoke up indignantly.

"Mr. McCutcheon's car was a very fine racer when it was built."

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," remarked Mr. Ellis, and getting up said goodnight. Jasper sat on the steps and watched him disappear. Then he turned to Tish.

"Miss Letitia," he said, "do you think you are wise to drive that racer of his the way you have been doing?"

Aggie gave a little gasp and promptly sneezed, as she does when she is excited.

"I?" said Tish.

"You!" he smiled. "Not that I don't admire your courage. I do. But the other day, now, when you lost a tire and went into the ditch ——"

"Tish!" from Aggie.

" ——you were fortunate. But when a racer turns over the results are not pleasant."

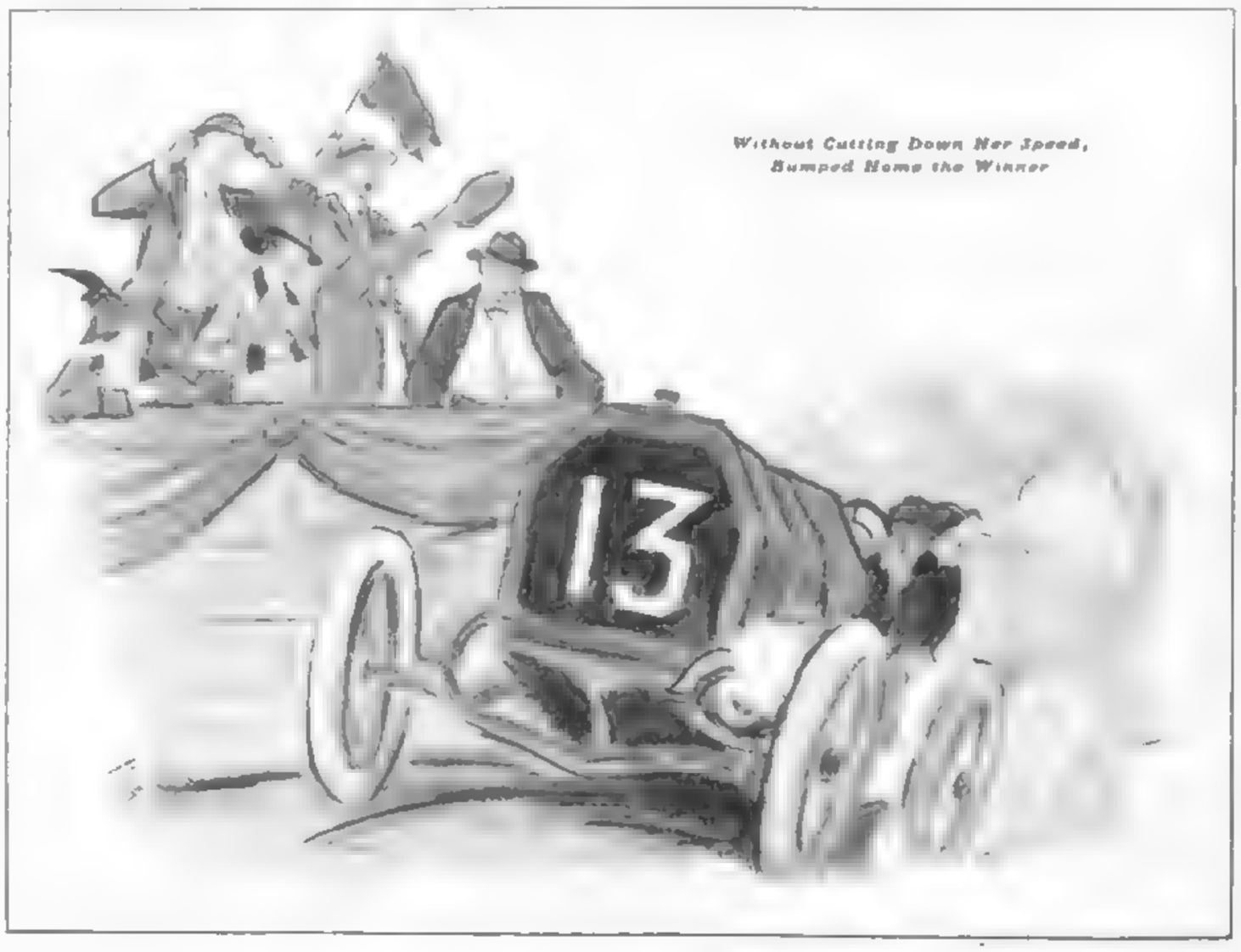
"As a matter of fact," said Tish coldly, "it was a wheat field, not a ditch."

Jasper got up and threw away his cigarette. "Well, our departing friend is not the only one who can quote Latin," he said. "*Verbum sap.*, Miss Tish. Goodnight, everybody. Goodnight, Bettina."

Bettina's goodnight was very cool. As I went up to bed that night I thought Jasper's chances poor indeed. As for Tish, I endeavored to speak a few words of remonstrance to her, but she opened her Bible and began to read the lesson for the day and I was obliged to beat a retreat.

It was that night that Aggie and I, having decided the situation was beyond us, wrote a letter to Charlie Sands asking him to come up. Just as I was sealing it Bettina knocked and came in. She closed the door behind her and stood looking at us both.

(Continued on Page 81)



Without Cutting Down Her Speed, Bumped Home the Winner

Adventures in Business

THE MAN WHO TRAPPED OPPORTUNITIES

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

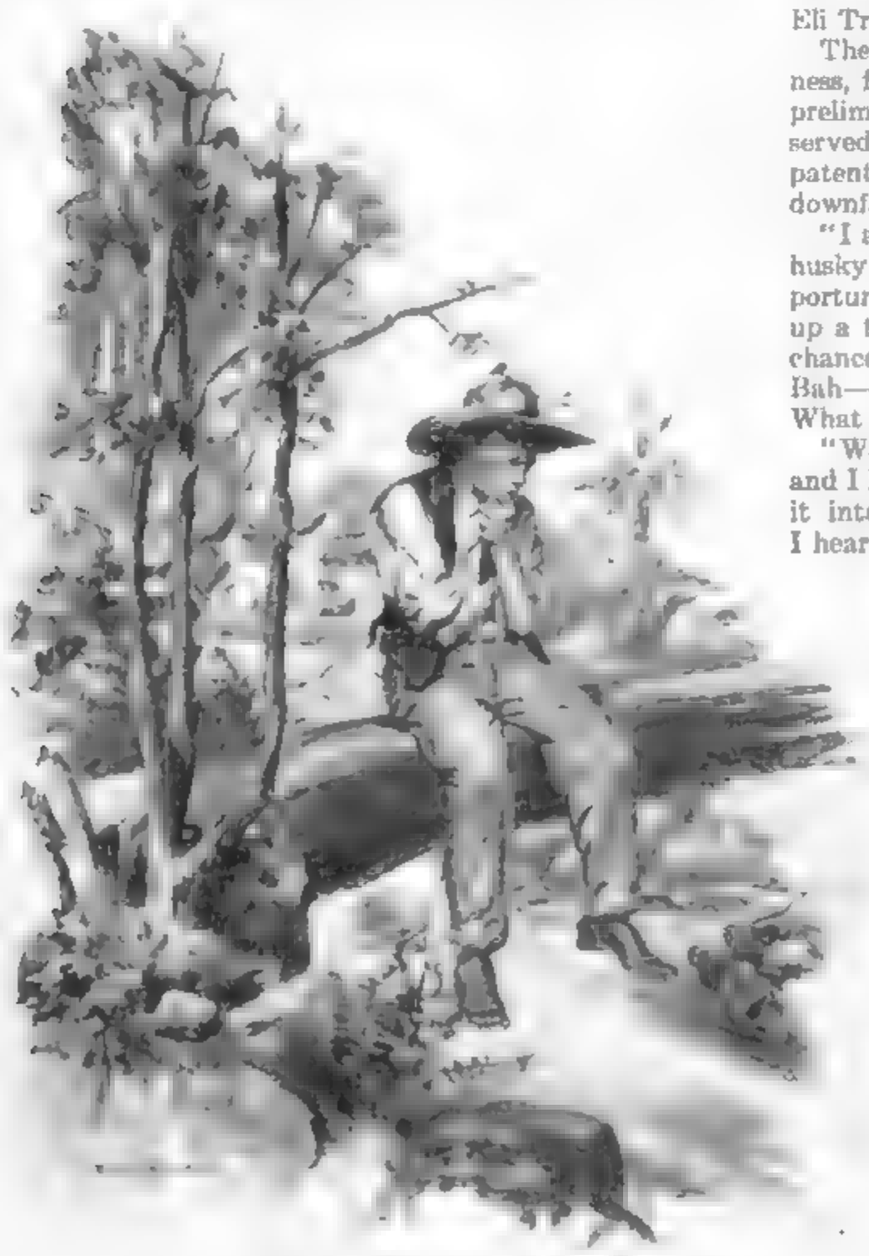
I WAS born in Missouri, and I had no reason during my boyhood to believe that I was destined to live in New York and become a director in seven corporations having executive offices adjacent to lower Broadway. Long before I was ten years old my feet were so tough that I could work in the oatfield barefooted. I was a lazy little rascal, my father said, and my greatest ambition was to run a steam roller for a year or two and then get a job braking on a passenger train.

From a financial viewpoint my father had been a failure all his life. He had run a grocery in the state of New York, a restaurant in Ohio and an insurance agency in Michigan. Then he tried farming in Illinois, but, failing to get ahead, jumped to Texas because he knew a man down there who had grown rich from agriculture. Yet somehow father failed to make good; so after five years he and my mother started back for Wisconsin in a prairie schooner.

While passing through Missouri two misfortunes befell one of the horses died and the next night I was born. This double calamity resulted in father's renting a little farm that belonged to Jared Morrison—miller and merchant at the town of Falling Rock—and settling there.

Through the center of this farm ran an angry and troublesome little stream called Finch's Run, and I want to impress this fact on your mind here at the start. For many years thereafter that creek held a great opportunity, wholly undiscovered. My father berated the stream continually and never once saw anything in it except a nuisance. It overflowed in the spring, it cut up our fields into awkward shapes, and it was a never-ending attraction to me and my two younger sisters. The girls went wading when they should have been washing dishes, and I swam in the deep holes or fished when I was needed to work among the corn and potatoes. Often father threatened to find another farm without such a drawback, but somehow he stayed there year after year.

In this, I might say, my father did only what the average man would have done. Most men live with possibilities all their lives, but die in poverty, bewailing their ill fortunes. Every day they wade across these creeks of opportunity and merely growl at getting their feet wet.



I Fell to Speculating About the Force of the Current

When I was seventeen father bound me out to a harnessmaker in Falling Rock, half a mile from the farm, and within a year I knew a lot about hamestraps, martingales, padtrees and the like; but harnessmaking did not accord with my ambitions. I had given up the idea of running a steam roller, but I still dreamed about braking; so one night I took French leave and stole a ride in a freight car to St. Louis.

Next morning while I was trying to extricate myself from the railroad yards I was nabbed, on a telegram from my dad. I was locked up all day, and at night father came down and got me. I went home in ignominy, declaring there was no opportunity in Falling Rock for a young man who wanted to get on in the world.

To this my father replied with some sarcasm. "Your opportunity," he said, "lies out in the onion patch for the present. You've thrown up your job and Old Griggs won't take you back. Well, I think you'll do as well with onions as anything. I've searched the country myself from York State to the Gulf for an opportunity, but I've never found it. For the average man there is no opportunity anywhere these days."

For three years I worked on the farm. Then, with a hundred dollars I had saved, I bought a quarter-interest in a wretched little shoe store of our village; but I soon discovered that my asthmatic old partner had made a goat of me.

He had no trade worth anything and no stock that did not have green mold on it. He lived on my hundred dollars for six months and I lived at home. Then we dissolved and I made him a present of my quarter-interest.

That Water-Soaked Check Looked Big to Him

A Night Chase After Mr. Opportunity

MEANWHILE a smooth city chap had come along and sold my father, for two hundred dollars, the exclusive right to sell a patent fence in an adjoining county. So we formed a copartnership, my dad and I, under the title Eli Tracewell and Son—call it that if you please.

The title proved the most auspicious thing in our business, for at the end of six months of hard but promising preliminary work we ran against a big snag. We were served with an injunction that tied us up absolutely. The patent rights, you see, had been stolen. . . . The downfall of the business was a bitter thing for my father.

"I am fifty-nine years old," he said to me that night in husky tones. "I've combed the whole nation for an opportunity to support myself and family in comfort and lay up a trifle for old age; and now, just as I find the one chance in my life, it is grabbed away from me by the law! Bah—the law! What is the law in this country, William? What chance has the ordinary man, I say?"

"Well," said I, "we've got the firm name left, anyhow, and I like the way it sounds. What do you say if we turn it into a wool-and-grain firm? There's a fine opening, I hear, up at Grapeville." So after a while we did quit the farm, moved to Grapeville and began buying fleeces, grain and produce. Grapeville was a place with a thousand inhabitants, a few miles from Falling Rock.

It required a year to get established, and meanwhile we ran heavily into debt at the grocer's. Then the footrot got hold of the sheep and an off year came along in crops. My father died at Grapeville, a broken, embittered man. His opportunities had all been delusions. He'd never had a fair show, mother said. With the ghost of a chance he'd have made his mark.

My sisters had married; so I took my mother back to the old farm near Falling Rock, since she expressed a wish to die there and the place was still for rent. Well, mother got over the idea of dying—but I'll come to that presently.

It was one Sunday afternoon that I got my first "hunch" about Finch's Run. Sitting out there on a log we used for a bridge, I fell to speculating about the force of the current. If by some magic I could tip up the stream until the water fell in a perpendicular head, I thought I might even run a mill with it.

Somehow that idea kept running in my brain. A few weeks later I bought a small second-hand hydraulic ram I saw advertised in a city newspaper. Then I got some pipe and ran it from the creek to the farmhouse, three hundred feet away. That night we had running water in our kitchen! I lay awake half the night listening to the periodic throb of that ram, and its music was the sweetest I had ever heard. I marveled that we had pumped and carried water so long, when so simple a bit of enterprise could bring it to us without an effort.

On that night a consuming ambition blazed up within me. I would not stop with the hydraulic ram, but would harness the creek for electricity! Daring thought, indeed! My father had never even dreamed of a project so bold.

I did not know a turbine from a generator, or an amperemeter from a dynamo. James Watt had no more standing with me than had Doctor Ohm or Volta; but I knew that somehow folks got electric light out of the water. How was I to do it? How was it possible without money or skill?

When a man has a definite ambition life takes on a different aspect. He watches for opportunities that otherwise would drift past him unnoticed. With me, money was a prerequisite, and suddenly a most unexpected chance suggested itself. It was a chance I never would have dreamed of seizing if my head hadn't been full of vague but real plans for extracting power from Finch's Run.

This new idea got hold of me one evening while I was getting my mail at the village post-office. "Old Sylvester Tapp is dead," I heard somebody say. "Been dead a week out there in his shanty, and his body just found tonight! There was a will in his pocket, and all his land goes to Amos!"

Sylvester Tapp had been a recluse for many years—a widower living alone on his farm. His life had been devoted to a miserly greed for land, of which he had accumulated six hundred acres. Amos Tapp, his only child, had long been estranged from him and was now living on a bare little farm nineteen miles away.

I walked home and told my mother what I purposed attempting. She said I'd better forget my wild notions and go to bed, but I hitched up my old buggy horse and drove straight back to Falling Rock. I skipped Main Street and drove round to the home of Jared Morrison, my landlord. He was our biggest local capitalist, reputed to be worth a hundred thousand or more—all of which he had derived from shrewd farm investments and from forty years spent in milling and merchandising.

He had gone to bed, but I routed him out.

"Mr. Morrison," said I when he came down to his living room half dressed, "would you be willing to put up a hundred dollars on a proposition that would surely net you a couple of thousand?"

He was interested, but cautious.

"A hundred dollars in hand," he opined, "is worth keeping." Then he took a chew of tobacco. "Sit down, William," he said: "but don't expect an old fellow like me to look for roses on sagebrush. A hundred dollars, son, is a tarnal sight o' money!"

"I know it," I agreed; "and my father knew it before me—but this is no sagebrush scheme. See here: I propose to get a sixty-day option on Amos Tapp's six-hundred-acre inheritance; and then, if the title is good and everything regular we'll buy the property, cut it up into five or six farms and sell at an advance. In little farms it'll go quick you know how many men have tried to get a part of it! If I'm not much mistaken Amos Tapp will jump at the chance to get his fingers on a hundred dollars' worth of clean cash. He's poor as a graveyard mouse—Amos is and every dollar his father left was tied up in the land. You know that yourself. I think we could get the estate in a chunk at twenty dollars an acre."

The old man rubbed his chin and eyed me curiously.

"Six hundred acres at twenty dollars," he observed, "would come to twelve thousand dollars. Who's going to put up the cash?"

"You!" said I quickly. "You put up the money. I engineer the deal; we divide the profits."

"Huh!" he muttered, and I could see his eyes gleam. "If I wanted that farm of Old Tapp's I'd prob'ly go out and buy it, 'thout dividin' up the profits, I reckon! Wouldn't I—eh?"

"Probably you would if you had the chance," I returned. "But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Morrison—that tract of land will be gobbled up mighty soon. It's the best thing round here. If we do this we must do it quick—tonight!"

The old financier was thoughtful.

"I reckon I'll wait till morning," he said, "and run out to kind o' size the thing up. I'm obleeged to you, boy, but I reckon I'll wait till morning."

"Very well," I told him, rising; "you'll find the land gone. I am going over right now to see Banker Browson. If he doesn't want to go in——"

"Wait a minute, William!" he called after me. "Don't get so smart, boy! What ails you?"

He knew very well he never could get out to see Amos Tapp that night himself, for he had a bad heart, and a crick in his back; so a few minutes later I left, with a check for a hundred dollars stuck deep in my pocket.

It was near ten o'clock when I started. I was sure that news of his father's death could not reach Amos Tapp ahead of me, for telephones were scarce in that country and the roads in terrible condition. I drove as fast as I dared, but a thunderstorm overtook me. I have never seen such a storm—before or since. The road was washed into gullies and all hope of getting through, with the buggy, destroyed. When the worst was over I unhitched my horse, tied him to a tree and went on afoot.

Our Town Topics

IT WAS daylight when I reached Amos Tapp's farm and he was milking. That water-soaked check looked big to him—so big that it actually dwarfed the tragic news I brought. After breakfast he signed an agreement to sell his newly acquired land for twelve thousand dollars, half cash.

I started for home at noon, and two hours later I met a Grapeville real-estate man plowing through the mud afoot toward Amos Tapp's farm. I gave him a glimpse of the option and he turned back with me toward Falling Rock.

That was my first piece of promotion and in the end it netted me sixteen hundred dollars. Right there at my birthplace I cleaned up this neat little beginning simply by a bold and quick piece of enterprise.

Enterprise is largely a habit. A lot of men go through life without acquiring it because they never begin. Once let a man start something, he'll see opportunities bobbing up their heads all round him like those saucy little jumping devils in the shooting galleries. But if you hit those devils you have to shoot quick or they dodge out of sight again. It's the same way in every-day life. You've got to shoot at the opportunities quick or they'll be gone.

I kept still about my electrical scheme, and as soon as I got some money out of the Tapp deal—about six months later—I bought the farm where I lived, giving Jared Morrison a mortgage for most of the purchase price. Meanwhile I had studied electricity all my spare time, and now I sent to Kansas City for a nine-inch, four-horsepower upright turbine and a three-kilowatt dynamo. These with the attachments and linewire cost me less than three hundred dollars. I installed the plant myself. When at last I turned on the current the moment was a breathless one, you may be sure. And lo, our old farmhouse was brilliantly lighted by electricity! The thing seemed too wonderful to be true.

My little plant, which would work almost automatically for days at a stretch, was sufficient to take care of fifty incandescent lamps, besides running my feedgrinder and grindstone, and doing the churning. All Falling Rock came to see the marvel. I brought Jared Morrison out one day in my buggy. He rubbed his chin again when I explained to him that I had the strategic powersite on the creek. It was mine, even if he did hold a mortgage on it. Then I proposed that we organize a little company and that he exchange his mortgage, or part of it, for an interest in the enterprise.

"You're most too smart a lad for Falling Rock," he remarked. "This is the second time you've got a strangle-holt on me—but I'll see how the land lays down in the village."

The old man knew an opportunity as well as any one, and he did go in with me. We strung some lights over in town, and the electrical age dawned in Falling Rock. Soon afterward we increased our capacity by building a dam and developed factory power. Jared Morrison used it first in his mill.

Down at Gildersing's Corners, ten miles below Falling Rock, a chap named Halsey had started a little bag factory, using steam. I went down to see him, suggesting that he move up to our town and get cheap power. But he was nicely settled, he said; he didn't care to move.

Next day I went to Grapeville, where I knew a couple of young men who ran a general store and had surplus funds. I proposed that they start a bag factory at Falling Rock and operate it in connection with their other business. Then, if they didn't care to go on with it they could sell at a profit. The proposition was a logical one, and after a while they took it up. Immediately they were able to cut the cost of making bags to such an extent that Halsey, with his expensive plant, had to quit. The market for the bags, you see, was confined mostly to cement plants near by, and they were out for the best prices.

I hadn't anything against the Gildersing man—I was sorry for him; but I tell you progress will never slacken up because any given man is nicely settled and does not wish to be disturbed.

The Falling Rock Light and Power Company still had a lot of unused electricity, so Jared Morrison and I put in our best work trying to attract new industries. It was an uphill proposition, for our town, though attractive from a scenic standpoint, offered no great, tangible inducement aside from the power. The train service was wretched, the hotel and the school poor, and public improvements were lacking, with the single exception of light. So Mr. Morrison and I organized the Falling Rock Commercial Association and got the railroad to run an excursion to the town from points along the line. Several hundred people came, but it rained great guns that day and half of them refused to go out to see our plant. The other half got mired on the way. However, we had a barbecue and a band and made the best of it.

For weeks afterward every country newspaper for miles about roasted Falling Rock, until one day a Kansas City paper took up our cause in an editorial and praised our enterprise in fighting for better things. That night I wrote a small display advertisement and sent it to this newspaper, boosting Falling Rock as a manufacturing center. We received a lot of inquiries from this advertisement and subsequent ones. The first letter came from a toy and specialty manufacturer employing forty workers. He came down to see us, but went home disgusted. If we had running water, sewers, and so on, he said, he might consider the matter.

Laying a Pipeline for Mr. Opportunity

RIGHT there another opportunity bobbed up its head and I nipped it. I hammered on my chief backer, Jared Morrison, until he agreed to go in on the Falling Rock Water Company. You can't promote anything without a sledge-hammer and something you can hit with it.

That summer we dug out a little lake in the hills and ran a pipe down to the village. It was so simple a piece of work, when turned over to an engineer, that it seemed incredible Falling Rock had never done it before. Only ignorance and inertia had prevented—the two obstacles that most often stand in the way of success. This opportunity had been up in the hills ever since Falling Rock was settled. There are opportunities in the hills everywhere, but they won't come down unless pipelines are laid.

Much to our disappointment the village council refused to lay a sewer. Jared Morrison put in his own system, and some of the other residents did likewise, but we did not get the novelty works. Some small factories came to us, however, and our business grew slowly. It was about this time that my mother abandoned her expectation of dying. She wanted to watch me go after things.

I had a bigger thing up my sleeve than I had told anybody about—except Mr. Morrison. Twenty miles below us lay Pine Rapids, and I had been dreaming of establishing an electrical plant there and supplying a dozen adjacent towns with current.

It was necessary first to secure control of the Pine Rapids falls. I was afraid that if I worked without great caution some of the big power companies would see the opportunity and get ahead of us. The farm on which the rapids were located belonged to a man named Johann Frelinghuysen.

That night, under cover of darkness, I drove down to see him, but found the old farmhouse dark and deserted. I judged from a hurried investigation of the stable and hoghouse that the place was abandoned—temporarily, at least. I deemed it unwise to make inquiries of neighbors.

Next day I went to Kansas City and visited a detective agency. "Send a man down to Pine Rapids," I said, "and find out what has become of Johann Frelinghuysen—and find out secretly."

A day or so afterward a feeble old German pedler was taken sick while driving his rickety rig along the Rapids road, and was cared for by German settlers near by. He remained there over night and nearly all the following day. When at midnight he drove up to my house—I still lived on the farm—he was no longer a pedler, and his American slang was picturesque for a German.

"Old Johann," he said when he had pounded me out of bed, "is in Germany for an indefinite visit." And he handed me a paper on which was a foreign address.

My mother came down and fed the man, and I put his horse in the barn. Meanwhile I did some fast

(Continued on Page 59)

"A Hundred Dollars, Son, Is a Tarnal Sight o' Money!"

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

AS I UNDERSTAND it, sport is hard work for which you do not get paid. If, for hire, you should consent to go forth and spend eight hours a day slamming a large and heavy hammer at a mark, that would be manual toil, and you would belong to the union and carry a card, and have political speeches made to you by persons out for the labor vote. But if you do this without pay, and keep it up for more than eight hours on a stretch, it then becomes sport of a very high order - and if you continue it for a considerable period of time, at more or less expense to yourself, you are eventually given a neat German-silver badge, costing about two dollars, which you treasure devotedly ever after. A man who walks twenty-five miles a day for a month without getting anything for it except two lines on the sporting page—is a devotee of pedestrianism, and thereby acquires great merit among his fellow athletes. A man who walks twenty-five miles a day for a month and gets paid for it is a letter-carrier.

Also sport is largely a point of view. A skinny youth who flits forth from a gymnasium attired in the scenario of a union suit, with a design of a winged Welsh rabbit on his chest, and runs many miles at top speed through the crowded marts of trade, is highly spoken of and has medals hung on him. If he flits forth from a hospital somewhat similarly attired, and does the same thing, the case is diagnosed as temporary insanity—and we hang a strait-jacket on him and send for his folks. Such is the narrow margin that divides Marathon and mania; and it helps to prove that sport is mainly a state of mind.

I am speaking now with reference to our own country. Different nations have different conceptions of this subject. Golf and eating haggis in a state of original sin are the national pastimes of the Scotch, a hardy race. At submarine boating and military ballooning the French acknowledge no superiors. Their balloons go up and never come down, and their submarines go down and never come up. The Irish are born club swingers, as witness any police force; and the Swiss, as is well known, have no equals at Alpine mountain climbing, chasing cuckoos into wooden clocks, and running hotels. I've always believed that, if the truth were only known, the reason why the Swiss Family Robinson did so well was because they opened a hotel and took in the natives to board.

Fish That I Have Never Met

AMONG certain branches of the Teutonic races the favorite indoor sport is suicide by gas, and the favorite outdoor sport is going to a *schützenfest* and singing *Ach, du lieber Augustin!* coming home. To Italy the rest of us are indebted for unparalleled skill in eating spaghetti with one tool—they use the putting iron all the way round. Our cousins, the English, excel at archery, tea-drinking and putting the fifty-six-pound protest. Thus we lead the world at contesting Olympian games and winning them, and they lead the world at losing them first and then contesting them. In catch-as-catch-can wrestling between Suffragettes and policemen the English also hold the present championship at all weights. And so it goes.

We in America have a range of sports and pastimes that is as wide as our continent, which is fairly wide as continents go. In using the editorial "we" here I do not mean, however, to include myself. At sport I am no more than

She Was Not Much Larger Than a Soupdish

an innocent bystander. One time or another I have tried many of our national diversions and have found that those which are not strenuous enough are entirely too strenuous for a person of fairly settled habits. It is much easier to look on and less fatiguing to the system. I find that the best results along sporting lines are attained by taking a comfortable seat up in the grandstand, lighting a good cigar and leaning back and letting somebody else do the heavy work. Reading about it is also a very good way.

Take fishing, now, for example. What can be more delightful on a bright, pleasant afternoon, when the wind is in exactly the right quarter, than to take up a standard work on fishing, written by some gifted traveling passenger agent, and with him to snatch the elusive finny tribe out of their native element, while the reel whirs deliriously and the hooked trophy leaps high in air, struggling against the feathered barb of the deceptive lure, and a waiter is handy if you press the button? I have forgotten the rest of the description; but any railroad line making a specialty of summer-resort business will be glad to send you the full details by mail, prepaid. In literature, fishing is indeed an exhilarating sport; but, so far as my experience goes, it does not pan out when you carry the idea farther.

To begin with, there is the matter of tackle. Some people think collecting orchids is expensive—and I guess it is, the way the orchid market is at present; and some say matching up pearls costs money. They should try buying fishing tackle once. If J. Pierpont Morgan had gone in for fishing tackle instead of works of art he would now be in the hands of a receiver. Any self-respecting dealer in sporting goods would be ashamed to look his dependent family in the face afterward if he suffered you to escape from his lair equipped for even the simplest fishing expedition unless he had sawed off about ninety dollars' worth of fishing knickknacks on you.

Let us say, then, that you have mortgaged your home place and have acquired enough fishing tackle to last you for a whole day. Then you go forth, always conceding that you are an amateur fisherman who fishes for fun as distinguished from a professional fisherman who fishes for fish—and you get into a rowboat that you undertake to pull yourself and that starts out by weighing half a ton and gets half a ton heavier at each stroke. You pull and pull until your spine begins to unravel at both ends, and your palms get so full of water blisters you feel as though you were carrying a bunch of hothouse grapes in each hand. And after going about nine miles you unwittingly anchor off the mouth of a popular garbage dump and everything you catch is second-hand. The sun beats down upon you with unabated fervor and the back of your neck colors up like a meerschaum pipe; and after about ten minutes you begin to yearn with a great, passionate yearning for a stiff collar and some dry clothes, and other delights of civilization.

If, on the other hand, I am being guided by an experienced angler it has been my observation that he invariably takes me to a spot where the fish bit greedily yesterday and will bite avariciously tomorrow, but, owing to a series of unavoidable circumstances, are doing very little in the biting line today. Or if by any chance they should be biting they at once contract an intense aversion for my goods. Others may catch them as freely as the measles, but toward me fish are never what you would call infectious. I'm one of those immunes. Or else the person in charge forgets to bring any bait along. This frequently happens when I am in the party.

One day during the past summer I went fishing in the Savannah River, and we traveled miles and miles to reach the fishing-ground. We found the water there alive with fish, and anchored where they were thickest; and then the person who was guiding the expedition discovered that he had left the bait on the wharf. He is the most absent-minded man south of the Ohio anyhow. In the old days before Georgia went dry he had to give up carrying a crook-handled umbrella. He would invariably leave it hanging on the rail. So I should have kept the bait in mind myself but I didn't, being engaged at the time in sun-burning a deep, radiant magenta. However it was not a fast color—long before night it was peeling off in long, painful strips.

Suppose you do catch something! You cast and cast, sometimes burying your hook in submerged débris and sometimes in tender portions of your own person. After a while you land a fish; but a fish in a boat is rarely so attractive as he was in a book. One of the drawbacks about a fish is that he becomes dead so soon—and so thoroughly.

I have been speaking thus far of river fishing. I would not undertake to describe at length the joys of brook fishing, because I tried it only once. Once was indeed sufficient, not to say ample. On this occasion I was chaperoned by an old, experienced brook fisherman. I was astonished when I got my first view of the stream. It seemed to me to be no more than a trickle of moisture over a bed of boulders—a gentle perspiration coursing down the face of Nature, as it were. Any time they tapped a patient for dropsy up that creek there would be a destructive freshet, I judged; but, as it developed, this brook was deceptive—it was full of deep, cold holes. I found all these holes. I didn't miss a single one. While I was finding them and then crawling out of them, my companion was catching fish. He caught quite a number, some of them being nearly three inches long. They were speckled and had rudimentary gills and suggestions of fins, and he said they were brook trout—and I presume they were; but if they had been larger they would have been sardines. You cannot deceive me regarding the varieties of fish that come in cans. I would say that the best way to land a brook trout is to go to a restaurant and order one from a waiter in whom you have confidence. In that way you will avoid those deep holes.

One of the Everlasting Hills

NOR have I ever shone as a huntsman. If the robust roeshad is not for me neither is her cousin, the buxom roebuck. Nor do I think I will ever go in for mountain-climbing as a steady thing, having tried it. Poets are fond of dwelling upon the beauties of the everlasting hills, swimming in purple and gold—but no poet ever climbed one. If he ever did he would quit boosting and start knocking. I was induced to scale a large mountain in the northern part of New York. It belonged to the state; and, like so many other things the state undertakes to run, it was neglected. No effort whatever had been made to make it cozy and comfortable for the citizen. It was one of those mountains that from a distance look smooth and gentle of ascent, but turn out to be rugged and seamy and full of rocks with sharp corners on them at about the height of the average human knee or shin. The lady for whom that mountain in Mexico, Chapultepec, is named—oh, yes, Miss Anna Peck—would have had a perfectly lovely time scaling that mountain; but I didn't.

After we had climbed upward at an acute angle for several thousand miles—my companion said yards, but I know better; it was miles—I threw myself prone upon the softer surfaces of a large granite slab, feeling that I could go no farther. I also wished to have plenty of room in which to pant. He could beat me climbing, but at panting I had him licked to a whisper. He was a person without sympathy. In his bosom the milk of human kindness had clabbered and turned to cheese. He stood there and laughed. There are times to laugh, but this was not one of the times. Anyway I always did despise those people who are built like sounding boards and have fine acoustic qualities inside their heads—and not much of anything else; but never did I despise them more than at that moment. He sent his grating, raucous, discordant,

ill-timed guffaws reverberating off among the precipitous crags, and then he turned from me and went forging ahead.

He was almost out of sight when I remembered about there being bears on that mountain; so I rose and undertook to forge ahead too. I was not a great success at it however. I know now that if ever I should turn to a life of crime forgery would not be my forte. I do not forge readily. Eventually, though, I reached the summit, he being already there. We had come up for the view, but I seemed to have lost my interest in views; so, while he looked at the view, I reclined in a prostrate position and resumed panting. That was three years ago and I am still somewhat behind with my pants. I am going to take a week off sometime and paut steadily and try to catch up; but the outing taught me one thing—I learned a simple way of descending a steep mountain. If one is of a circular style of construction it is very simple. One rolls.

Camping is highly spoken of, and I have tried camping a number of times. When I go camping it rains. It begins to rain when I start and it keeps on raining until I come back. It never fails. I have often thought that drought-sufferers in various parts of the country who seek to attract rain in dry spells make a mistake. They try the old-fashioned Methodist way of praying for it, or the new scientific way of shooting dynamite bombs off and trying to blast it out of the heavens; when, as a matter of fact, the best plan would be to send for me and get me to go camping in the arid district. It would then rain copiously and without cessation.

It is a fine thing to talk about the perfumed and restful bed of balsam boughs, and the crackle of the campfire at dusk, and the dip in the mirrored bosom of the pellucid lake at dawn—old Emerson Hough does all that to perfection; but these things assume a different aspect when it rains. There are three conditions in life when any latent selfishness in a man's being, however far down it may be buried ordinarily, will come surging to the surface—when he is courting a girl against strong opposition; when he is playing a gentleman's game of poker, purely for sociability; and when he is camping out and it rains. Before a man makes up his mind that he will take a girl to be his wife he should induce her to go in surf bathing and see how she looks when she comes out; and before he makes up his mind that he will take a man to be his best friend he should go camping with him in the rainy season—the answer in both cases being that then he won't do either one.

Concerning That Fatal Malady, Motorboatitis

I REMEMBER going camping once with a man who before that had appeared to be all that one could ask in the way of a chosen comrade; but after we had spent four days cooped up together in an eight-by-ten tent that was built with sloping shoulders, like an Englishman's overcoat, listening to the sough of the wind through the wet pine trees without, and dodging the streams of water that percolated through the dripping roof within, I could think of more than seven thousand things about that man that I cordially disliked. His whiskers gradually became the most distasteful of all to me. Either he hadn't brought a razor along or it was too wet for shaving—or something; and his whiskers grew out, and they were bristly and were red in color, which was something I had not suspected before. As I sat there with little rivulets running down the back of my neck and rust forming on my amalgam fillings and mold on my shoes and mushrooms sprouting under my hatband, it seemed to me that he had taken an unfair advantage of me by having red whiskers when his hair was dark. Viewed through the drizzle they appeared to be the reddest, the most inflammatory, the most poisonous-looking whiskers I ever saw! They were too red to be natural.

Think of Being Laid Face Downward Firmly Across a Sinewy Knee and Beaten Forty-Love With One of Those Hard Catgut Rackets!

I decided finally that he must have been scared by a Jersey bull so that his whiskers turned red in a single night—and I was getting ready to twit him about it; but he beat me to it. It seemed that all this time he had been feeling more and more deeply offended at the way in which my ears were adjusted to my head. He couldn't make up his mind, he said, which way he would hate me more—with my ears or without them; but he was willing to take a butcher knife and experiment. He also said that, as an expert bookkeeper, he wouldn't know whether to enter my ears as outstanding losses or amounts brought forward. Going into those woods we were just the same as Damon and Pythias; but coming out his bite would have been instant death, and I felt toward him exactly as the tarantula does toward the centipede.

Coming now to aquatic sports as distinguished from pastimes ashore, I feel that I am better qualified to speak authoritatively, having had more experience in that direction. Let us start with canoeing. Canoeing is a sport fraught with constant surprises. A canoeing trip is rarely the same thing twice in succession; and particularly is this true in streams where the temperature of the water is subject to change. It is comparatively easy to paddle a canoe if you only remember to scoop toward you. You merely reverse the process by which truly refined people spoon their soup. Even if you never master the art of paddling you may still get along fairly well if you know how to swim. On the whole I would say that one is liable to enjoy a longer career as a canoeist where one swims but can't paddle, than where one paddles but can't swim.

Approaching the subject of motor-boating as compared with sailboating, we find the situation becoming complicated and growing technical. In sailing, as is generally known, you depend upon the wind; and there are only two things the wind does—one is to blow and the other is not to blow. But when you begin to figure up the things that a motor boat will do when you don't want it to, and won't do when you do want it to, you are face to face with one of the most complicated mathematical jobs known to the realm of mechanical science. A motor boat undoubtedly has a larger and fancier repertoire of cute tricks and unexpected ways than anything in the nature of machinery. I know this to be true, because I have a relative who suffers from motorboatitis in an advanced form. He has owned many different brands of motor boats—that is one reason, I think, why he is not wealthier; in fact he has had about all the kinds there are except a kind that will start when you wish it to and stop when you expect it to. His motor boats do nearly everything—backfire, and fail to spark, and clog up, and blow out, and break down, and smash up and drift ashore, and drift out from shore, and have the asthma and the heaves and impediments of speech and one thing and another; but he has never yet owned one that could be depended upon to do the two things I have just mentioned.

After trying various models and discarding them, he now has one of the most complete motor boats made. It has what is known as a hunting cabin, it being so called, I think, because the moment anybody gets into it he has to get out again while the owner crawls in and takes up all the seats and hunts for something. It is the theory that one could live afloat in this hunting cabin—and so one could if one were only a dachshund and inured to exposure. It is plenty wide enough for the average dachshund and plenty high enough, too, but not more than about two-thirds long enough. If one were a dachshund one would either have to coil up or else remain partly outdoors. Also, on board is a galley, which would be a success in every way if one could find a style of cook who could get used to sitting on one hole of the stove while he cooked on the other. One of those talented parlor magicians who does light housekeeping in a borrowed high hat by breaking raw eggs into it and then taking out omelet soufflés, might fill the bill—only I never have chanced to see a parlor magician yet who could crowd himself and his feet into that galley at the same time.

The principal feature of this motor boat, however, is the engine, which is a very complicated and beautiful thing, with coils and plugs and brakes strewed about over it here and there, and a big flywheel superimposed right in front. It is the theory that, by opening several cocks and closing several others, and adjusting about fifteen or twenty little duflickers just so, and then revolving this wheel briskly with a crank provided for that purpose, the engine can be started. It is supposed to say chug-chug a couple of times impatiently, and then go scooting away, chug-chugging like an inspired slide-trombone. Such is the theory, but such is not the real fact. I've seen the owner crank her until his backbone comes unjointed, without getting any response whatsoever. And then, just when he is about to succumb to hate and overexertion, the thing says tut-tut reprovingly—and then gives one tired pish and a low mournful tush and coughs about a pint of warm gasoline into his face and dies as dead as Jesse James. I've seen her do that time and time again; but if she ever does start, the only way to stop her is to steer into some solid immovable object, such as the Western Hemisphere.

At that, motor-boating for an amateur such as I am has certain advantages over sailboating. A motor-boatist—even the most reckless kind—knows enough to stay ashore when a West Indian hurricane is romping along the coast, playfully chasing its own tail like a young puppy; but that kind of a situation is just pie for your seasoned sail-boatist.

Bounding Over the Bounding Billows

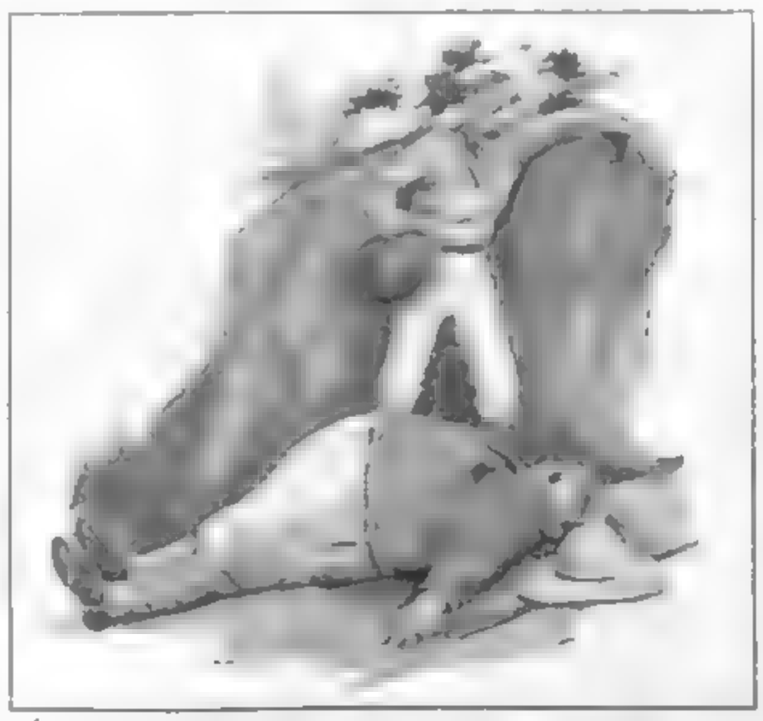
ONLY last summer I had a very distressing experience in connection with a sailboat, which was owned by a friend of mine—or perhaps I should say he was a friend of mine until this matter came up. From the clubhouse porch I had often admired his boat skimming gracefully over the bay, with its sail making a white gore against the blue background; and one day he invited me to go out with him for a sail. Before I had time for that second thought which is so desirable under such circumstances, I found myself committed to the venture.

Right here, though, I wish to state that if anybody ever gets me out in a small sailboat again it will be over my dead body.

Well, anyway, we cast off, as he called it. I did not like that phrase—cast off—it sounded too much as though one were bidding farewell to all earthly ties—and almost immediately I was struck by several disconcerting facts. The first one was that his boat, which had looked roomy and commodious when viewed from shore, appeared to shrink up so when you were aboard her. Really, she was not much larger than a soapdish and not nearly so reliable. And another thing I noticed was a lot of the angriest-looking clouds that anybody ever saw, piling up on the horizon. And the waves were slopping up and down, and giving to the water that dark, forbidding appearance that is so inspiring in a marine painting, but so depressing when you are thrown into any personal contact with it.

(Concluded on Page 57)

In Wrestling Between Suffragettes and Policemen the English Also Hold the Present Championship



He Could Beat Me Climbing, But at Panting I Had Him Licked to a Whisper

A MERE MATTER OF FIGURES

But are You Sure Your Arithmetic is On Straight?

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATIONS BY H. J. SOULEN

FIGURES, by common report, do not lie; but liars do figure. Not alluding to anybody, it has long been conceded that one of the privileges guaranteed and granted to each American citizen by and under the Constitution is the privilege of taking a pad of paper, a pencil, a political almanac and a partisan slant, along about the first of October, and showing conclusively how his man is sure to be elected president by the law of averages, the persistence of percentages, the cold logic of mathematics and, of course, the basic good sense and patriotism of the voting population.

There never was a campaign when the arithmetical opportunities were so varied, when the field for computation was so lush and lavish. The conditions are ideal. Out of the political mix in this country you can get anything you desire by way of a problem, from a simple demonstration that two and two make four—which isn't so simple as might be supposed, as things are—to a set of equations that looks like one of the teasers away over in the back of the calculus book and is constructed to show the ratio of gain to the disproportion of loss, and how the trend hypothetically—not to say automatically—mutates and permutates through it all.

You can figure Roosevelt anywhere you like, from the White House to up a tree; and you can leave Wilson in Trenton or show him riding from the Capitol to the White House on the right hand of the carriage coming back after the inauguration ceremonies. If you are a real, advanced, skillful figurer you can figure Mr. Taft somewhere—not everywhere, but somewhere. It all depends on the point of view and the bias that enters into the statement of the proposition you want to prove. Get your point of view established, wish your wish, and you can find absolutely incontrovertible, irrefragable figures to prove your contention.

Indeed, you can find figures to prove any sort of contention, and figures that will make contentious all sorts of proof. It is a wide-open game, and twenty can play as well as one, as the fellow with the spindle used to say at the county fair.

Political Predictions and Contradictions

A FAIR example is the result of the Vermont election. You can prove almost anything by that, and almost everything has been proved by it—that is, almost everything but what really is going to happen. Classifying the expert conclusions concerning the Vermont election, we find:

A—The election of Mr. Wilson is absolutely assured.

B—The election of a president will be thrown into the House of Representatives.

C—There will be a landslide for Mr. Roosevelt.

D—Mr. Taft will get far more of the nominal Republican vote than Mr. Roosevelt.

E—Mr. Wilson will have the greatest majority ever given to a candidate in the electoral college.

F—Mr. Roosevelt will run second and also Mr. Roosevelt will run third.

G—Hundreds of thousands of Democrats will vote for Mr. Wilson—and ditto Democrats will vote for Mr. Roosevelt.

H—The conservatives in both parties will rally to Mr. Taft and help him tremendously.

And so on. It all depends on what you personally hope. The figures, the combinations you can make, and the percentages and deductions you can evolve will stand for anything; but every calculation must necessarily be prefaced by an *if*. There is the difficulty. The mere fact that the voters of Vermont did a certain thing early in September, with a local, state fight in progress, into which a national fight had been projected, does not mean the voters of Vermont will do the same thing in November, when the state fight is over and the national fight is the one to be settled, or that the voters of any other state will act likewise. If—there's the *if*—if it did, if it were certain the voters of this country would divide as they did in Vermont, with practically the same percentage for Roosevelt and practically the same percentage of the old Republican vote for Taft, Governor Wilson should now be at work picking out his Cabinet ministers and deciding on his ambassadors and such, and writing his inaugural speech, instead of going about the country talking to the voters. Such a division nationally would give Wilson between three hundred and eighty and four hundred of the electoral votes, using the total vote of 1908 as a basis for comparison. For example, Wilson, on the Vermont basis of the split in the former Republican vote, would carry New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Illinois—to say nothing of many others hitherto Republican.

Then again, by another shift in the basis of comparison, you can figure Roosevelt victories west of the Mississippi and a few in the East, with Mr. Taft getting a state here and there, and none of the candidates having a majority in the electoral college—thus throwing the election into the House of Representatives, where each state has a vote and where the states are evenly divided politically, twenty-two to twenty-two, with four having delegations that would deadlock, since these delegations are equally divided politically. This would put the burden of the selection on the Senate, and endless complications might ensue.

All these computations are diverting but worthless. There is one big fact in this campaign, and only one. That fact is that no living man knows or can guess or predict or compute what is going to happen in this country next November on election day. A great many wise persons think and say they can tell, but they are fooling themselves and nobody else. Everything hangs on the *if*. What was true on the first of September is likely to be absurd on the first of October and true again on the first of November, or what was absurd on the first of September is likely to be the result in November. The people of the United States have it in mind to do something in November. They are fairly well decided. That something is divided three ways. The first is that the old-line Republicans are determined that Roosevelt shall not win and, if necessary, will vote for Wilson in great numbers to prevent The Colonel's winning. The second is that the Democratic party, though not especially enthusiastic about Wilson, is supporting him quite solidly. And the third is that the strength of Roosevelt will not be known—nor can it be guessed at even—until the ballots are cast.

It is certain enough, as matters stand when this is written, and will be certain enough to the end, unless the Roosevelt campaign bogs down entirely, that Roosevelt will get a large number of votes. The uncertain part of it comes in trying to answer the question: How many? There is no answer to that but a guess. I have canvassed every state in the Union from the Pacific Coast as far east as New York and Pennsylvania, and have spent weeks at it, but, beyond the broad, general statement that he will have many votes, I have been able to get no accurate information. Nor has anybody else. Politicians and managers have been and are taking polls and straw votes, and making the usual canvasses; and the results are so mixed and so indefinite in every instance, so many voters are returned as doubtful, so many refuse to say what they intend to do, so large a percentage is indifferent, so many new conditions are evident, that these polls are worthless. In the old days a good, clever state manager could get an accurate line on the sentiment in his state by his polls. That was always true in the big states of the Middle West, where the people pay more attention to politics than they do in the East, and where information was easier to get and more reliable—for every man in a locality knew all about every other neighboring man's politics.

Viewing Vermont From the Side Lines

THEY can't find out. They say they can, but I know of a state where the pollbooks of the three parties, all supposed to be honest polls and honestly taken, show three radically different results; and I know of another state, and have seen the pollbooks, where the Taft managers are deluding themselves by returning Roosevelt voters on their polls as doubtful Republicans. I know of still another state, where the Wilson state manager is allowing no defections from the Democratic party, notwithstanding certain religious and other influences that will surely throw Democratic votes in that state and other states to Taft, but is putting down as a certainty Democratic votes from old-line Republicans who have not expressed themselves, merely because these men are known to be regulars.

The truth of it is that this is a year when this sort of advance information isn't worth the trouble it takes to get it and, owing to the constant changes that are going on, will be worth less as November approaches. As a broad, general proposition, any political observer is justified in the conclusion that the Vermont result, for example, means much; for it is certain that if the Roosevelt movement, hurriedly organized and entirely new, can drag over fifteen thousand of those rock-ribbed Vermont Republicans from their party to the support of a Progressive candidate for governor, what

will happen in other Republican states where party obligations rest lightly, and where there always has been much independent voting, is likely to be revolutionary. But that conclusion may not work out. It may be, on the one hand, that the Vermont result will so scare the other Republicans of the country—the men who are wavering or undecided—that they will come back to the fold. That happened in 1880, when Vermont showed a Republican loss, and Maine went for the Greenback candidate; and Grant and Conkling and Blaine went out and stumped the country, warning the Republicans they must get together, and they got together and elected Garfield.

Or it may be that the result in Vermont does not accurately predict the result in November, so far as Vermont is concerned; for it is quite possible that many Vermont Republicans who will vote for Roosevelt in a national fight preferred to vote for the regular Republican candidate for governor in a state fight for state reasons. Then there is the regular side of it, which is that Mr. Roosevelt lost many votes in Vermont by his appearance there. It is claimed by some of the standpatters who stumped the state for Taft that Roosevelt would have had twenty-five thousand votes there if he had not gone to Vermont at all—or, going, if he had made speeches on great national issues instead of devoting his speeches to Penrose, Archbold, *et al.*

You can take any view you choose of Vermont, and any view you take probably will be wrong. There is no particular nourishment in setting up a circumstance or a collection of circumstances and drawing conclusions therefrom, as most of the politicians are doing, when all circumstances are bound, by the very nature of the ferment, to be hypothetical. Because the voters of this country have done one thing—voted one way consistently for ten or a dozen or a score of years it does not necessarily follow they intend to vote that same way this year; nor does it follow at all. This is a campaign without a precedent, a struggle that isn't subject to analysis based on any known formula. You cannot get that into the head of a regular politician—he always changes after the event, not with it or before it.

The West is Busy Making Money

PRIMARILY, of course, the result in November appears to hinge on the attitude of the Democrats. The question on which the election seems to rest is: Will the Democrats vote practically as a solid party for Wilson? If they do, so far as any human computation can be made, it seems probable that Wilson will be elected. And it seems eminently reasonable to suppose they will vote that way. Take Ohio, for example. In that state five hundred thousand Democrats, in round numbers, have voted three times for Bryan. It is fair to assume that these five hundred thousand Democrats, having stood by Bryan three times, will stand by Wilson, whom Bryan nominated and whom Bryan indorses, this year. And in Indiana—in that state since 1896 three hundred thousand Democrats have stood by the party in all sorts of weather and stress in every lean year except in 1904, when there was no hope of victory. Isn't it a reasonable assumption they will stand by this year, when the chances for success seem so good? And in Ohio, if the five hundred thousand stand by—and in Indiana, if the three hundred thousand stand by—both states are bound to go for Wilson. That is inevitable.

In Indiana in 1904, however, Roosevelt got a plurality of ninety-four thousand, and in Ohio in the same year he had a plurality of two hundred and fifty-five thousand. To be sure, there was no chance for Parker that year, and the Democratic vote in Indiana dropped to two hundred and seventy-four thousand and in Ohio to three hundred and forty-five thousand in round numbers. This year there is a chance for Wilson, a good chance; and, as I have said, the assumption that the Democrats will vote for their party nominee seems correct. Even if they do not, in Indiana, for example, Roosevelt, after getting three out of five of the former Republican votes—a heavy percentage—must get one out of three of the Democratic votes to carry that state by a narrow margin.

Hence the big question is: Will the Democrats vote solidly for Wilson? Every Democratic manager says they will, but immediately qualifies his statement by saying that whatever loss there may be in the Democratic vote will be offset and compensated by the number of old-line Republicans who will vote for Wilson. However, it is true there are very powerful religious and racial influences at work for Taft that will, in a large measure, draw votes from the Democrats for him; and it must be remembered there are more Progressives in the Democratic party than there were in the old Republican party; also, a considerable number of conservatives. Where will these men go? Will they be satisfied, on the Progressive side, with the progressiveness of Wilson, or will they turn to Roosevelt as offering them a greater radicalism? And the conservatives—will they stick to Wilson because the party seems fair to win, and trust to luck and soft-pedal influences when he gets into the White House, or will they vote for Taft as a protest and to keep their convictions straight?

If there were answers to those questions the election would be over now, so far as known results are concerned. The trouble is there are no answers. The Democratic managers assert they can find neither disaffection nor defection, and that their candidate will poll the party vote. The truth is the Democratic managers are just as much at sea as the Roosevelt managers and the Taft managers. There is a great indeterminate political population in this country—a body of men extending through every state in the Union, except possibly some of the states of the South—that is going to decide this coming election. Former Republicans are in it and so are former Democrats. Some of these are third-party men, but most of them are practically no-party men. They are men in whom the spirit of protest is strong. They are men who have been doing much thinking and little talking. They are not telling for whom they intend to vote.

Superficially there appears to be much noise and excitement and clamor about this campaign, but it is the noise and clamor and excitement of the claque. It is noise made by professional noisemakers, enthusiasm incited by professional frenzymakers. In reality the people are sick and tired of politics. They have had election after election in most states—continuous agitation; have been oppressed by a Congress that has been almost constantly in session for five years. They are weary and bored. They want to attend to business and they are attending to business. It is true that a big attraction on the stump can get a big crowd, but so can any big show get a big crowd. It is the spectacular part of it that attracts mostly, not the attendance impelled by politics. The business men have thrown the whole thing overboard. Business is good and getting better. Money is plentiful. The crops are enormous. The general attitude is: "Go away and don't bother us. We'll vote in November and we'll vote as we please. Just at present we're too busy making money and having fun to bother with you and your politics. We've had too much of it lately, anyhow."

These people know how they are going to vote and nobody but themselves knows or can find out. They are dispassionate about it. Nobody but the professionals is excited; nobody has any fears for the Republic. Practically everything is set now. You find a certain proportion of the supporters of Roosevelt and the third party rushing about and making noises, and there are certain Democrats in every state who are beating their tomtoms. The Taft men are having little to say. But outside of these artificial disturbances there is no excitement and no tumult. The country isn't all torn up; the country is toned down. A certain definite conclusion has been reached. It was reached two years ago and more, in the large part, and it hasn't changed any.

The Chances of a Landslide

THAT conclusion will be put into operation in one of two ways: Either the great silent vote in this country—far more silent this year than ever before, notwithstanding the noisy symptoms here and there—will, on election day, decide that the best results for the country can be attained through the election of Wilson and will elect Wilson; or it will decide that the country needs Roosevelt again for president and will try to elect Roosevelt. If the decision is in Wilson's favor Wilson will be elected hands down. If the decision is in favor of Roosevelt the election may be thrown into the House of Representatives, because there may be, and probably will be, enough old-line Republicans to stand by Taft to prevent Roosevelt from getting a majority in the electoral college, even if Roosevelt should carry some states, as he probably will.

There is one more contingency—that is, there may be a landslide for Roosevelt. If there is a landslide for anybody that landslide will be for Roosevelt. Wilson's election will be brought about, if it is brought about, by the loyalty of the Democratic party and because old-line Republicans vote for him as a measure of retaliation against Roosevelt. Whatever the Wilson result is, however great—if it is great at all—it won't deserve to be called a landslide, for it will be a coldly calculated result, both on the part of Democrats who, in ordinary times, wouldn't vote for him because he is too radical or not radical enough, and on the part of Republicans who couldn't be induced to vote for him except on the one theory that voting for Wilson will kill off Roosevelt. If Roosevelt wins it will be a landslide brought about by the spirit of unrest, the demand for readjustment of political and economic conditions, the desire for a change and the protest that shaped itself, to a degree, in the nomination and the campaign of the third party. There will be nothing coldly calculated about that. It will be an uprising, a tidal wave.

This article was written in mid-September. It was written after personal investigations impartially conducted in the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and the Southwest. It is based on what I found in these states, uninfluenced by any situations or conditions that may exist east of Ohio, for I had not been east of Ohio since July first. It is based on information concerning conditions that exist now, not on conditions that may exist next November.

A Revolution Under Way

AS A RESULT of these investigations, I have reached these conclusions:

First—Mr. Roosevelt's nomination makes the defeat of Mr. Taft almost certain.

Second—Mr. Roosevelt's nomination makes the election of Mr. Wilson probable.

Third—Mr. Roosevelt in many of the states mentioned will get more votes than Mr. Taft, the percentage running generally about sixty per cent of the old Republican vote for Roosevelt and forty per cent or less for Taft.

Fourth—The reason Mr. Taft's vote may be less than forty per cent is found in the fact that many old-line Republicans who ordinarily would vote the Republican ticket will vote for Wilson on the ground that this will be a whole vote against Roosevelt instead of half a vote, as would be the case if they voted for Taft.

Fifth—The only apparent defections from the normal Democratic vote, in favor of either of the other candidates, are defections that will favor Mr. Taft because of religious and racial influences. Just how far these will go is uncertain, though great pressure is being brought by the persons who control these influences.

Sixth—The election of Mr. Roosevelt, or sufficient success on his part to throw the presidential election into Congress, is not at all improbable.

Seventh—Now, at this writing, Mr. Taft is the strongest in Utah, Wyoming and Michigan; Mr. Roosevelt is the strongest in California, Nevada, Idaho and the Dakotas; and it is a fight between Wilson and Roosevelt in the other states, with Wilson having the lead, except perhaps in Washington, owing to the split in the Republican vote and the apparent solidarity of the Democratic party.

The apparent situation is, as this is written, that Wilson must hold what he seems to have in order to win, and Roosevelt must make gains in various states if he is to win in this section of the country. This conclusion seems simple and justifiable and logical.

The very simplicity of it and the obvious logic of it are what make it merely an assumption at this time. As I have pointed out in this and in my previous articles, there is absolutely no basis for any political logic in this campaign. New conditions exist. A revolution is under way. You cannot measure this thing with a try-square or test it with a plumbline. Millions—a good many millions—of men in this country are going to the polls on Tuesday, November fifth next, to vote not from party obligation or at party behest, but for personal, independent, individual, constructive reasons. Many Republicans—it is too early yet to say how many, but thousands of them—will vote the Democratic ticket for the first time in their lives. Many Democrats will vote for either Taft or Roosevelt. Many—a great many—former Republicans will vote for a third-party ticket, a ticket that already means the death of the old Republican party as such.

There is no basis for judgment except one. That is this: The demand for a change in existing conditions is widespread. It is insistent. There will be a change—there is no doubt of that. What sort of a change it will be depends on the ultimate decision of the voters as to whether the machinery to help bring that change about shall be given over to the Democrat, Wilson, or the Progressive candidate, Roosevelt. Two years from now there would be little doubt as to the result in

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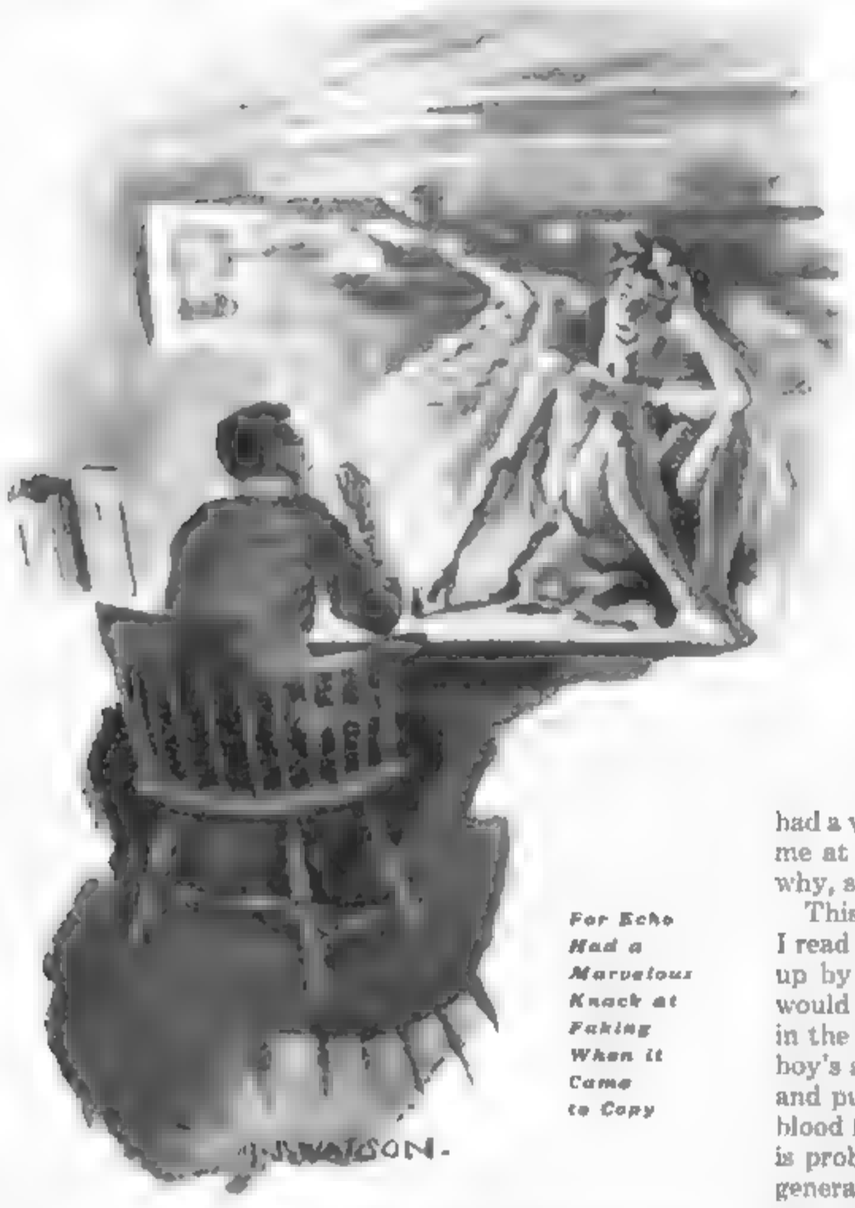
GRANDMOTHER'S BOY

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. J. WATSON



For Echo Had a Marvelous Knack at Faking When it Came to Copy

HERE is something you have surely noticed yourself that when a man gives an account of his life he tells a great deal about outer affairs but not so much about his inner existence. Where he came from and how, and where he went, and the other people he met, and what he did, and what happened to him generally—oh, yes, those details come out clearly, whether he tells or writes the story. But there is also a world of consciousness inside everybody, and of that we hear very, very little even in literature. Once in a while some intimate old boy, like George Du Maurier, at sixty, clears a place on the end of the grand piano and with the babble of his family round him scribbles something about his dreams and fancies and adventures in this world of consciousnesa. Perhaps it is not easy to relate such matters. Perhaps the average person regards them as moonshine and foolishness. Certainly many of them are foolish; but the attention that Francis Galton gave to such mental moonshine as the forms and colors different persons associate with numbers, leads one to believe that much may be made of that world during our century.

I have told you something about my outer experiences as a printer's boy, a tramp compositor and a circus bill-poster. Let me now try to make plain some of the experiences I met with mentally at the same time.

The Part That Echo Played

AS I CANNOT remember a time when I was not able to read, so I do not remember a time when it was not natural for me to make up stories in my head. From the days when I was almost a baby the people round me and places and daily happenings would be woven into narratives. It was easy for me to memorize tunes. After I had heard one a few times it would echo somewhere in the back of my head. And in that same mysterious place there was also a faculty that made it a matter of course for me to put things into words. Some of the folks, I dare say, would have been astonished to know the make-believe names I gave them and the fantastic parts they played in the stories I carried in my small brain.

As an example, one of the books I was exceedingly fond of when a youngster was old Jules Verne's Mysterious Island. This story about five men on an uninhabited island is in three parts. Somebody in a burst of generosity had given the first part to our Sunday-school library—probably because the odd volume was of no use to him. I got hold of it, thinking the story complete, and read to the thrilling place where Pencroft breaks a tooth on what he thinks is a pebble in the roast peccary. More than a year passed before I could obtain the other volumes and find out what happened after the words: "It was not a pebble—it was a leaden bullet!" After that I read it again and again, and sometimes read it now, as an old friend.

Well, the characters in such a book would be found in real life round me, and in the general style of its language I would weave my own adventures for them. Maybe a gang of laborers were laying sewerpipe in the street before grandfather's restaurant. One of them had a brush of whiskers under his chin and was bluff and rough-and-ready. He immediately became Pencroft, the sailor, and then it was easy to find Cyrus Harding, the engineer, and Gideon Spilllet, and Herbert, and the darky Neb, and even somebody to figure as Jup, their giant ape. Our street with its saloons, trucks and cobblestones was far from being the tropical solitudes of Lincoln Island. But no matter, I could account for all my characters perfectly. Lincoln Island had finally become the populous colony of their dreams, say, and they were busy in its capital. Or they had come back with the casket of jewels given them by dying Captain Nemo and were developing that vague section of Iowa which they bought, according to the story, because it had a volcano. Oh, no! Little discrepancies did not bother me at all. If Jules Verne could find a volcano in Iowa, why, so could I.

This faculty has always remained with me. Whatever I read at various periods of my life was certain to be taken up by the secret Echo in consciousness. At one time I would be making up stories to fit everyday surroundings in the style of Cooper, or Defoe, or Mayne Reid, or some boy's author of the old school who wrote in a stately way and put in plenty of sieges, battles and murders, and shed blood freely, and seldom cracked even a stately joke. This is probably why these authors appeal to generation after generation of boys, who are rather ponderous mentally, too, and are not yet at their ease with anything approaching genuine humor. Later on my stories would run along in the manner of Bulwer Lytton, or Dumas, or Ouida, and when I began to enjoy the theater the characters in plays were taken up and utilized by Echo in the same way.

I remember a certain young compositor at Thompson's who was extremely particular about his clothes and wore intolerably high collars. His real name and identity have almost dropped out of memory though, because Echo constantly made him figure as Bertie, the hero of Under Two Flags. At Thompson's we also had an elderly woman compositor, a widow, who was an ordinary enough widow and quite motherly and kind to me, if I remember rightly. But I don't clearly remember what she was like in real life, because Echo constantly had her playing Lady Macbeth.

This is probably foolish and dreamy stuff; but I set it down because it was an important part of me, and also because I know that if it happened to me it must have happened to thousands of other persons. Perhaps every mortal is born with an Echo, but the more practical-minded outgrow it quickly. With me it stayed and was a useful and diverting companion in many ways, and at the same time inconvenient occasionally, for it sometimes happened that the real person did not fit the fictitious character. One winter when I was setting type in a Chicago shop, for instance, a handsome young fellow came to work. He had a lithe, strong body and swarthy complexion, and a black mustache and goatee and flashing black eyes. He talked so confidently and seemed so careless and dashing and generous, that Echo immediately dubbed him D'Artagnan. By-and-by I found, however, that under his free-and-easy friendliness he was laying a cool little plot to get my job for a relative, a piece of office politics common enough in workshops. This hurt me a good deal; but Echo had a way of evening up matters. He was immediately cast for a heavy villain part, and after that I always knew him mentally as Mephistopheles.

Altogether it is astonishing to look back now and see what a make-believe existence I carried on while working at the most practical callings and with the most matter-of-fact people. And this make-believe business, no matter how silly it may seem, was all the while preparing me for the future without my knowledge. For through it I learned to write.

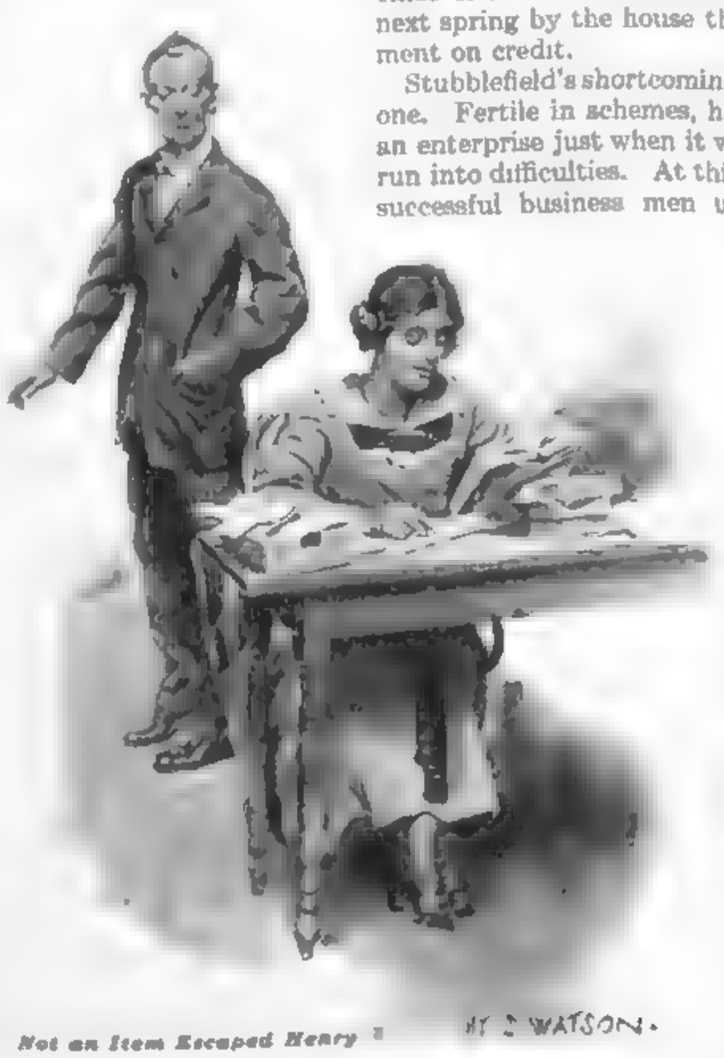
Those two short articles contributed to Santa Claus' little religious weekly when I was an apprentice at Thompson's were productions of Echo, who seemed at that particular time to have something moral he wanted to say in a heavy editorial manner. After I had written them out for him he apparently went to sleep again, or turned to his own subconscious affairs, and for more than ten years had nothing more to say.

Lurking at the back of my mind, however, there was always a dim ambition to write. Far out in the country, on a bill-posting trip, the tired horses would labor up series of prairie slopes, and finally come on to a rise from which one could look over into the next county, miles and miles away. The feeling awakened by such a view would bring a vague desire to give it expression some day. Among the people I lived and worked with there were individuals whose strongly marked traits would arouse the same desire. But it was always some day, some day, and I never wrote anything more until after my first season with the circus.

Mr. Stubblefield's Little Schemes

THAT winter back in Chicago I went setting type again for a foreman named Stubblefield, who was a reformer and a schemer. Raised in a little town over in Iowa, he had been a sort of irritant to his community until he drifted to Chicago. Stubblefield believed that all poor people were saints and all rich ones conspiring sinners, and on that platform he seems to have made himself obnoxious in town politics, opposing the merchants, the banker, the grain buyer, and so forth. As manager of the town newspaper, which he ran for a widow who owned it, he could do this most effectually. At the same time he devised scheme after scheme for making an easy fortune himself, being the rather common type of reformer who makes an uproar on behalf of the people and has successive issues of worthless stock to float on the side. In Chicago he became foreman of a printing office, and his reforming activity found no outlet in so large a place; but he persisted with his schemes. As we both liked music, books and theaters and had much in common, he took me into his confidence every time he launched a new enterprise—and this was every time he could get hold of a little money or find a backer. But his schemes were haphazard affairs, as I can see now, because he always went into some line where he saw other men apparently making easy money. Once he started a mail-order business that came to nothing and left him in debt. Later it was a patent medicine, cleverly concocted to embody all the virtues of a dozen popular remedies—which the trade never took up. Then he had a printing office of his own one winter, which was closed out next spring by the house that furnished his equipment on credit.

Stubblefield's shortcoming was a common enough one. Fertile in schemes, he would lose interest in an enterprise just when it was far enough along to run into difficulties. At this point, I have noticed, successful business men usually fight the thing through. Inventive and imaginative gifts are of no use there—it is a case of fight, and mighty close to the line too. Stubblefield, on the contrary, would drop the enterprise in deep water and turn to fresh schemes, and when the thing came to an end he declared that a conspiracy of big interests in that line had been formed to head him off and drive him out. This did not lessen his value to me as a friend and instructor, however, for he was a most congenial fellow in many ways; and one of his schemes finally succeeded sure enough.



Not an Item Escaped Henry

At that time many trade journals were being launched in Chicago. There was a demand for reading matter dealing with work in every line, and far-sighted young fellows all over the town were laying foundations for fine publishing properties by starting periodicals for machinists, plumbers, laundrymen, carpenters, railway employees, and the like. Printers watched this development and talked about it, for every large shop printed at least one such journal. Many a promoter built a thriving business under the compositors' eyes, and some of the more enterprising among the printers launched similar publications.

Stubblefield started a little monthly which he called The Shrewd Buyer. It was born in one corner of the office where he was foreman, and consisted of only a few pages at the outset. But the idea of a journal to be read by men who bought goods was naturally attractive to men with goods to sell, so there was a little advertising from the start. Stubblefield could run this paper while earning foreman's wages, which made it different from previous schemes. He did not take it too seriously, either, and those circumstances, coupled with a fortunate stroke of editorial policy, made it successful.

Every month when the time came to make up The Shrewd Buyer we would be short of copy and several days late. Stubblefield wrote articles himself, giving hints and schemes from his own business experience. Current commodity prices were condensed from the daily papers and clippings on business topics set up. Finally to pad out the forms at the last moment, we would stick in snatches of verse and bits of the wisdom of all the ages, which we got out of an old dictionary of quotations that was kicking round the office. Notabilities from Browning clear back to Epictetus wrote for The Shrewd Buyer, and their contributions were appreciated by readers, because just then the busy American world of work was beginning to discover the world of books and was hanging aphorisms on the walls of offices and factories.

For several issues the articles on buying were rather vague; but presently Stubblefield found a personal devil for his little paper, and after that it never lacked the necessary ginger.

In one of the principal supply fields large purchasers enjoyed secret rebates and discounts. Stubblefield attacked this system as unfair to small buyers. It gave his reforming instincts full play. He could hurl invective at secret rebates to his heart's content, and it made the paper bright, pleased the little buyers, and didn't hurt the feelings of the big buyers or sellers a bit—in fact many of them read the paper because it was lively.

The Brown Pitcher Club's New Member

ONE day Stubblefield was short of copy for his periodical, and to help him out I wrote something about the work of the contractor who goes ahead of a circus to buy supplies. Echo awoke again after ten years and seemed keenly interested in this idea. The words and sentences came without much effort, and the article was readable because short and hinged on the novelty of circus life. Stubblefield said it was fine and put it on the first page with my name, and the next winter I wrote him another article about the devices of the circus press agent in arranging for advertising space. Then I began scribbling short bits of advice on the subject of buying. It is true I knew next to nothing of the subject, but the general tone of the paper gave a sort of nudge to Echo, and I found that he needed only to have his attention turned in a direction to produce paragraphs and little articles that sounded very plausible—to me anyway.

By-and-by I was writing a great deal for The Shrewd Buyer, setting type at the same time, and I often thought of myself with awe as an influence on the world's ways and opinions. Like other young scribblers, I assumed that the chief purpose of print was to criticise. Many of my little articles were attacks on methods and men who did not meet Stubblefield's approval. When Echo's attention was turned in that direction he could work himself into quite a rage of righteous indignation, and grind out denunciation and ridicule in rounded, sounding sentences. In later years, having stood as a target for this same sort of printed criticism, probably written by callow young scribblers like myself, I have different ideas on the subject.

As the paper grew I did more and more work for it. When my second season with the circus was over, Stubblefield made an arrangement whereby I wrote and reported three days each week and put in the other three days in the composing room. Thus I became a writer.

Writing is a queer business. I had to learn it from the outside, and as soon as I began to scribble I seemed to get among curious people. Stubblefield had no end of admiration for the screeds I wrote, and constantly threw out the suggestion that writing was a much higher order of work than setting type, and that I must have a mysterious genius concealed about me somewhere to be able to do it at all. Of course It was not very hard for me to agree with him.

Discovered That They Were Ahead of the World in Intellectual, Artistic and Social Matters

As reporter for The Shrewd Buyer I now went round a good deal among the buyers of big stores and purchasing agents for large corporations. They were a solid, conservative lot of citizens, and I might have learned much from them had it not been for some other company I fell into at that time. Stubblefield had worked up considerable admiration for himself as a rising publisher, and felt that he was better than a foreman. His new dignity led him to get us both enrolled in the Brown Pitcher Club. This organization gathered at some downtown saloon once a week and drank beer out of brown pitchers, hence the name. It was made up of various people who had discovered that they were ahead of the world in intellectual, artistic and social matters. Being out of touch with what they called the present material civilization, they took solace out of the brown pitcher.

There were amateurish students of drawing whose souls recoiled from catalogue covers—and whose catalogue covers no business house wanted. There were actors who spent most of their season resting, and musicians who explained why they did not submit to the annoyance of engagements, and teachers from various institutions who were invariably professors, and reformers who had complete schemes for running the world and would guarantee to increase its output and lower its operating cost. There were also many writers and editors from trade papers like our own, and at this club the scribe who penned such gems as "The tone of seconds is still sluggish, with few inquiries from the cutting-up trade and no prospect of a stiffening market," could find people who understood that he was as badly treated as Keats or Poe. Our meeting night was Sunday, and that, in connection with the beer, gave us the feeling that we were slapping the chops of a smug world.

It was at the Brown Pitcher Club that I first learned to hate and resist a despicable class of people called the bourgeois. The word was familiar as the name of a little-used size of type, but now you pronounced it in the French way. This bourgeois class, it seemed, had no artistic or intellectual originality, no social audacity. Would it live alone for an ideal in a hall bedroom? No! The bourgeois class married early and moved to the suburbs. It was devoted to fried steak, boiled coffee and red-flannel underwear. Art? It hung story pictures on its walls. Literature? It fed its mind on Sunday papers. Music? Its daughters played parlor organs.

"Ah, yes—the *bourgeoisie!*" exclaimed the Count Zelazowski, who was supposed to be a Polish exile. The count constantly spoke of the superior culture of Europe, and half our members stood in awe of him because he was reputed to be a fiery duelist. Later, when he suddenly disappeared with the money of a well-to-do widow of a former member of the club, we found out that he was really a German barber. As long as the count remained with us anything he said about the bourgeois was authoritative—a Polish noble ought to know the bourgeois as a Southerner knows darkies.

"Yes, yes, the *bourgeoisie*," Count Zelazowski would say. "In America it has originated only two institutions—the Sunday-school and the department store."

"How about the newspaper?" suggested a member who boasted that he never read one.

"Ah! but is not that a part of the department store? *Oui, mon ami*, they are one."

Two Years of Protest

INSTEAD of selecting a life-work so beautifully detached from practical affairs that nobody understood it, or drinking beer while waiting for an opportunity to express itself temperamentally, this bourgeois class had a way of turning its hand to the first commonplace project that came along. It trafficked and traded in mere things. It multiplied mere things unthinkingly. It saved its money, insured its life, and created that hideous modern instrument, capital, with which to build gas works, breweries, and the like, enslaving free spirits like ourselves.

Oh, glorious period of discontent, which every young fellow goes through somewhere between eighteen and thirty and gets over like the measles! Mine lasted two years—the two lean years when I was trying to break into literature and was stanchly opposed to this despicable bourgeois set.

But my grievances against the bourgeois were forgotten about the time I began to earn enough money at writing to be comfortable. And now, alas, I am thoroughly bourgeois myself! I am married. I live in a suburb. I have youngsters. We have a player-piano. My life is insured. Somewhere another generation of young men is going through this temperamental measles and drinking beer in protest.

In another direction, however, the Brown Pitcher threw me farther off the track. That was in writing. For instead of letting Echo be the writer and develop in his own subconscious way, I acquired a lot of artificial literary ideals and tried to write like Stevenson and Thoreau and Balzac and other men who were good writers in their own day or country. What I fancied was my style gave me many anxious moments, because I was mortally afraid I might do something to ruin it forever.

Purchasing agents, merchandise men, buyers and merchants whom I interviewed gave me plenty to write about. So little had been published concerning their work up to that time, that what we printed was greatly appreciated and read almost as gospel. When I interviewed a buying expert I did not enter very deeply into his enthusiasm over a particular scheme for securing prompt deliveries, nor did I appreciate the fine details in his method of holding the seller to standards or specifications. To tell the plain truth, a buyer was to me at that time only a crass bourgeois, and I had no sympathy with the business point of view.

But still we got along famously together, those buyers and myself, and many of them thought me a genius, thanks to Echo. For Echo had a marvelous knack at faking when it came to copy. He would listen superciliously while the honest buyer told his story, letting most of it go into one ear and out the other. But he was always careful to catch a few technical terms and several phrases that were peculiar to the man being interviewed. These were reproduced faithfully when we came to write the article. Echo scattered them through the text, and the buyer recognized them and thought me a perfectly wonderful interviewer. All the rest of the article might be a labored imitation of Stevenson, or be done in Kipling's staccato style—Kipling hit me especially hard, as he has hit so many other scribblers. But the buyers seemed to think they had said all

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THE REDDER'S LICK

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

RICKEY INTERPOSES AND MAKES AN OLD SAW GOOD

A FEW months had wrought marked changes in the Garnet Basin copper-mining camp and particularly in the vicinity of the Lady Lou's well-housed shaft. Upon the flats of the hillside there was a growth of newly budded roofs and slim, flame-petaled chimney stems; along the creek the row of stores had quadrupled, so that the observer could count eight distinct commercial enterprises from the eminence above the Caneguilla. The observer could see, too, that there was no corresponding efflorescence in the immediate neighborhood of the Top-Notch Mine—the Lady Lou's embittered rival—noting which, a smile overspread his good-looking, sun-tanned face. As former discoverer and present director of the Lady Lou, his gratification was natural.

"Well, Nigger," said he, patting the arched, muscular neck of his black horse, who was fretting at the check of the curb, "I reckon we-all might slide down now and see what elegant, gilt-edged, reasonable reasons Jimmie's got for his cussed foolishness."

With that he loosened rein as far as was consistent with care for his horse's knees and, descending to the Basin, rode into the public corral, to be hailed joyfully by its bowlegged proprietor as "Rickey, old stockings!" and invited hospitably withal.

"Ben," said Rickey Raymond, "if it's a-going to give you any satisfaction to see me inundate myself with ginger ale I'll be a flood victim; but as to taking a drink—a real, sure-enough, human man's drink—I'll have to be excused. I've quit my evil ways and it's a right smart of aggravation to me to see anybody else enjoying themselves; but I'll go with you if you say so, just to show it ain't vain pride holding me back."

The bowlegged man waved his freckled hand to the watering trough.

"Help yourself if that's what's the matter with you," he said scornfully. "Go be sociable with them burros. An', talking of evil ways, what's this I hear tell of your pardner?"

"Meaning Mr. James Marshall Orr?" asked Rickey in a polite tone.

"Meaning Jim," assented the bowlegged man. "Jim needs a guardeen—if you ask me. You'd better throw a rope over Jim an' snake him off to that ranch of yours an' hobble him out on short grass. Jim's a right good boy, but he's headed for trouble with a clear track."

"I'll have to see to it," said Rickey. "And it's fine, growing weather in some parts of the country, they tell me—and whenever it rains right hard the ground gets wet. So-long, Ben.. I've got to go up to the mine."

Divested of his riding equipment, Rickey left the corral and crossed the footbridge that spanned Garnet Creek. He was proceeding at a leisurely pace in the direction of the Lady Lou when he encountered a tall, clay-bespattered old man, who stopped abruptly and surveyed him grimly from beneath shaggy, beetling brows. Rickey stopped likewise. "How do you do, father-in-law?" he said cheerfully.

"I'm weel, son-in-law," responded Superintendent Ross, of the Top-Notch, in a tone at once contemptuous and sarcastic. "Wi' thanks to ye for your politeness, I'm weel." He hesitated, pulling his grizzled beard. "An' hoo's Maggie the noo?"

"As well as she can be under the melancholy circumstances," Rickey replied. "Considerin' what she's got to struggle against, on account of her poor judgment in picking a husband, she's right peart."

"Puir lassie!" said the old man with an involuntary softening of his harsh voice. "Puir lassie!"

"It's sure tough on her," agreed Mr. Raymond callously. "But there's one thing," he continued—"she can't say that you didn't warn her. If she'd taken your good advice I'd have been a single man today. She's got herself to thank for it."

Old man Ross doubled his gnarled fists behind his back.

"You will be knowing my opeenion about you, Rickey Raymond," he said with a formidable knitting of his brows. "I'll no be expressin' it to ye afresh, but tak' tent I hear naething o' yer deevilry whaur Maggie's concerned."

"Sure! I'll be mighty careful," Rickey assured him. "I'll do my best to keep it from getting round to you."

Superintendent Ross nodded, with cold menace in his steel-gray eyes, and was walking away when Rickey made an effort to stop him.

"Food," Rickey Answered. "Hummingbirds on Toast. I Could Get Along Tolerable Well With Ham and Eggs"

"See here, Mr. Ross," he said, dropping the half-insolent mockery that the old man's hostile attitude had provoked; "there ain't no real necessity of you and me locking horns, even if we have got to be sort of related. You can keep your opinion of me salted down so it won't lose none of its strength; but you might as well keep the cover on the barrel long enough to run down to the ranch and see Maggie. I won't be there for a couple of days yet, I don't reckon—and I think Maggie would like it."

It was something of an olive branch, but Superintendent Ross was not in a pacific mood; at least, he turned on his heel and went his way without acknowledging the invitation by so much as a grunt. Rickey stood watching his implacable back, with an expression of mingled amusement and disgust, and then laughed. "The old skeesicks!" he murmured. "If he had an 'opeenion' about his own face his nose would certainly suffer for it if he could get his teeth close enough to bite. And I'd like him right well, too, if he'd appreciate his son-in-law properly."

Musing in this wise, Rickey arrived at the offices of the Lady Lou Mine and there found a florid, stockily built young man bending over some blueprints on a drafting table, who looked up, dropped his dividers and shook hands with his visitor as with an old friend.

"Glad to see you, Raymond!" he said. "Mighty glad! Sit down and have a cigarette. Here!" He extended a silver case, at the same time striking a wax match on the heel of his miner's boot. "They're Russian. Brought 'em back from Boston. How's Mrs. Raymond, and why don't you bring her over to see Mrs. VanOpdom?"

"I'm sure going to," Rickey replied. "And after that I'll use my influence to get you a week's lay-off and you-all can come over to the ranch. I'll give you some good horned-toad shooting. Russian—eh? Anything like cubebs? Well, if you can smoke 'em I reckon I can. Now what's the good word?"

VanOpdom swung himself to a high stool and lit a cigarette himself before answering. "Well," he said, "to tell the truth, I've been hoping you'd happen along. Of course it isn't any business of mine. I'm your humble engineer, and if the vice-president and general manager of the company chooses to make an iridescent ass of himself that's his business. Still, he's a good fellow."

"Meaning Vice-President James Marshall Orr?" said Rickey. "Well, I hear her name's Carmencita; that her beauty is about a sixteenth of an inch more than skin-deep; that she's got a considerable past, and that Jimmie wants to make her a present of himself. That's all I know as yet."

"That's about the situation," said VanOpdom. "Sings in some concert hall in El Paso, and Orr puts in about half his time there. Tough crowd and all that, don't you know; but he can't see it. I tried to give him a hint, but it will take a diplomat like you to manage the thing—a gentleman who sways legislatures and jockeys capitalists."

"I'm plumb tickled to hear you talk thataway, Van," said Rickey gratefully, "and I'll just naturally get out my little old crosscut saw and my broadax and maul, and do some more fine work. Where's Jimmie now?"

"Shaft number six," replied VanOpdom.

"Then, if you'll excuse me I'll go over to Mother Turgoose's and wait for him, swiping another of them Russian lung-testers to cheer me on my way," said Rickey. "It sure beats all, the way I take to pomp and luxuriousness. Would you believe I was just a common forty-dollar cowpinch less than twenty years ago?"

He lit another cigarette and strolled over to the boarding house, where he loafed on the porch until some time after the bell rang for dinner. Then, being hungry, he decided to wait no longer and went into the dining room, which was nearly empty, and seated himself at a vacant table. A wholesome-looking, brown-haired young woman, who would have been pretty but for a certain pink puffiness under her eyes, came to wait on him; and, recognizing him, her rather gloomy expression lightened with surprise and pleasure.

"Why, Mr. Raymond!" she exclaimed. "Of all things!"

"I wouldn't call you a harsh name like that, Lenore," said Rickey with grave reproach. "Seems like you might have said persons or individuals."

"It's a coon's age since I've seen you," said Lenore, smiling and cleverly stacking some leftover dishes.

"It seems a right smart longer than that to me," Rickey responded gallantly. "Where's Mr. James Marshall Orr, Esquire? I thought he lived here."

Lenore tossed her head.

"Search me!" she replied with cold hauteur. "I ain't looking after him." And then, somewhat explosively: "Oh, I guess he's primping himself. Probably ——" She bit her lip. "What you want to eat?"

"Food," Rickey answered. "Hummingbirds on toast, or any little thing like that. I could get along tolerable well with ham and eggs. I've come down here to look after him myself, Lenore."

"It ain't no affair of mine," said the waitress. "If he wants an old painted-up cat that goes trapezin' about in short skirts where a lady wouldn't be caught dead, he's welcome to, I'm sure. He's rich now and he can afford to have what he fancies; but I never thought that Jim Orr ——" Her chin began to quiver; she turned suddenly and hurried away to the kitchen, kicking the swing door with such violence that she escaped its rebound by a scant hairbreadth.

"Jim's a Right Good Boy, But He's Headed for Trouble With a Clear Track"

A few moments later Mrs. Turgoose herself brought in Rickey's tray and asked him, with some severity, what he had been saying to Lenore.

"Nothing that a respectable married man and a perfect gentleman oughtn't to say to a young lady, ma," replied Rickey. "It wasn't as if I'd seen the dinner."

"You get along with you!" said Mrs. Turgoose, not severely. "I don't know what's come over that girl, though, and she said for me to tell you she was glad you come."

"That's two," remarked Rickey. "If I keep on getting popular thisaway they'll have a brass band out for me next time."

"As for the dinner," continued Mrs. Turgoose, "you'll take what you can get and be thankful; and here's another I can tell the same thing. You, Jim Orr! Yes, I mean you!"

A resplendent figure was advancing toward the table, his face set in a grin of welcome. James Marshall Orr, indeed! The Jim of old days in a checked suit, his hair symmetrically parted and plastered in a semicircular wave over his manly forehead, his necktie blazing with a horseshoe diamond pin, rings on his fingers and the yellowest of creaking shoes on his toes.

"Rickey," said Mr. Orr, letting his hamlike hand descend heavily on his friend's shoulder, "you old stick-in-the-mud, when did you break jail? Glad to see you!"

"Number three, ma," observed Rickey soberly to Mrs. Turgoose. "The gentleman with the rich, expensive clothes is also rejoiced. James, this is sure gratifying. Sit down and let ma tie a tablecloth round your neck so's you won't get all spotted up, and we'll feed. I ain't got long to bask in the sunshine of your smile because I've got business in El Paso." Jimmie Orr blushed a beautiful brick-red. "I—I kind of thought of going to El Paso myself this evening, Rickey," he said.

They sat upon the porch after dinner, their feet upon the topmost rail and tobacco smoke wreathing about them in the still air. In that position Orr's shoes naturally forced themselves upon Rickey's notice and excited his admiring comment. From the shoes he passed easily to his friend's hosiery, which was of the popular polka-dot pattern; and by successive upward stages of approval he arrived at the watch-chain.

"It's no slouch of a chain, that," said Rickey, fingering the massive yellow links—"not only ornamental, but useful. A person could tie a dog with it or snake sawlogs; and I'll bet you've got you a dandy watch!"

With a quick movement he extracted an ornate time-piece from Orr's pocket and, before that somewhat deliberate gentleman could prevent him, he had pried open the inner lid, disclosing the photograph of a hard, smiling woman of the dark Spanish type in a *décolleté* gown.

"Here!" said Orr. "That ain't public property." He tried to repossess himself of the watch; but Rickey put his hand aside and continued to look at the picture with an earnest, half-puzzled regard. Orr simpered: "Well, what do you think of her?"

"She's certainly one peach!" said Rickey, closing the watch-case with a snap. "A peach!" he repeated. "So that's the reason we wear the dazzling duds and curl the ends of our mustache, is it? Oh, you slick rascal! You sweet-scented old sinner, you! You gay and giddy gambolier! Jimmie, I'm ashamed of you. Don't roll your eyes at me like a scared pup. You're a-going to get all that's a-coming to you, and that's plenty; but what gets me is what for you're hiding her away."

"She's all right—ain't she?" grinned the rubescent Orr.

"You don't mean to tell me that you've cut *her* out of the bunch!" exclaimed Rickey.

"Rickey, old son," said Orr, placing his hand confidentially on his friend's knee and speaking very earnestly, "I ain't no heart-smasher nor nothing. I never had no idee that I stood any show whatsoever; but—this is betweer you and me—I honestly believe it's all right."

"And you let your old pardner find it out by accident!" said Rickey with a hurt air.

"Rickey," Orr answered, "I meant to tell you—I certainly did; but I have kept it kind of close. There's such a lot of pin-headed damfools round. They don't know nothin' and they don't want to know nothin'. They think because a lady's in a professional way of business that there must be suthin' sort of wrong about her. They ain't professionals themselves and consequent they ain't got no use for them what is. *Sabe?*"

Rickey nodded gravely.

"Pinheads all right," he agreed.

"I knew you'd look at it right," said Orr, much gratified. "You've got sense, you have. Another thing—she's got a powerful lot of style about her; and when it comes to looks – well, here's her picture."

He was for pulling the watch out again, but Rickey stopped him with a gesture.

"Well, that's the idee," said Orr. "You get it—don't you? Pinheads is the word. She's an artist, and that's enough for them."

"Song and dance?" queried Rickey.

"She's a singer and she's a wonder at it," replied his friend with a slight embarrassment in his manner. "She dances some too. I don't say I'm stuck on having her do it," he went on to explain. "She ain't stuck on doing it either. She's naturally fond of a quiet life—that's what she wants; but she's been sort of forced into being a professional as you might say. You understand, don't you, Rickey?"

"Sure," said Rickey sympathetically. "She'd sooner have a home, a good husband and a mess of young ones to cook and wash dishes and mend and darn for, than all the spotlight and bouquets and press notices and champagne suppers you could shake a stick at; but a person can't always choose, like you say."

"By gosh!" said Orr, slapping the young man on the back. "You're the first man I've talked with that had a lick of sense. Well, she's a-going to quit the stage."

"I reckon you're in big luck, Jimmie," said Rickey heartily; "but if we're a-going to go to El Paso tonight any time we've got to be a-splittin' the wind between this and Cruces."

On the road to Las Cruces, Orr continued with hardly a break to pour forth his long-bottled confidence respecting Carmencita. Carmencita was her name—Carmencita Montoya! Didn't Rickey think that a mighty slick name?

He Could Have Wept Himself. He Wanted to Shout

"I call her 'Cita. Her folks was away up at one time back in Texas, where she come from. You're from Texas, and maybe you knew 'em. Well, anyway, her daddy owned about half a county there; but he busted up while 'Cita was a kid and then died of a broken heart. He left her so that she naturally had to do something to earn a living. She won't have to earn no living now, I want to tell you. I'm a-going to fix that this trip. I ain't a-going to wait until we're married, because her contract with this here manager of hers ain't up for a couple of months yet, and there ain't no tellin' what might happen to a man working underground like me in that time. She's one of these women won't go back on her word for no one—not even for me. And by jiminy! I think a heap of her for it."

"Me too," agreed Rickey; "and that's a pious idee about fixin' her up now. It does you credit, Jimmie—it sure does. There ain't many men would have thought of that scheme. It wouldn't have occurred to me, I don't believe. I own up to it."

Orr blushed. "'S far's that goes, it didn't occur to me," he confessed. "It was Gib Flanders, 'Cita's manager, give me the idee when I was talking it over with him about the contract. He couldn't let 'Cita go because he'd got her advertised. 'But,' says he, 'if you want to make it a cinch, whether you're spared to look after her or not, why not make a peanut-shell settlement on her, like they do in the old countries? Sort of shows your confidence in a woman and makes her just as good as your widow.' 'Well,' says I, 'if 'Cita's willing to let me I'll do it.' I talked it over with 'Cita, and finally she allowed I might if I wanted to."

Orr made this statement with such direct and honest simplicity that Rickey almost broke through the assumption of sympathetic approval he had maintained throughout the ride, and was moodily silent until they came to the pass in the ridge overlooking the little town.

"My business in El Paso," said Rickey, "is kind of particular and mixed up, and I'd give a pretty to know how it's a-coming out. Well, it's going to be a comfort to have you settled in life, Jimmie. I was scared you might be thinkin' some of tyin' up with Lenore. It looked some that way when I was at Garnet last. It's a load off my mind."

Orr frowned. "I don't see why, by jiminy!" he said with some heat. "Lenore's good enough for anybody—I don't care who he is. She's spunky, but she's as straight as a string and as smart as they make 'em. She's a good-looker, too, Lenore is; and I'd beat the head off of any son-of-a-gun who'd tell me different."

"You don't need to beat mine off," said Rickey mildly. "I just meant to say she wasn't no Carmencita."

"No, she ain't," Orr allowed; "but there's different kinds of women, Rickey." He sighed heavily and lapsed into silence. And so they came, with the darkness, to the hospitable adobe walls of the inn, where they supped, with thirty minutes to spare before train time.

As they climbed aboard the train at the sonorous call of the conductor, a two-seated carriage drove furiously through the fetlock-deep dust of the main street, whirled at the corner and dashed up to the platform, where it shot forth two of its three occupants barely in time for them to scramble up the steps of the last car, which they did with a conspicuous lack of agility.

One of them, a stout person with tortoise-shell-rimmed, gold-bridged eyeglasses, swore roundly, having bruised his shin in the ascent. The other, a tall, gray-bearded man with deep-set eyes, reproved him in Doric accents.

"Dinna sweer, man," he said with a contraction of penthouse brows and a grim look. "'Twull be the waur for your immortal saul and nane the better for your shins forby."

In the smoker ahead Orr looked at his watch—the dial merely. "We'll be there in time to see the last of the show," he said. "'Cita's number comes along toward the last. Then I can take you behind and introduce you."

"You'll have to excuse me for tonight, Jimmie," said Rickey. "I've got to hop right out and tend to some of my business before my men go to pounding their respective ears; and as to that settlement—you ain't a-going to make that tonight! I reckon you've got to go to the bank. Ain't that so? Sure! Well, buddie, you make the appointment for three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I'll be through by then and I think I can help you fix it up so there won't be no hitch. Will you do that? Good boy! Now there's one other thing: don't you mention to Carmencita that your old friend Rickey's in town. I want to be a real joyful surprise to her. You just let me have my own fool way about them two things and don't ask me for any reasons, because maybe I haven't got any; and I'd hate to turn you down. Is that a go? Shake hands on it then! I've got your word."

They shook hands gravely.

"I don't know what kind of a play you're a-going to make, but I know it's a square one," remarked Orr trustfully. "It won't make no particular difference anyway."

They went directly to their hotel, where Jimmie made a hasty but careful toilet and hurried out. Rickey seemed to have reconsidered his determination to hop out immediately, for on Orr's departure he sat smoking in the most leisurely manner for at least half an hour. Then he got up, pulled his hat well down over his brow and sauntered out into the street, proceeding almost directly on the trail taken by his friend until he found himself in front of a narrow but brilliantly lighted recess, with a cigar stand on one side, a ticket office on the other, and entrance and exit doors under the rococo plaster gilt sign, Flanders' Trocadero. Advancing to the window, he raised his hat in

polite salutation to the young woman with the lopsided bang who there presided. She, on her part, raised her eyebrows, but smiled nevertheless.

"I'd like in, ma'am," said Rickey soberly. "Do you reckon there's room for me, please?"

"How many seats do you think you'll need to accommodate you without crowdin' yourself?" asked the young woman.

"That depends on who-all is a-settin' next to me," said Rickey. "If it was you now ——" He paid the maximum price and passed into the theater, where he unobtrusively slid into a back seat and watched with an appearance of absorbed interest the startling acrobatic feats of a resilient family with no family resemblance. Following the acrobats came a Dutch and Irish specialty of humorous assault and battery; and then number eighteen was slid into the frame and Carmencita Montoya tripped lightly on to the stage, pirouetted and came to a poised butterfly pose, throwing an inclusive, double-handed kiss to the not too enthusiastic audience.

"I'd have bet a thousand to one on it!" murmured Rickey. "It's Daisy!"

No modest, shrinking little flower of white and faint baby-pink, this Daisy. Something on the black-eyed-Susan order rather, in her short, billowy maize skirts and low bodice; and with the yellow and black there was vivid crimson in the full red lips wreathed in a hard, wide smile, in patches on her cheeks, and in the scarf that she waved in snaky undulations in her dance. Rickey watched her and sighed and swore one of his innocuous oaths in something between pity and amazement.

"And that's Daisy!"

His eyes wandered from the stage to where Orr was sitting well in front. The miner was plainly enthralled; there was a fatuous adoration in the look he fixed upon this flaming daughter of Herodias that made bysitters nudge each other and crane their necks to look at him. Rickey broke over the bounds of decorous language once more—this time not so mildly; and in the moment that he did so he sighed again.

The dance concluded, Carmencita Montoya broke forth into song, a raucous rendering of a ballad with waving cornfields, moonlight and mother in it. It was affecting Orr almost to the point of tears, Rickey noticed, and upon that he got up, glided out as quietly as he had entered and went about his business.

It was business that took him into queer places and into conference with queer people—over bars and small round tables in dingy back rooms and halls of dazzling light, where guitars throbbed responsive to the twang of mandolins and the thin, penetrating triumph of scraped gut. Very casual was Rickey in his greetings of the hard-faced, trim and nimble-fingered persons with whom for the most part he talked, and who welcomed him with the genial familiarity of old acquaintance. Anything but business-like was Rickey's conversation, dealing rather with idle reminiscences of quite reprehensible doings; but in the end it invariably turned to shows and showmen and show-girls, and, these subjects exhausted, Rickey would show signs of exhaustion himself and presently take hearty leave of his entertainer.

Business was fairly good, however—a little useful information here and a little there; now and then a piece that dovetailed with another piece in a satisfactory manner; and at the last deal, as the business man put it, a good hand to draw to.

"Come on back, *amigo*," said the dealer, a swarthy, smiling little man, with a turquoise and brilliant scarfpin. "If you want a line on Carmencita I'll introduce you to a lady that was her pardner—came here with her and Flanders last fall, and loves her like a pet sister if you're careless about what you say. Want to talk to her?"

"Pick up my halter rope and lead me along," replied Rickey.

"On back" was a dance-hall, where goatherds in festal velveteen and buttons came in from the slopes of the Organ Mountains and the southern Del Carouay to mingle more or less explosively with miners from Chloride, cowboys from the Pecos, and the town gallants of El Paso and Juarez. It was a lively enough scene, with the gyrating couples on the floor, the thronged tables at the side and the kaleidoscopic promenade. A noisy one, too, what with the blare of the predominantly brass orchestra, the babel of tongues and the clinking of plates and glasses. Yet, as Rickey's cicerone pointed out with pride, it was in the main highly decorous. "No coarse, ragged-edge funny business here," said the little man; "and there ain't a night but a passel of folks comes over from the hotels. High-class!"

He waved Rickey to a chair, seated himself and snapped his fingers at a passing waiter, who came to him doglike at the dog signal. "Tell Miss Fay I'd like to see her for a minute or two," he ordered.

The man hurried off and returned almost immediately with a redundant and highly colored lady who announced that she was choking with thirst. Being relieved, she showed herself of an affable and entertaining disposition, with no annoying reticence of speech when judiciously questioned. In a little while the proprietor delicately withdrew and left Rickey to his tête-à-tête.

That it was interesting there is little reason to doubt. It had been continued for nearly ten minutes when Miss Fay suddenly changed the conversation.

"I know that if you wasn't a perfect gentleman Mr. Gomez wouldn't have introduced you to me," she said; "but any gentleman might accidentally do something that he'd be sorry for later, and if you've shot up any other gentleman or tried to get even with the express company, or some little thing like that, I can understand why that ginger-whiskered slob with the glasses on his big beak, two tables behind, is a-taking such particular notice of you. Don't turn your head. He's looking at you now."

"It's just friendly interest," Rickey assured her. "He hasn't got no warrant."

"What did he write a note and send it out by one of the boys for?" asked Miss Fay.

"That was to tell the folks at the hotel not to set up for him—that he might be late," Rickey explained. "Don't let it worry you."

At the same time Mr. Raymond was slightly disturbed in his own mind. From the graphic description of his vis-à-vis he thought he recognized Paul Jarley Cruser, the autocrat of the Top-Notch Mine at Garnet Basin, a person inimical to the Lady Lou interests in general and to Mr. Ricardo Raymond especially. "Not that I care two whoops for him," thought Rickey soberly; "but Papa Ross —— He might be mean enough to tell papa he saw me here, and I wouldn't wonder if the credulous old man believed him."

Two tables back Mr. Cruser, in company with two other men of the ruddy-necked and par-bald type associated with piggish prosperity, was alternately regarding Rickey and the entrance, grinning maliciously and looking expectant. The attention of his companions seemed to be similarly directed. They, too, grinned and now and then laughed.

Presently there was a little stir near the door. A knot of merrymakers who were gathered there stood aside or were brushed aside by a gaunt, stern-faced old man who strode into the room, glowering to right and left with a savage contempt that seemed to blight wherever he looked. Led by a boy who appeared to be more than half in terror of his grim charge, he approached Mr. Cruser's table, but stopped abruptly as his still roving glance fell upon the unconscious Rickey and his companion.

For an instant there was death in his face and he took a step forward with clenched hands; but, checking himself, he turned and left the room with long, swift strides and was gone before Cruser had fairly raised himself from his chair.

"Yes, You Can Snore!" He Muttered

Cruser laughed loudly and his friends echoed the laugh, whereupon Rickey turned and stared at them with a sort of curiosity that had no appearance of displeasure, but which, nevertheless, checked their merriment. The proprietor returning at this juncture, Rickey got up and made his adieu.

"Well, I filled my hand," he mused as he walked back to the hotel. "I filled my hand and now we come to the showdown, and I reckon I win; but, Jimmie, old sport, you're owing me a heap more than I figured on!"

Orr had gone to his room over an hour before, so the night clerk informed Rickey. Pausing in the corridor at his friend's chamber door, the young man found confirmation of the intelligence in sounds of gentle and regular snoring. He shook his fist. "Yes, you can snore!" he muttered. "All you've got to do is to get into a boghole and go to sleep, while I muddy myself to the armpits hauling you out!"

He passed on and went to bed with the firm determination of staying there until noon; but the sunrise habit, as always, was too strong for him and he rose at his usual hour, shaved and bathed himself to an appearance of freshness, and sallied forth to an early lunchroom for coffee. Then he returned to the hotel and thumped on Orr's door until that drowsy gentleman arose and opened to him.

"I don't want in," said Rickey. "I just thought I'd tap to see if you were awake and tell you that breakfast will be ready in a couple of hours or so." Making a rapid retreat, he descended to the office and, finding a dry patch in the shining sea of soapsuds, dragged a chair to it and read the livestock news between yawns until the dining room opened. Breakfast finished, he went back to the office and tried to engage the clerk in conversation; failing in this, he went out and shopped, buying mainly dainty feminine trinkets and trifles, such as he considered his young wife might like, with a reckless disregard of price that Maggie certainly would not have approved. This pursuit was so fascinating that the sight of a clock over a jeweler's showcase gave him a distinct shock of surprise. He hurriedly concluded his purchase and hailed a hack, which presently deposited him before a green-shuttered house with a front of dingy brick to which irregular areas of stucco still clung tenaciously in witness of glories long since departed.

A slipshod negro in a soiled white jacket answered Rickey's ring and ushered him through a hall redolent of musty matting and imminent dinner, into a shabby apartment furnished with a square piano and a miscellaneous assortment of chairs upholstered in faded plush and brocade. A certain untidiness of use and broken-springed dilapidation bespoke the boarding-house parlor which it was unmistakably. Rickey looked round him with some interest. "Leaving Jimmie out of the question, I reckon the world hasn't been using Daisy any too well," he soliloquized.

The negro appeared at the door. "Miss Montoya, she say she'll be down in jest 'bout a minute, suh," he announced. "I done tol' huh it was sumpin 'potant, suh. Yassuh! Thank yo', suh!"

He made a leap of apelike celerity to the dollar Rickey held out and, with a departure suited to the magnificence of the tip, backed out. Several minutes later there was a rustling of skirts outside and Miss Carmencita Montoya entered the room.

There was a marked absence of the vitality of the night before in her appearance. Compared with the vivid creature who had whirled and bounded about the stage of the Trocadero, this was a languid and colorless thing indeed—faded, almost old, with dark semicircles below her eyes and well-defined lines from the curve of the nostril to the corners of the hard mouth. She wore a loose, flowing gown which accentuated her droop as she listlessly advanced with half-closed, peering eyes; but suddenly her eyes widened, her face paled, she pressed her hand to her heart and took a cautious step back.

"Rickey!" she cried.

"It's Rickey sure enough," said the young man gravely. "How are you, Daisy?"

"My soul!" she whispered in great agitation and sank into a chair. "What are you doing here, Rickey? I thought you were in the Panhandle."

"I was six years ago—after you left town, Daisy; but you see they didn't put no ball and chain on my leg, and I only stayed long enough to let my broken heart sort of mend up. I was in the Panhandle just the tag-end of one season."

"I didn't think it would take that long."

"No?"

"What brought you here?" she repeated, her black eyes fixed keenly upon him.

(Continued on Page 73)

THE SURAKARTA

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

X

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

MAX SCHIMMEL descended quickly to the street and took a surface car back toward the center of the city. Several times he looked at his watch, which assured him he had probably several minutes to spare that he might have spent in conversation with Hereford if McAdams had not been present. Halfway back to the business district Max left the car and turned up a side street.

The houses on both sides of this street were all alike—blank-windowed and cheerless, with soiled lace curtains. They all had narrow fronts, high front steps over high basements, which made the real height of the house amount to four stories, and all had the sign Rooms to Rent in the windows. Into one of the most dismal of these boarding houses Max turned with an air of proprietorship. He had engaged and paid for his room there in the afternoon and now he was merely returning with his luggage. He stopped, however, in the stuffy little parlor to announce himself to the landlady; and as he climbed the three flights of stairs she followed.

The room where lived the man who, the evening before the emerald was stolen, had shot at nothing at all was upon the top floor. This room, as Max had ascertained in the afternoon, the stranger still occupied; but farther back was an empty room that Max, after some parleying as to the price, had engaged.

"Eferything iss very goot," Max, looking round the room, replied to the landlady's question as to whether he needed anything more, "if only I am not disturbed by my neighbor in the second room."

"That can be only for a few days," the landlady hastened to assure him. "He has paid for a week and at the end of that week he shall go; for already others on this floor are complaining. It is my own fault for taking in a brown man; but I thought: He is only a lodger, not a boarder—so nobody will object. But first he puts on the door an extra lock, so that my key will not open it; and then he gets meals for himself in his room, I suspect—though that is against the rules—bringing in food secretly, I think, in his valise. All day he stays in the room, and because of that the room cannot be cleaned."

"But going out, you said this afternoon, at night?"

"Each night he goes out, as I said, locking his door; and he returns at different times—sometimes earlier, sometimes later."

"Pretty soon, then, he ought to be going," said Max, looking again at his watch.

At this instant they heard the lodger's door closed quietly down the hall. Max at once ran out into the hall, but all he was in time to see was the back of a small and agile man who was swiftly descending the stairs. He therefore got rid of the landlady as soon as possible. When she had gone he took off his shoes, went quietly down the hall to the second door from his own and carefully examined it. He was convinced by a very brief examination of it that the new lock which had been put upon it was one that could not be opened without the key. He returned then to the room he himself occupied and, carefully locking himself in, opened the window.

This window, though it was on the top floor of the house, was still some ten feet below the top of the flat brick wall that formed the parapet of the roof, and Max saw that the roof could not be reached from it. He therefore looked across to the wall of the next house, which, being exactly like its neighbor, had here at the rear a wall of rough brick, straight and parallel with that of the house he was in. The second wall was barely three feet from him—not too far for even a small man, who had been accustomed to making his way up chimney crevasses in mountain-climbing, to reach with his feet and, bracing his back against the wall on the nearer side, carry himself along between the two walls with feet and hands.

Max now took off his coat and, with his feet against one wall and his back braced against the other, began to work himself along between the two with feet and hands and elbows. He discovered with satisfaction, by peeping through the window, that the occupant of the room next his own was out; and crossing this window he soon came to the second one. An instant later his knife was between the sashes and had slipped back the simple lock, and Max slid softly into the room.

"Tell Me You Have Not Meant to Marry This—the Joesoehoenan," He Corrected Himself

Max saw dimly that it was an ordinary boarding-house room, very like his own, with no sign of unusual occupancy except a large trunk or box of oriental appearance. Standing by the window, Max cleared his nostrils with a deep breath. Slowly, very slowly indeed, one odor—the softly pungent, entirely distinctive smell of sandalwood—he now made out surely. It was concealed, as he had expected—that is, the sandalwood was covered—but it was there! His hand now slipped about the big, bulky box-trunk from which the sandalwood smell came.

Max felt for the fastenings—straps, the buckles of which yielded easily. Below these was a lock; but it was not a lock like that on the door, which defied picking, and Max had come prepared for this. Presently he softly lifted the lid of the trunk. On top it contained only clothing. Max, slipping his hand under this clothing without disturbing it, felt an object large and of cubical shape. Under his hand something softly clicked—and now again, as he moved his hand, something clicked. Max, without investigating further, gently reclosed and refastened the trunk.

He hastily fixed the window-latch so that from the outside with his knife he could refasten it. He edged himself out, reclosed and refastened the window, and regained his own room unobserved.

It was merely corroborative of all Max suspected when, after half an hour's wait, he met the nervous Javanese speeding up the stair and jostled him so that he nearly dropped the suitcase he was carrying and did let slip from under his coat the bottle of milk he was taking to his room; for already Max knew he had found what he expected. Yet no; not quite that. He had found what he would have expected to find there the night before—not this night.

It was not remarkable that the Javanese had stayed. To leave—even with the excuse that he was afraid of another robber—would have been calling too much attention to himself perhaps. Yet why had he not made away with the sandalwood in his room?

This disturbed Max until far into the night. "It iss the dublicate box!" he assured himself. "It iss, without doubt, the dublicate box! But why hass he kept it now? It iss, indeed, the dublicate box!"

Thinking this over until there was no doubt of it in his mind, he finally went downstairs to the telephone booth upon the first floor of the boarding house and called Hereford's apartment.

Hereford, he found, was out; so Max merely left a message.

"Chust tell Mr. Hereford when he comes in that Max called him up to say he had located"—he whispered this very low—"the dublicate box. That iss all. Chust say Max Schimmel hass located the dublicate box."

Whereupon he went back on guard to insure that the Javanese departed not that night.

■

"THE duplicate box!" Hereford read the note left for him by his man upon his dressing table when he returned; for after twelve his man need not wait up. "The duplicate box! What the devil does he mean by that? But that is all he said." For Hereford's man had taken the precaution to leave that notation with the message. It was of no use, therefore, to wake up his man, and Max Schimmel had not left him a telephone number for his new address.

So he put the whole matter out of his thoughts. In the morning he would see Max if it appeared worth while. Just now, after this evening excursion from which he had not returned until nearly one, Hereford was warm with a satisfaction not to be damped by anything Max Schimmel might have found, or even by that shadowy figure which—all night, now in front, now behind, appearing, disappearing and appearing again—had attended him wherever he went.

When he dropped asleep he slept soundly, so soundly that it was broad daylight and his man was knocking loudly, insistently, upon his bedroom door before he awoke. His man sidled in at his summons, nervously closing the door.

"Mr. Hereford, Miss Regan and a gentleman are in the library."

"Miss Regan and a gentleman!" Hereford started up, looking at his watch. It was nine o'clock.

"Yes, sir. They made me admit them, sir. Miss Regan said it was most imperative—most—that they see you at once, sir! She's quite nervous, sir—quite agitated, I might say."

"Nervous—agitated?"

"When one's not seeming to observe, sir—only then."

"Who's the man?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Tell Miss Regan I'll see her in a moment." And as the man departed he jumped up and dressed hurriedly.

The man who had come with Lorine was a middle-aged, well-built, alert and official sort of person in a sack suit. He was standing rather nervously in the center of the room when Hereford entered, as though his position in whatever business was on hand was not entirely clear to himself. He returned Hereford's bow as silently as it was given and, with an uneasy glance, referred Hereford to the girl, who was standing with her back to the room, looking out a window.

She was in furs—the first time he had seen her so. Furs, which by contrast give a look of daintiness even to coarse women, increased the delicacy of her face as she turned when he addressed her, but made more pronounced the pride of it.

He thought she looked paler than the evening before, and he had the impression, after he had spoken to her, that her expression suddenly had changed; but whatever uneasiness or agitation in her manner his man thought he had observed was gone.

"Mr. Hereford," she said with a merely surprised inflection, "you do not recall Mr. Farren? I'm sorry, because I particularly asked for some one whom you would know, so there could be no question or confusion in your mind about what I am ready to do."

"Farren?" Hereford repeated, turning back to the man in the center of the room. "I remember now. Yes. Excuse me. You got that swindler in Omaha for me two years ago." He returned to the girl. "If you mean you wish me to understand that you have brought an officer with you, I do." He bowed.

Farren moved uneasily and looked to his principal. She nodded to him to retire. Hereford threw open a door to his smoking den.

"Make yourself at home, Farren," he invited. "Cigars in the case on the table."

He shut the door after the man.

"Farren is to be called back, Miss Regan," he asked, "in what terrible contingency?"

She disregarded him.

"In dealing with a person of your type," she returned, "it is of course a mistake to ask him to avoid danger for his own sake. Such a request simply makes him more determined to undergo it particularly if he does not himself well realize his risk. So I wasted my time last evening dropping in upon you, as you then observed. I have come this morning to ask you to have regard for yourself for my sake."

"For your sake!"

"For my sake!" she repeated. "I will write the request out for you if you wish, or repeat it to the reporters, or give you any other record of it you wish—that, not for your sake, but for my own, you return the emerald."

"Still I do not understand you."

"I made the mistake last evening, I said, of asking you to consider in what position you placed yourself through your interference with the Surakarta. Now have you realized the position in which your present action places me?"

"I am ready to be advised if I have not."

"Very well You understand that, in this consideration, it makes no difference what your motives were in regard to the emerald. Even if I assumed them to be the most ignoble possible—if I believed, like Baraka, that it was to keep the control of my property in your hands—still, you were one of my father's closest and most devoted agents; you have performed your duties toward myself faithfully, as it seemed to you, though unpleasantly. Your death must therefore be a dismal, a distressing beginning to my betrothal. I must think of my wedding dress as stained with your blood."

He studied her intently with a strange tightening of his pulses.

"You put a high estimate on Baraka's ability to carry out his threat."

"So high that if you do not immediately return the emerald to Baraka, or give me your word of honor that you will go about doing it at once, I shall certainly have you locked up where I can know you will be safe."

Hereford glanced toward the door of the den.

"So that was why you chose him for your chaperon!"

"The police have not already locked you up because they consider it, as I understand them, a superfluous proceeding to arrest prematurely one like you. Their theory is that a man of large affairs is always under bond. They can get you when they want you, and meanwhile if you are killed it will not be particularly upon their consciences. But if I pointed out that in case you wished to avoid possible consequences here and fled, and that an indefinite proportion of my collaterals would be at your mercy, I could very soon put you safe."

"Admirable!" Hereford commended. "Truly admirable—if you acted without advice."

"I acted without ——" She stopped, and he saw upon her face for an instant only a swift and baffling expression—the same he had seen the night before; and now, as before, suddenly it brought the hot blood unbidden to beating in his hands and temples.

"I do not understand you!" he admitted.

"Yet you are really making me understand *myself*!"

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, moving nearer.

"You are in danger!"

He stood over her. She looked down, avoiding his gaze.

"I brought it upon you!" she continued.

"It is merely responsibility for it that you feel?"

"No."

He scarcely heard. He could not be sure it was said; but it made him bold.

"Tell me you have not meant to marry this—the Soesoehoenan," he corrected himself.

"I will tell you I did not realize it would bring danger of this sort to you."

He felt his blood coursing through his veins in spontaneous riot, the meaning of which surprised him and struck him quite off guard.

"Since your coming here there have been moments, at least, in which I would gladly undergo more than the mere threat of danger to stop you from—from your reckless mistake," he said earnestly.

She raised her head and looked up at him with a light in her eyes such as he had not seen before.

"Then you do appreciate something of your risk! You do! Then can you not see that, if he were threatening yesterday, this morning he must be mad mad a deadly menace at any moment?"

"He! Baraka, you mean"'

"Yes—himself in person, perhaps, or certainly through his agents! Night before last, at least, there was no attempt made upon his life; but now there has been or he has interpreted it as such! He is certain that last night you or some agent of yours did it to prevent him from carrying out his threat against you. He will lose no time in retaliating; and here—anywhere where a man can get at you -you cannot be safe!"

"On account of last night?" he repeated.

"You do not know," she cried, "that last night Baraka's room was set on fire—an explosion of burning oil?"

"How? You mean by ——"

"An incendiary, beyond question. Baraka himself was burned about the hands, but not seriously hurt; no one in his suite was more than slightly injured. Nothing was burned in the room but the hangings, some of the furniture and the woodwork; but Baraka is beside himself over it, I tell you! He may have you killed on sight in the street."

"Never mind that now. What time was this exactly?"

"One or a little later—I've forgotten. It's in the papers."

"Of course; I haven't seen it." He rang for his man and ordered him to bring the newspaper. Spreading it, he read the column, which gave, only with more elaboration, the facts the girl had told him.

The additional paragraphs stated:

Though the incendiary nature of the fire, under the circumstances, cannot be doubted, the police as yet have found no practicable clew in it to the solution of the inexplicable robbery of the night before.

He Knew the Man Was Merely Stunned

They have arrested, however, a man named Lund—a former United States secret-service operative, at present out of employment—whom they found in the corridor outside the Javanese suite. On examination he gave an incomplete account of himself. He is being held, without charge against him, at the Harrison Street police station until his statements have been further investigated or there are other developments in the case.

Hereford crushed the paper in his hands. He brought his attention back to his ward with an effort.

"You will excuse me!" he cried with regret as he recalled what had just preceded his sending for the paper. "This makes it quite necessary for me to go out at once."

"To go out—where?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"Then I cannot let you go!"

He replied by ringing again for his man to bring his hat.

"I'm sorry," he returned to her. "I would not annoy you by unnecessarily running any risk for which you might blame yourself, but this errand is quite necessary."

"Not for yourself, but in my interest—or at least what you conceive to be in my interest? You are going out to act for me?"

He did not answer.

"Then Mr. Hereford, I repeat I cannot let you go!" And she crossed to the door of the den and threw it open. "Farren!" she called.

Hereford, his coat on and his hat in his hand, faced the officer, who came from the smoking den obediently.

"Farren," he said to the man patiently, "I find I must go out upon an urgent and private matter. If you are to be made responsible for my appearance I give you my word that I will endeavor to be here tonight." He turned back to his ward. "If you force him to attempt to detain me I have no choice but to overpower him with the aid of my man if necessary."

"Let him go, but follow him, Farren!" she directed the man.

Hereford selected a heavy stick from the stand beside the door. The man placed himself with embarrassment before him, but put his hand on Hereford's arm firmly.

"I'd not wish to be disagreeable, sir, but orders, sir," he appealed -"orders."

"Farren, I cannot take you with me where I am going. It is a matter of most immediate and urgent importance. After I am through with it, I tell you, I will put myself at your disposal."

The officer appealed to the girl.

"Follow him, Farren!" she repeated. "Do not lose sight of him for a single instant. Place him under arrest if necessary. I shall appear against him whenever wanted."

Hereford disregarded her. He glanced at his watch with fresh alarm, then studied the face of the man before him and made a swift decision.

"Farren, you are representing the official force in this, of course; you are not acting under Miss Regan's directions except as they may concur with your chief's. The only tangible thing you have to detain me on is that!"

He indicated his bandaged hand. "You know"—he felt in his pocket—"Dr. Purvis Whitfield?"

"He's the chief's family physician, sir," the man replied in surprise.

"So I was told when I inquired the name of his physician yesterday morning. So look over that"—he drew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to the man—"and take it to the chief if you get into any trouble for losing track of me."

He watched while the man read. The officer's face showed his struggle with bewilderment and amazement. He stood his ground, however, until he handed the paper to the girl. Hereford, not expecting it, was too late to prevent it. He tried to forbid her when she started to read, but as her eye glanced down the page she disregarded him. He smiled queerly and stood back observing her.

As she read her hand trembled tensely with the paper it held. She inclined her head so that her hat shaded and hid her face from him. When she had finished she stood silent and trembling for an instant. Then suddenly she threw the paper on the table, raised her head, the tense trembling gone, her eyes blazing with indignation.

"So you did not take it!" She seemed now to despise him. "You—you had nothing to do with it! You—you —— It has been all an assumption on my part that you risked anything to prevent me!"

He met her eyes, still smiling queerly, the corners of his mouth set grimly.

"You will have no objection to my going now?" he asked. "You will also not insist upon having me followed?"

"Let him go where he wants!" she said to Farren; and as the man stepped aside Hereford, merely bowing, passed him, closed the door quickly and bounded down the stairs like a boy.

His ward stared down with tears of hot anger in her eyes at the paper, which read:

To whom it may concern: Mr. Wade Hereford, who has sufficiently identified himself to me, came to my offices in my home at seven o'clock this morning of October 13, which he desires me to note herein is the morning following the night upon which the emerald known as the Surakarta was taken from the Hotel Tonty, as is reported in the morning papers of today. On my inquiring what need a man apparently in such perfect health could have of a physician, Mr. Hereford—first putting me under seal of professional secrecy—replied that he did not then need a physician's services, but would need them in a few minutes. He then requested me to examine his entire body for evidence of any wound; which I did, finding none—not even the slightest abrasion of the skin. Holding his left hand before the brick grate in my consultation room, Mr. Hereford then shot himself through the fleshy part of his left palm with a small revolver; after which I dressed the wound and, at his request, made for him this written statement of the circumstances.

Signed: PURVIS WHITFIELD, M. D.

Below it was attested regularly, as a sworn statement, under the seal of a notary public.

XII

A TAXICAB usually was standing at the curb near the entrance of the apartment building. The moment when Hereford reached the street was no exception to the rule. He sprang into it, scarcely taking time to observe whether any one seemed to be watching him or not. After giving his directions he sat back and waited quietly until the machine, which was making toward the downtown district, was checked in the traffic and he found that another taxicab, empty, had stopped beside him. Leaving a banknote upon the seat of the car he had hired he stepped from it just as it started up again and into the other; and after it had worked itself out of the traffic he surprised the chauffeur with a direction.

"So You Did Not Take It!"

This brought him to a hotel at the edge of the downtown district, once luxurious, now fallen to second or third rate. Hereford instructed the driver to wait and, without stopping at the hotel desk, went directly to the carpeted third-floor hall. Here he noiselessly listened at the fourth door on the left and then knocked.

Receiving no response after knocking several times, he stopped and listened again, then peered through the keyhole. Still he heard nothing and his observation through the keyhole merely told him that the occupant evidently had risen, for the room was light and the shades were up, though the bed was not yet made.

Hereford impatiently withdrew down the hall and waited another few moments; but, no one appearing from the room, he made the rounds of the public rooms below, the saloons opposite, returned and went to a telephone booth, where he spent some time. Emerging, he went to the taxicab that had brought him, paid the man and hired him again by the hour, to wait on the corner half a block away.

Nervously, restlessly, he returned to the door of the room on the third floor and waited there; again descended and, taking a seat in the dining room, where he could watch those entering the hotel, ordered a combination breakfast and lunch—it then being noon.

Three hours more, making the same baffled round from room to saloons and telephone booths—but seldom out of sight of the entrance to the hotel—he waited before finally he was rewarded. Going to the room from the telephone booth, he sighed with relief when he heard some one moving within, and he knocked.

The occupant of the room came quickly to the inner side of the door and seemed to listen with his ear against it, then opened it.

"Ah, it is Mr. Hereford!" he exclaimed with surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Annis."

Hereford went in and closed the door behind him, looking carefully to see that it was completely shut.

"I was not expecting a visit from Miss Regan's trustee!" Annis peculiarly smiled.

"It is as trustee of the Regan estate that I have come."

He looked round for a seat uninvited by Annis, brought forward a chair which he set between Annis and the exit door and sat down, laying his cane on the floor beside him. Then he took from his pocket, as though he expected to need them for reference, a small packet of telegrams and other papers.

"On the morning of October twelfth, Mr. Annis," he commenced, "when you came to my office to inform me—so gratuitously as to rouse at once my suspicions regarding yourself—of the very peculiar situation between my ward and a native ruler of Java called the Soesoehoenan of Surakarta, and concerning ——"

"Concerning the emerald called the Surakarta—yes. I have noted in the papers, Mr. Hereford, that you, as trustee, have taken a singularly effective method of preventing its being presented."

Hereford looked fixedly at Annis before he went on.

"On that visit, Mr. Annis, you stated, first, that you had just come from Java on the same steamer with the emissaries of the Soesoehoenan; and this I found to be correct. Your embarking and disembarking have been vouched for to me by cable and telegram through the steamer agents both at Batavia and San Francisco. Your second statement was that you were an American gentleman who had been living in Java, presumably engaged in business there, for the last six years. Third, you stated you could not then leave any address with me, as you intended to take an afternoon train that day for New York. However, Mr. Annis, you did not take that train."

"That is true," said Annis. "I changed my plans."

Hereford again gave Annis a long and steady look.

"I would rather, Mr. Annis," he said, "you did not use that tone with me. I have come here to put things very frankly and openly to you—not concealing anything in regard to yourself that I know or pretending to know anything regarding you that I do not know. It will expedite matters if you keep that in mind.

"You did not, I say, take the afternoon train. You had plainly wished me to think you had stopped in casually upon me while passing through Chicago; instead, you stayed, coming back to this hotel, where you had then, as you have continued to have, a room. Therefore I saw to it that you made the acquaintance, here in the buffet of this hotel, late in the afternoon of the same day, of a man named Lund."

The blood commenced to glow darkly under Annis' sallow skin, and his sun-bleached, close-cut hair seemed to bristle. He slid into the chair nearest to Hereford.

"Really, now, you begin to interest me," he said. "Am I to suppose ——"

"What?"

"That this man Lund was in your employ?"

"Lund was then, is now, and at times before, during the last thirty months, has been in my employ, though never openly. The Regan estate, Mr. Annis, is one which, for reasons that I think are plain, has been a continual bait for sharpers, impostors and international marriage bureaus. Miss Regan has made it very plain to me that she would not brook any open interference in such affairs. Once, before this matter of the Soesoehoenan took me by surprise, the presence of some representative of mine—efficient and unknown to Miss Regan—was necessary in another part of the world to defeat people of this sort. Lund, who was at one time a secret-service operative, then proved himself as capable of passing as a *nouveau-riche* American traveling in Egypt as he proved himself to you the other afternoon capable of passing as an idle man-about-town—a rounder, with no other thought beyond the chance to pass a pleasant day or so in casual acquaintance with a traveler."

Annis shifted uneasily.

"I begin to understand."

"I thought you would."

Annis got up and began to move round the room. The heavy cane he had carried when he appeared in Hereford's office had been thrown, with his hat and coat, upon the bed. He touched it, as if carelessly, when he passed it. Hereford picked up his cane and laid it across his knees.

"No; on reflection, I understand even less clearly than before, Mr. Hereford," Annis replied at last.

"Perhaps you will understand better, then, as I go on. It was not merely for precaution that I put Lund upon you, Mr. Annis. I myself immediately undertook investigation of as many elements of your story as I could. Charge of the one element which I could not look after myself—that is, your own connection with the whole affair—I gave to Lund. Lund, having made your acquaintance, went to a vaudeville show with you that night and left you here at this hotel when you went to your room a little before eleven."

"Then ——" Annis checked himself.

"You mean, then I do not know—know definitely, that is—anything of what you may have done between eleven o'clock that night and the next morning, when Lund met you again. That is so. Neither do I know definitely what you may have done last night between twelve o'clock midnight and now; for Lund in some way got himself arrested last night, and, as I myself have been under very natural suspicion by the police for complicity in the disappearance of the emerald, they refused my telephone request this morning for a conversation with him. You will find, however, that what I do know is sufficient to convince any one what has become of the Surakarta."

"Convince them, you mean, that I took it?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you will begin by convincing me that you could convince them."

"I shall be glad to; for that is why I came here. In the first place, you have had and paid for, since the evening of October eleventh, when you reached Chicago, rooms in two hotels. This room where we are now you have occupied days and the greater portion, though not all, of every night. The other room, which you have occupied only twice or at most three times—and then only for a few hours at night—is on the ninth floor of the Hotel Tonty on the same side of the building as the rooms occupied by the Javanese, though not directly under them. On the night of October twelfth, when the Surakarta was stolen, you occupied that room at the Hotel Tonty from a quarter past eleven in the evening until four o'clock in the morning—as Lund ascertained afterward from the hotel clerk. You went to your room in this hotel after bidding Lund good night; you waited in this room between twenty minutes and half an hour; you went from here to the Hotel Tonty and, after spending not quite five hours there, you were back here in this room before daylight. Doesn't it seem to you that a somewhat convincing inference might be drawn—say, by the police—from that?"

Annis had reseated himself, closely studying Hereford from under his bleached brows.

"Go on," he said. "I would rather you finished."

"Very well. Your statement to me—at least the inference to be drawn from your statement of your residence in Java—was that you were an American engaged in business there. That is in a measure true, as I have ascertained during an intermittent cable communication with Java during the last two days; but the businesses in which you have engaged there are, in some instances at least, not such as a man is willing ordinarily to parade—some rather shady matters, Mr. Annis, concerning ships, one or two of which relate to natives in the Oceanic Islands. In short, Mr. Annis, you appear to be one of those world-wanderers who might, on your own account or at the instigation of some one else, very willingly take up an attempt to possess such a jewel as the Surakarta; and who might subsequently find it embarrassing to have his career investigated by the police. Am I not right?"

Annis frowned.

"You may assume so if you like; the majority of people in the world would hardly like to have their careers investigated, as you say, by the police."

"It is not an assumption."

"Call it what you want; but go on."

"Again very well. The Surakarta, Mr. Annis, was kept in a very peculiar box, in which it had been kept for some six hundred years—a box of extremely complicated construction. Having seen the box opened once myself, I am quite sure that no one could have learned to open the box either by description or by seeing the box opened once, or even two or three times. When opened by the thief the box had been in America only four days, during which time it had been closely guarded. Is it not right to suppose that the knowledge by which the thief opened the box came, like the box itself, from Java?"

Annis had risen and leaned against the mantel.

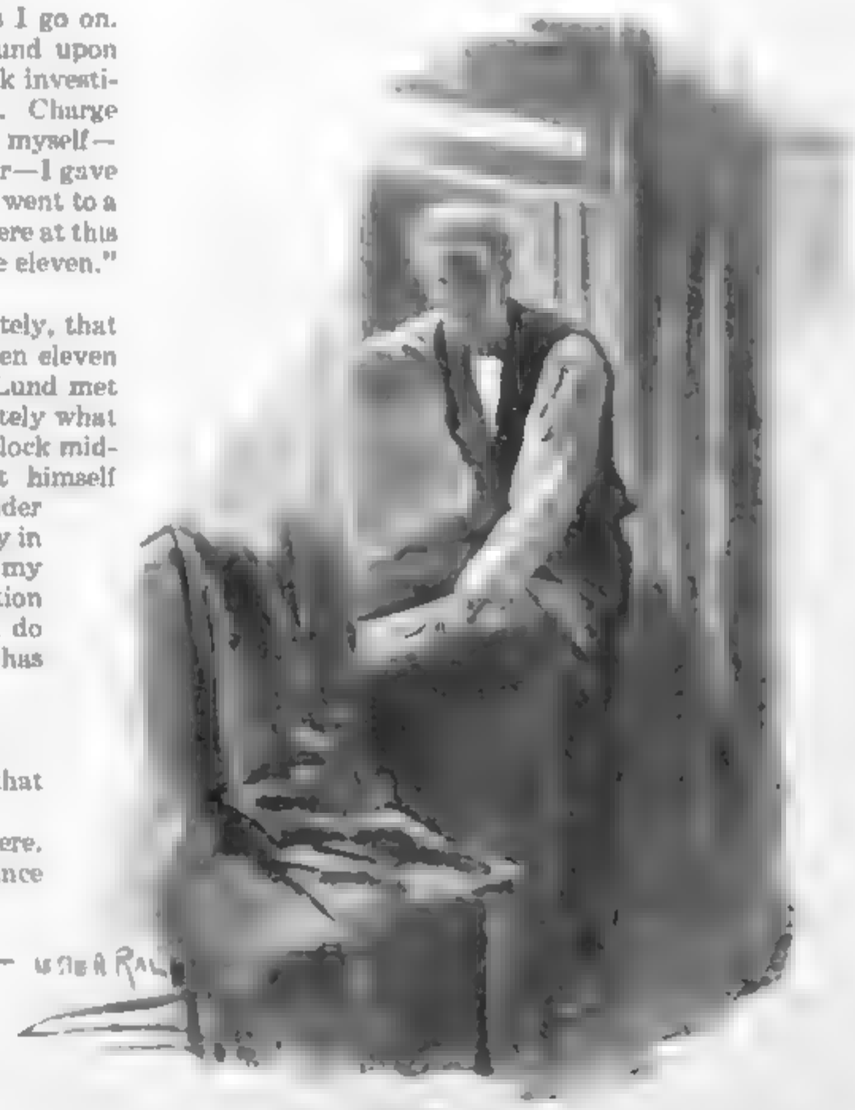
"It seems a natural supposition. Are you still going on or is that all?"

"Practically that is all," Hereford answered.

"Practically?"

"As regards the last point, the fact that the knowledge of how to open the box must have come from Java, there is additional evidence in the fact that you were visited last night and the night before at this hotel by a Javanese who is not a member of Baraka's suite, yet is apparently a

(Continued on Page 61)



It Was an Ordinary Boarding-House Room, Very Like His Own

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Making Faces at the Trusts

WE FIND no warrant for the statement that Progressives stand for "regulated monopoly." What they stand for is giving up the futile and mischievous attempt to compel competition at all times and under all circumstances. Monopoly is scarcely imaginable. The Steel Trust, be it remembered, controls barely fifty per cent of its field. Though it has absorbed a number of competitors, notably the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, its proportion of the total trade is slightly less than it was at the beginning. The history of the Whisky Trust, of the old Strawboard and Linseed Oil Trusts, shows what may be expected of any effort to force monopoly. The concern that can't stand competition will fall to pieces as fast as it is put together. Under free conditions competition will proceed only up to the point where it can justify itself economically.

"The concentration of business in some degree is both inevitable and necessary for national and international business efficiency," says the Progressive platform, and that is true. But the whole intent of the Sherman Act was to forbid combination and compel competition all along the line. The courts understood it that way until the situation became so impossible that the Supreme Court, by "judicial legislation," wrote the word "reasonable" into the act—leaving it in such ambiguity that nobody can tell, in advance of a Supreme Court decision, whether a given combination is lawful or unlawful.

The Progressive platform simply recognizes the fact that combination may be beneficial—that it exists and increases in spite of all statutory and judicial efforts to prevent it. "We do not fear commercial power," it declares, "but insist that it shall be exercised openly, under publicity, supervision and regulation." That is the intelligent attitude toward the trusts. The opposite attitude consists in regarding them as fearsome things and seeking to exorcise them by an incantation.

Working for Nothing

FARMERS in many localities and country merchants almost everywhere might well study the German coöperative societies, the object of which is to mobilize personal credit as distinguished from land, or mortgage, credit. There are the Raiffeisen societies, operating mostly among farmers; the Schulze-Delitzsch societies, operating mostly among retail merchants, artisans, and so on; and some others. But the basic idea of all is the same—that men of small means by combining can borrow more advantageously than the same men could if each acted for himself; and the coöperative principle extends beyond credit transactions. The farm societies buy supplies for their members, while the original motive for the Schulze-Delitzsch societies was that the tradesmen in small towns could buy to better advantage by associating. Each member subscribes for at least one share of stock—commonly ten marks, or two dollars—and becomes proportionately liable for the society's debts. In some cases the liability is limited, in others unlimited. With the united strength of its membership the society is able to borrow on advantageous terms, and it makes loans to its members on their notes of hand, the business being managed by directors and a president elected by the members. There are some fifteen thousand such societies in Germany, doing a credit business that runs into billions of marks.

They have been immensely beneficial, but something besides a material organization has been necessary. The director of the central bureau was asked: "Will you explain why a leading farmer in a given community would accept the presidency of a local society, which would take much time, when there is no compensation?" He replied: "We frequently do things for which we are not paid."

Getting Results the Main Thing

THE subject of judicial reform has been attracting lively interest in Texas, of late, for the following reason:

In 1892 one Burrell Oates, a negro, was convicted of killing another negro and given a short term in the penitentiary. In 1898 he was convicted of killing another negro and given another short term in the penitentiary. In November, 1904, a shopkeeper in a suburb of Dallas was held up, robbed and killed. Burrell Oates and a white man named Vann were arrested for the crime. Vann was convicted at a separate trial, and hanged. Oates was convicted; but the Court of Criminal Appeals reversed and remanded the case. He was tried again, and again convicted. Again the Court of Criminal Appeals reversed and remanded the case. Once more he was tried and convicted. Once more the higher court set aside the verdict. A fourth time Burrell Oates was tried and convicted. A fourth time the Court of Criminal Appeals reversed and remanded the case. A fifth time Oates came before a jury of his peers and was sentenced to death. When the case was written up for the latest number of the Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology a fifth appeal was pending—with good prospects, in the opinion of able lawyers, that the higher court would once more set aside the verdict and require a sixth trial.

The case contains a great number of fine legal points, exceedingly interesting to a lawyer. But the popular imagination in Texas has seized upon this point: A white man and a negro participated in the same crime; one man was promptly hanged, but it seems impossible to hang the other. Hence a widespread demand for judicial reform! The popular reasoning may not be logical; but it promises to get results, which is the main thing.

More Work for Less Pay

ONLY a generation ago the world got along very comfortably with eight million bales of cotton yearly. The average consumption for the five years ending with 1895 was about ten million bales. In the cotton year ending September, 1912, however, the world used over eighteen million bales—enabling the United States to dispose of a sixteen-million-bale crop. Texas alone harvested over eleven million acres last year, which is nearly equal to the total area planted to cotton in the United States a generation ago. At the outbreak of the Civil War five million bales was a large yield.

This is one reason why political progress in China is important to us. A freer, more prosperous world will want more and more American cotton, and everything else we can produce to advantage. Last year's immense crop was due in good part to increased acreage, and we still get but little over two hundred pounds to the acre. There are possibilities of indefinite increase in yield and of practically unlimited increase in consumption. The latter depends simply upon the world's advance in general well-being—a limitless prospect.

This year, so to speak, we went a lap ahead of the world. Our huge outturn depressed prices. On the basis of average export value, the sixteen-million-bale crop was worth actually less than the twelve-million-bale crop of the year before, and only ten per cent more than the ten-million-bale crop of 1910. Cultivating and harvesting sixty per cent more cotton in order to get ten per cent more money, or thirty per cent more cotton in order to get eight per cent less money, does not look very attractive to the planter.

Make It Prohibit

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON recently published the result of an extensive inquiry into the relation between prohibition and crime among negroes in Alabama. Summarizing the replies from sheriffs for the rural districts and from chiefs of police for the cities, it seems fair to say that prohibition lessens crime wherever it is effective—that is, where the prohibitory law results in notable decrease in consumption of liquor. It is also fair to say that this condition is rather rare. One civic officer after another reports that there has been no decrease in crime, because bibulous negroes—and whites—still obtain liquor with ease. Whisky is shipped in from Florida. Many negroes have resorted to "bootlegging," being tempted by the easy profits of that industry. The liquor is of the worst quality, and is drunk by the bottleful instead of by the glassful. Those arrested for drunkenness are often completely stupefied.

Whatever Doctor Washington's own conclusions may be, these reports tend to confirm the opinion that an ineffectual prohibition law makes for intemperance. Unless prohibition is enforced, so that infractions of the law are exceptional rather than the rule, it is worse than useless.

Throwing Away Coal

A REPORT by the Bureau of Mines shows that we took about half a billion tons of coal from the earth last year, and in doing it left underground, in such condition that its recovery is highly improbable, a quarter of a billion tons. For every ton we get to the surface we throw away half a ton. Having got our ton to the surface, we extract only about ten per cent of its energy. Partly, this is because we don't know any better—not yet having discovered more economical methods of converting the latent energy into mechanical power. But where we do know better we fail to act upon the knowledge. Thus, a sixteenth of an inch of scale in a boiler means a loss of twenty-five per cent in efficiency, and the waste from boiler scale in locomotives alone is estimated at fifteen million tons of coal a year. Out-of-date coke ovens cause a loss equivalent to one million mechanical horse-power annually. Out-of-date furnaces and careless firing cause another huge loss—to say nothing of the annoyance and destruction wrought by sooty showers outside the factory. Again, out-of-date coke ovens have wasted millions of tons of ammonium sulphate, which, if used on the soil as a fertilizer, would undoubtedly have sensibly increased crop yields to the acre.

Coal is only one among many instances of waste. It is out of these vast losses that the future workman will get his two thousand dollars a year—provided, of course, he insists upon it strenuously enough.

Union Cards for M. D.'s

"MEDICAL blacklegs" is the pleasant term that good union physicians in England hurl at those members of the profession who are suspected of traitorous willingness to accept terms offered by the government under the National Insurance Act. The act provides free medical service to the insured, the attending physician to be compensated out of the insurance fund. The British Medical Association, on behalf of a large majority of physicians, has indignantly rejected the government's terms. In effect it is a strike, and those doctors who do not stand by the union come in for about the same verbal amenities that a staunch union teamster frequently visits upon a strike-breaking "scab."

We have not heard of any bricks being thrown, but there are threats of social ostracism; and an acute critic points out that the union doctors go far toward syndicalism, because they propose to accomplish their end by direct action—that is, by withholding their services until the government surrenders.

It is an interesting shindy and illustrates again the silly futility of decrying "class feeling" and "class prejudice." Wherever a given set of men have a common economic interest you will find those men acting together the moment that interest is threatened—whether they are clergymen, lawyers, doctors or brakemen. And in that cause they soonest lose their tempers. On all other points of difference they may agree with you amicably; but touch the payroll—and they reach for a brick.

Educating the Educators

THE University of Cincinnati was one of the first in this country to apply continuation school methods—giving a pupil shop practice under actual commercial conditions, along with textual instruction. Dean Schneider, of the engineering college, has made some interesting confessions of the reflex action upon the university faculty of this practical shop training. He says:

"We learned the first year, and have had it verified each year since, that the shop will spot a yellow streak in a man before the university even suspects it. An attempt to sneak through spoiled work is never a great success there. We, at the college end, soon found our work under scrutiny and criticism from a source that does not hesitate to scrutinize and criticise. We are brought face to face with the failure of a university department as we never are in our four-year courses. A student, let us say, has finished successfully his work in physics. Some day he does a fool thing in the shop which indicates that he knows very little about the subject. When you confront him with the fool thing, and with the fact that he should have known better because he had been taught the theory governing it, you find his grasp upon the theory to be very feeble."

Practical education will teach the teachers. We imagine it would not be a bad thing in every university if pupils and instructors, pleasantly loafing through their four-year literary courses, were periodically checked up by some hard-and-fast test drawn from actual life outside the campus, whereby they could discover exactly how efficient their processes were.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

We Were Seven

THERE has been a large amount of loose, not to say extraneous, conversation about the identity of the man or the identities of the men who put Colonel T. B. Moose Roosevelt on the Progressive political map, ranging in scrambled inclusiveness from the seven governors who issued the clarion call to The Colonel himself who called the clarion issue.

All and sundry of these may have merit, although some of the said seven governors have back-pedaled since that happy day last winter when they turned their faces toward the morning and demanded that The Colonel save the country. It may be—it is just possible—the reason for this movement to the rear on the part of some of the governors was occasioned by the obsession that, though they incited The Colonel to save the country, it is up to the aforementioned governors to save themselves; but that is not germane to the proceedings at this time. A governor by the primary's brim a simple governor is to him—T. R.—and nothing more, and self-preservation is the first law and the whole revised statutes of politics.

The point is here—the object of the meeting is simply this: Who—whom—who—which is the man who put The Colonel on the Progressive political map? I repeat: What man put The Colonel on the Progressive political map? Does nobody bite? Very well, I myself shall bite, for this burning question shall never go unanswered so long as this good right typewriter remains unpalsied. Vital statistics of this important person, please! No sooner asked than answered.

He Drew the Ring for The Colonel's Hat

Emerging boldly from the murk of the present political situation, I direct your attention to Charles S. Deneen, governor of the imperial state of Illinois, now somewhat torn by conflicting doubts and fears as to what may happen on election day next, but at the moment when he reached out and turned the spotlight on Mr. Roosevelt so sure he was right that he confidently and nobly went ahead. Charles S. Deneen is the identical person. None other than Charles S. Deneen.

It was this way: The Colonel's period of rumination was in progress. He was impinging on the present conflict, so to speak. He needed urging, and Jimmie and Gifford and some others were assiduously seeking the services of some good, talented urgers—urgers who should urge The Colonel the way he wanted to be urged, you understand. A notable coterie had been secured, and The Colonel, at the risk of a cold in the head, had cast his hat in the ring. There seemed an initial disposition to shoot the hat. The early days of the proceedings were not so rosy as some of the later ones. But there was a considerable running to and fro and not a little tumult, shouting and spouting.

Illinois, long recognized as one of the forty-eight political barometer states—for as Illinois goes, and all the rest of them, so goes the nation—was in the throes, and there was a grave fear that a lot of people might be thrown. Pressure was brought to bear on Charles S. Deneen. Not that he needed any pressure, you understand, but simply to have everything straight and clear in the record. It is always the right thing to say pressure was brought to bear. Nobody has yet discovered whether they put the man on whom they are bringing pressure to bear in a book, as they do autumn leaves, or in a letter-press or under a pile-driver, or whether they just press him; but they always bring pressure to bear. That is the regulation stuff.

Discerners After the Event

WHAT did Charles S. Deneen do? On my word, this isn't a catechism, although it may seem to be one. I ask: What did Charles S. Deneen do? because I have the answer concealed about my person. As L. Y. Sherman would vouchsafe in reply: This is what he done! He called the Illinois legislature into special session and he secured a presidential preference primary law, and from that moment the beans were spilled. It is immaterial whether Charles S. Deneen little recked or big recked what he was putting over on Judge William H. Taft, of Cincinnati, or the Grand Old Republican Party, of which he was a not unimportant member, when he arranged for that Illinois presidential preference primary. The point is, the bitter, bitter point—if a point can be bitter—is that no matter what Mr. Deneen had in mind, that was exactly what he accomplished.

Things had not been going well for The Colonel. He had made his Columbus speech, and it was conceded on all sides that he was absolutely out of it. Then came the North Dakota primaries, and nobody would have given a canceled postage stamp for his chances. However, here is a splendid and immutable truth: You never can tell. In this instance, so far from telling, no person was entitled to a guess even. Nobody, not even Governor Deneen, had an inkling as to what the result would be, although there are a few who claim they had a little ink. Anyhow, Mr. Deneen's presidential preference primaries were held, and what the unterrified and untrammeled and mooseiferous voters of Illinois did for The Colonel on that occasion can never adequately be described in words.

Struggling feebly with the situation, I may say they made The Colonel a factor—indeed, a fact—instead of a rumor. Nobody, not even the Progressive managers or the Roosevelt people, expected the Illini would do what they did, although all of them say—now—it was clear as daylight to them, they being a grand little set of discerners after the event—after the event. The impetus The Colonel got in Illinois pushed him along in many other states, and the inciter of said impetus was Charles S. Deneen. If he hadn't called that special session—oh, well, as the Taft managers might say, what's the use casting up?

The governor, no matter what he may have had concealed in his mind, abode by the result, and he stuck to The Colonel in the convention that ultimately nominated Mr. Taft, until a bolt was ordered. At that moment Governor Deneen ceased sticking and declined to be stuck. He refused to bolt. He said he had made a fight for renomination as governor in the primaries last April as a Republican, was nominated as a Republican and intended to run as a Republican, which, it seemed to him, was the place where he felt impelled to get off, so far as the Roosevelt movement was concerned. So the Progressives nominated a candidate against him, a candidate called Funk—first name not yet Blue—and now they are whooping things up in the state and quite a lively time is being had.

Deneen is campaigning through the state, telling the sort of a Progressive hairpin he is. When it comes to campaigning in Illinois there is none superior. He knows the exact location of every reunion of veterans, family, organization or association, can recite the dates of all the county fairs, and he has bumped the ties of every railroad and humped the humps in every road, from a few miles north of Galena down to E-town, which is the county seat of Hardin County and is about as far in Egypt as a politician can go. He was somewhat of a politician in 1904, but he didn't know half so much as he knows now, for in that eight years he has put out of commission all the old regulars, from United States senators down, and is now at the top himself.

Deneen was state's attorney, state prosecuting official, in 1904. He came up through precinct, ward and county politics, and he had the rudiments of the game. William Lorimer was his preceptor, and he learned readily. Lorimer used to call Deneen and Roy West, now Republican national committeeman for Illinois, his thoroughbreds. Still the time came when Deneen broke with Lorimer, and he kept after the Blond Boss until he had him where he is now, forlornly adrift in Illinois politics.

There was a long deadlock in the 1904 Republican state convention in Illinois. The two candidates were Richard Yates, seeking a renomination, and Colonel Frank O. Lowden, who has since been to Congress for several terms. Rather than permit Lowden to be nominated, Yates made a deal with Lorimer, which brought about Deneen's nomination and his election with the Roosevelt landslide. When Deneen got to Springfield he began to insist on some reforms which, though needed, were not sought by the old crowd. Also he established a reputation for party regularity. He was then minority stockholder in the Cook County Republican machine, Chicago being in Cook County. At the present time Deneen and West are in control of the Republican organizations in eighty-five of the one hundred and two county Republican organizations in the state.

Deneen started a movement for a primary law. He secured four all told. He pounded the legislature into enacting a law. The legislature would enact one, but put a joker in. The courts would discover the joker, and Deneen would call another session and get another law. Finally he secured one that appears to be fairly courtproof and jokerless. He passed a civil-service law and lost some of his closest political allies. He insisted on the reorganization of the state charities and did several other things that hurt the feelings—and dented the pockets—of some of the old gang, but didn't hurt Deneen any with the voters.

Lorimer is working against Deneen openly this year, and four years ago the Lorimer crowd were secretly for Adlai E. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate for governor. There was an effort, backed by Lorimer, it is claimed, to depose Deneen after the 1908 election by a contest, but it came to nothing. Since then Deneen has made himself the boss. Under the fee system, when he was state's attorney, he made a lot of money, legitimately, but by having a full appreciation of the possibilities of his office. He is rich and he is ambitious. Likely as not he has his eye on the United States Senate.

Deneen is as cold as a wedge, but he stands by his friends. He thought Colonel Roosevelt would be nominated at Chicago, and was for him until the bolt was ordered. Then he quit, for he is a believer in party regularity. His organization is a model for that sort of thing. When he called the legislature into special session to pass the presidential preference primary law he shoved that bill through in record time. The loss of a day might have made the law ineffective, and the great political effect of Roosevelt's Illinois primary victory, which was where Roosevelt really started, would have been lost. Deneen did all that off his own bat. Wherefore, there is nothing more to be said concerning the proposition that he is the man who really put The Colonel on the Progressive political map save *Quod erat demonstrandum*, which are the exact words J. Ham Lewis used when asked concerning the efficacy of pink whiskers and a pink vest in politics.

Dud's Dilemma

REPRESENTATIVE DUDLEY M. HUGHES, of Georgia, is called a farmer statesman and devotes much of his time to the agricultural interests of his district.

He has requests for many new kinds of seeds, and a time ago received this letter:

Dear Dud: Sam Yopp's been tellin' me of a new seedless tomatter the Guvment is growin'. I'm writing to you in hopes you will send me some of the seeds.

A Literary Center

ONCE, a long time ago, a New York magazine sent George Parsons Lathrop over to Philadelphia to write up the literary men of that city.

George H. Boker, the poet, was then alive. Lathrop went to him first and explained that it was his intention to visit other celebrities, but that he understood Philadelphia literature rather began at that time with Mr. Boker.

"You are right," said Boker. "Philadelphia literature begins with me and also ends in the same place."

Going Too Far

LAST summer C. T. Heaton, of Montana, was visiting his mother in Ohio. He was driving one morning to a small town, and a negro woman asked him for a ride.

After she had climbed in she asked Heaton where he lived.

"In Montana."

"Is you drivin' there this mawnin'?" she asked. "Better let me out right now"—and she climbed down.

THE INCENDIARY

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

Old Reliable Gets Homesick and Plays a Desperate Game

A LEVEL sun at morning sent the shadow of the Hot-Cat Eating House wriggling across the Nile. Said squatted on the ground patiently mending his nets and Old Reliable bent over him.

"Side, we's gwine home tomorrer an' you gits de eatin'-house business—shore nuff; no foolin' dis time."

"May Allah grant thee good reward!" Said muttered the words perfunctorily, squinted upward, and a momentary triumph lighted his avaricious eyes; then they darkened distrustfully and hardened into their now habitual scowl. Hope deferred had soured on the Dongolawi's soul. Every day his Black Effendi had promised: "I'm gwine to quit dis business an' give it to you. 'Tain't no sense in jes' pilin' up money continual—an' pilin' it up."

Every day Said had dreamed his elusive dream of riches until he no longer believed. Then Said made a plan of his own, simple and effective, to be carried out with that broad-bladed Shillook spear that was hid in the grass. Said would plunge that spear into the Black Effendi's back while he strolled by night, as was his custom, among the Shillook huts. Oh, the hate that Said could put behind that spear! Said would take from the Effendi's pockets that treasure in gold which jingled there and taunted him to madness.

These despised Ingleezi, with brains of sheep, would say it was about a woman. So they had said when that Egyptian surgeon was slain at Hillet Debaa. Had not Said heard these same Ingleezi laugh as they warned the Black Effendi of the trouble that would surely come if he ceased not wandering where Shillook women were? Other strangers had perished thus—and no man ever knew. Then Said, the true believer, would tread the paths of ease and become a great one in his village. "*Bismillah!*" muttered the pious Dongolawi, and spat upon the ground.

Zack was so joyful over the prospect of getting back to Vicksburg that he didn't bother his head about the grumbling of a skinny-legged brown man in a chop-tailed nightshirt. "Huh! You got a grouch!" And Zack longed for lighter-hearted company.

A hundred yards up the riverbank Colonel Spottiswoode and the two British officers stood near the barge that was to take the Americans as far as Khartum. So Zack rambled in that direction to help the white folks stand round and do nothing.

Four shanky Shillooks wrestled awkwardly with a bale of cotton which would not roll straight down the bank or straight across the stage-plank of the barge. Zack eyed them with a toploftical disgust. "Here, you sloo-foot nigger! Cut yo' end roun'. Grab holt! Don't be skeered of it! Dar now!" The bale flopped over, jerked a naked black into the river and went splashing in behind him. Twenty Shillooks swarmed after it and brought it out.

"We can't lose that bale," laughed MacDonald. "That is bale number one for Wady Okar."

"What You Say, Cunnel? Ain't Us Gwine Home on Dis Boat?"

"No, sirree," added Colonel Spottiswoode. "That cotton is worth thirty-two cents a pound and I reckon it cost us about thirty-two dollars a pound to produce."

"Doesn't matter, sir—doesn't matter; it can be produced. That's all we want to know."

Lyttleton, the Dervish fighter, had noticed something else and he smiled grimly. "Did you observe how briskly those Shillooks moved? They have just heard what their king did to the one who tried to burn our gin."

"What was that?"

"I thought MacDonald had told you. Within ten minutes after our escort got him before the king he was a dead Shillook. The king wants to keep the presents that he gets out of this job. Poor devil! We ought to have dealt with him ourselves."

"Well," remarked the Colonel, "if that gin had burned I would have gone home on this boat."

Old Reliable poked his startled face round the Colonel's elbow.

"What you say, Cunnel? Ain't us gwine home on dis boat?"

"No. We have to stay until that next lot of cotton can be ginned up. I brought the seed from home and I want to see how it turns out."

"How long dat gwine to take, Cunnel?"

"Not more than a week; but it throws us over until the next boat."

"When is de next boat?"

"Two or three weeks——"

"Nearer two or three months, perhaps," Lyttleton suggested cheeringly.

Old Reliable's eyes rolled from one to the other. "White folks, you-all ain't prankin' wid me, is you?" But he saw no sign of banter about the Colonel's gloomy face. "Den we ain't gwine to git home for Christmas?"

Colonel Spottiswoode gazed down the river, Khartum-way; the homesickness that was in his heart softened his eyes and twitched his lips. He shook his head. "No, Zack; we can't get home for Christmas."

Zack withered and shrunk like a circus tent when the center pole comes down. Then he burst out petulantly: "I wisht dat feller what seen de ginhouse ketch fire had 'a' been sick in bed 'stead o' ramblin' round. Dat's all I wishes!"

Zack got away by himself—away from everybody—and crossed the stage-plank. He climbed to the upper deck of the barge and rested limply against a post with his eyes fixed on the far northern stretches of the Nile. "I got to git Cunnel away fum here! Ef dis boat goes down dat river widout me I'll jes' nachully curl up an' die. Cunnel's a heap mo' lonesomer dan what I is, an' 'tain't gwine to take much to git him started."

That splattered creature coming up the riverbank was Said, bending beneath his heavy morning catch. Fish had an irresistible attraction for Zack. He left the white men arguing about Egyptian staples and trudged morosely toward the catfish stand. From a distance nobody would have recognized Said, who had come cringing and wheedling to Wady Okar. The Dongolawi moved with a springy step and air of jubilation. It was befitting an independent merchant to hold his head erect and look with eye of scorn upon meaner men. Only one more day and the piasters which now poured into the Black Effendi's pocket would fall like ripe dates into his own hands. Said's eyes glittered as he laid out his fish and began preparing them for the pan.

Old Reliable approached with hanging head and sluggish step. He scarcely looked at the fish before he blurted out: "Side, we ain't gwine away."

Said dropped his knife, dropped his fish and dropped his jaw. "Effendi goes not?"

"No; we gwine to stay!"—in a tone of forever and forever which shattered the dreams that Said had dreamed and the castles he had builded. For one stupid, staring instant Said squatted perfectly still; then he sprang to his feet, uplifted his arms, beat his breast and called down the imprecations of Allah upon the calamity that had befallen. Then Said remembered and went back to cleaning his fish with the sodden submission of Egypt's fellaheen.

Zack dropped doggedly on the end of the bench. "Side, ef I could cuss as scan'lous as what you kin it shore would do me a lot o' good. Ain't us had tough luck? Fust dere was all dem niggers quit workin' until dat old king feller

The Cry of "Nar! Nar!"—Fire—From an Arab Watchman on the Barge

come back here an' bluffed 'em agin. Dat sot us back more'n two weeks an' kep' us from ketchin' dis boat." Zack rose restlessly and expended his wrath. "Ef dat ginhouse had aburnt up you couldn't seed me an de Cunnel fer de dust! Lordy, de way we would a hit de grit an' gone aflyin' down dat river! 'Tain't no use; ef luck's agin yo', yo' might jes' as well lay down flat on yo' back an' say: 'Here I is, Luck! What you gwine do wid me?'"

Said never missed a lick; scales flew from his fish like shavings in a planing mill. While his master stalked toward the quarters he leered with the crafty eye of hate at him who barred the way to riches.

During the early afternoon Zack appeared on the porch and shouted: "Whar he? Side!" Said followed the Black Effendi and the whites to inspect their experimental farm. Zack rode a gray donkey. It was only Said who pattered along on foot, for Said was a messenger. Zack stuck mighty close to the Colonel in the hope of hearing good cheer; the sunken-cheeked Dongolawi kept his eyes to the ground, yet listened and saw.

The American planter had brought five varieties of cottonseed to Wady Okar. Every two weeks he planted one experimental acre of each, keeping a detailed record of the dates, method of cultivation, amount of rainfall, development of stalk and fiber, and the ultimate yield. By this means it was hoped to ascertain the most favorable season to plant both American and Egyptian varieties and to determine which gave the best results.

"There, gentlemen"—the Colonel indicated sixty scattered acres with a sweep of his arm—"There, gentlemen, is a glorious sight—something that the eye of no other cotton planter has ever rested upon. Here is one field already picked—the cotton is ginned and baled; there's a squad of men still picking; here they are laying by the crop; yonder is a gang of hoe hands; on that next acre they are chopping out the young plant; and over there the plowmen are breaking ground for new seed. Nobody ever saw all that work going on at once. It's a wonderful country! I have more than half a notion to stay another year."

"Don't say that, Cunnel!" Zack let out a yelp of protest and terror.

"What's the matter, Zack?" The Colonel laughed merrily as a boy, for the planting spirit was strong upon him.

MacDonald and Lyttleton gave way to no hilarities—cotton pioneering in the Sudan was not a joke. Mr. Bim, especially, looked very solemn. "Cotton has grown marvelously, Colonel; but the labor—Zack, do you think these laborers are satisfied?" he demanded suddenly.

"Naw, suh, Mr. Bim; 'tain't nary nigger on dis place would show up tomorrer mornin' ef dat ole king boss feller didn't make 'em—not nary one."

"I'm afraid that is true," MacDonald assented; "and the king knows it. Next year he will demand more than it would cost us to hire skilled labor, say, from America."

This was MacDonald's favorite mirage—the colonization of American negroes in the Sudan. "Zack, could you get us five hundred of your friends to come over here?"

"Dey ain't comin', Mr. Bim; an' ef dey was to come dey wouldn't stay; ef dey stayed dey wouldn't be no 'count."

"With those trifling exceptions American negroes would be a glittering success, wouldn't they, Zack?" the Colonel suggested; then hushed, for he saw that MacDonald was in deadly earnest.

"We would pay them very high wages."

Zack got a chronic shaking of the head. "Wages don't make no diffunce ef de nigger can't spend his money."

"Think how much he would have to take home next year!"

"Huh! Mr. Bim, you ain't cotch on to nigger ways. dey ain't studyin' 'bout next week, let alone next year."

"Why wouldn't they come? And why wouldn't they remain?" MacDonald embraced much of this information in his weekly report to the honorable directors.

Three donkeys gathered round Zack on his one donkey and everybody listened, including Said.

"You see, Mr. Bim, it's jes' like dis: Yonder is a bunch o' niggers pickin' cotton; yonder is a bunch o' niggers plantin' cotton, and some mo' niggers choppin' cotton—all at de same time. Dis work comes too stiddy an' regular. Back home"—he nodded indefinitely down the great river—"Back home when a nigger breaks up his lan' den he rests a while. He puts in de seed an' rests some mo'; when he chops out de young cotton he kin set down in de shade an' watch it fer a while; den he lays by de crop an' rests a whole lot. Dat ends it till pickin' time comes; an' at pickin' time de boss hires some town niggers to he'p him. Dem niggers back home wouldn't like dis. I done been here gwine on six months an' ain't never seed nary Saddy or yit nary Sunday. What time is a nigger got to go to town? And d'ain't no town fer him to go to."

MacDonald had paid particularly strict attention to every word. "Then you are of the opinion that the employment of labor imported from America would not be feasible?"

"I dunno what you means by all dat, Mr. Bim; but 'tain't gwine to work no kind o' way, 'cause dem niggers ain't comin'. Dey couldn't act like dey does at home, an' 'twouldn't be long befo' dey'd be runnin' naked in de woods, same ez dese niggers does. Mind you, I says dey mought do dat ef dey come—but dey ain't comin'."

Both the eager Britishers turned to Colonel Spottiswoode, and it nettled them to see him getting redder and redder in the face until he broke out laughing.

"My dear Colonel Spottiswoode, what do you think?"

"I reckon he's got the situation sized up right." Which indorsement started Zack's tongue again.

"Mr. Bim, I wouldn't stay here not fer nothin'. I been makin' plenty money, but dat don't buy me a frazzlin' thing! Cunnel got it figgered down on a piece o' paper; I'd give all dem figgers jes' to git home." Zack blundered on in his desperate donkey-back argument: "An' Cunnel wouldn't stay here neither; he's settin' on dat donkey right now studyin' 'bout his reg'lar Christmas bearhunt, when all de gen'lemen has a good time an' all de niggers has a good time. I don't wish nobody no harm; but I wouldn't cry none ef de ginhouse had aburnt up."

Colonel Spottiswoode dried up his smiling, for Zack had flicked him on the raw with that Christmas bearhunt; but the white man felt his undischarged responsibility: "Well, Zack, the gin is here and so are we. Go on now and fry your fish; it's pretty near time for the men to knock off."

"Come along, Side." Zack batted his donkey over the head and started toward the Hot-Cat Eating House.

"Your old man seems to be in a grubby bad humor," commented Lyttleton.

"Yes. He's a child; he wants to go home—right now."

Said knelt down to blow the fire. Zack never opened his mouth until he had scorched that first pan of fish; then he tore off his apron and walked round outside the shack. "Side, I ain't studyin' 'bout no fish." He sat cross-legged on the bench mumbling to himself. Presently he took out those twenty sovereigns of unspent gold. "I would jes' throw dis right down on de groun' an' walk off fum it ef dat ole ginhouse was to burn up so I could go home. Side, you sell dese niggers deir fish an' bring de money to de house."

. . . . . .

After it all happened neither Lyttleton nor MacDonald could remember anything unusual in Zack's movements during the early hours of that night. They agreed that after dinner he had put on that same blue slouch hat and sat upon the top step while the gentlemen talked on the porch. Some evenings he sat there nodding until they went to bed; sometimes he got up and drifted aimlessly away. The British officers tried in vain to recall what he had done on that particular night.

Thirty years of Sudan campaigning had made Lyttleton a light sleeper. It was he who in the dead, still hours first heard the cry of *"Nar! Nar!"* -fire—from an Arab watchman on the barge. Lyttleton raised himself up on his cot, then broke through the mosquito bar. MacDonald bounded out of bed. They heard Zack in the next room: "Git up, Cunnel! Git up! Ev'ything's afire!"

"The gin!" Lyttleton shouted back as he ran. The Colonel and MacDonald followed him across the open space toward that unpainted corrugated-iron building. MacDonald had gained Lyttleton's side; Zack and the Colonel ran behind. *"Harak! Harak!"* shrieked the Arab watchman to Mahomet Mansour. The Colonel did not understand Arabic and did not know why the British turned and looked straight at Zack. *"Harak"* in Arabic means "He burned." Zack darted ahead, puffing and excited. "Gin's done gone; whole entire inside's in a light blaze!"

Shillooks came tumbling out of their *tukuls* jabbering and screaming. Some trembled at what their king might do; others exulted when the whites were not looking.

The gin being isolated, there was no danger to other buildings. "We can put it out!" panted the Colonel; and men were sent instantly running to the river. Zack grabbed the first bucket. "Here, Side! Take dis un an' run!"

"Well," remarked the Colonel, as he stopped for breath and wiped the sweat and ashes from his face, "that's about the only ginhouse I ever knew to be saved!"

Like a Trapped Hyena Said Sprang to the Outer Door

"But the machinery is ruined." Lyttleton swore in every language that he knew, and he knew many.

"She'll be running again in a week."

"No. We'll have to order the new parts from Alexandria. That'll take three months, or three years—Egypt is damnably slow!"

"Den us kin go home—can't us, Cunnel?"

Said was not close enough to hear an answer from the American Effendi, but he saw the quick glance that passed between the Ingleezi. Bimbashi Lyttleton started to say something, then changed his mind and asked: "How do you suppose it caught?" They asked the question together and addressed the Colonel; yet both the British looked searchingly at Zack.

"Can't imagine. There was no fire about the place. Zack, were you there last night?"

"Yas, suh, Cunnel; I come over to dis gin 'bout bedtime, an' 'twarn't a spark nowhars. It's mighty cur'ous to git afire jes' whilst I was sayin' I wisht it would burn. Ain't dat like a nigger, to be shootin' off his mouf 'bout sumpin' what warn't none o' his business?"

Two other men thought it a sinister coincidence. Zack rambled on: "Dese Afriky niggers don't smoke an' 'tain't no matches in de seed cotton what'll ketch fire when it runs through de gin stan'. Dat's de onlies' way I ever heard o' a ginhouse burnin' 'cept when somebody sot 'em afire like dat nigger—dat's it! Dat's it! He's de ve'y nigger what done it!"

"No, he didn't; he's dead!" MacDonald spoke savagely.

"Well, maybe some o' his kinfolks sot it afire to git even 'bout him bein' kilt!"

The Colonel had heard of such instances at home; so he asked quickly: "Major Lyttleton, what do you think of that?"

"It was not a Shillook; they won't try it again."

"Why did they try it the first time?"

"Superstition. To them this gin is a great devil of hunger which the king makes them work to feed. One Shillook tries to kill him by fire; fire can't harm him. That's the whole story."

MacDonald nudged Lyttleton and led him apart, talking earnestly; they hushed when Zack came near them.

. . . . . .

The gin had got out of Zack's way and by next morning he quit studying about it. In his best khaki suit he strode like a grenadier sentinel guarding the Hot Cat; even that second-hand battered helmet that had once belonged to Major Lyttleton failed to put the soft pedal on his exultation. Having already loaded the Colonel's heavy luggage on the barge, he was watching for the gunboat Nasir and expounding vivacious wisdom to Said. "'Tain't no use talkin', Side, luck can't run agin you all de time—it's boun' to turn. When luck gits to runnin' yo' way sawdust is jes' as good as brains." Zack hawhawed aggressively, waved his farewell to the buildings and fields of Wady Okar, then erupted in a tumult of song:

"By-by, ma honey; I'm stuck on yo' money.
By-by, ma honey; I'm gone!"

Said mended his nets with nervous fingers. Zack plumped himself down on the bench, whistling in full-throated delight. Said's cunning eyes searched the riverbank and scanned the quarters. Then, creeping close, he crouched at the Black Effendi's knee. "Excellency, Illustrious One!" he whispered, scooping a hole in the sand, which he covered swiftly with a sweep of his palm, then scooped out again. Zack's melodious soul went floating up to Heaven in one long ragtime jubilate:

"My wife's high-minded;
She's double-jinted——"

"Excellency, *Saadat*"—Said touched him ever so gently on the knee and pointed to that hole in the sand—"*Saadat* may put money—down there—and walk off." Zack glanced down carelessly, but kept patting his leg and singing:

"I can't control her;
Scan'lize ma name."

"Excellency, *Saadat* put money there—walk off."

"Huh?"

"Money—there."

"Side, you knows good an' well you ain't got no money comin', Cunnel done paid yo' wages."

"Not wages." Said moved closer. "For that—last night."

"Huh!"

"*Saadat* agree put twenty gold-piece on ground and walk off if Said up-burn gin factory. Said do."

"Side do which? Come clean, nigger!"

"Said up-burn gin factory. Excellency go home. Put money there—walk off."

"You done specify dat fo' er five times. What you talkin' 'bout? Who sot fire to dat gin?"

Said nodded virtuously and turned both index fingers to his own breast. "I, Said Wad Darho," smiling the blandest of smiles, with sharp white teeth, like the teeth of a hound.

"You? You? You sot fire to Cunnel's gin?"

"*Aiwa*, Illustrious Effendi agree pay twenty piece gold; put there."

"Side, you's a stark naked plum' fool! I ain't spec' you to sot fire to dat gin shore nuff. Can't you tell when a nigger's talkin' jes' to hear his tongue rattle? I'm gwine right straight an' tell de white folks."

Zack got up, shook himself free from the clinging Said and started directly for headquarters. The bewildered Arab sat flat on the earth. Egyptian imagination could conceive of no such treachery. Like a rubber man he bounded to his feet. The Shillook spear was too far away; so was the jungle. Two long leaps and he clutched Old Reliable's coat tails, dragging him back within the shanty. His voice would have been a shrill scream, but came so low

(Continued on Page 65)

Take your business as an illustration

If four of the most representative institutions in *your* line of business could, by working in perfect coöperation, produce a grade of goods that would be superior to that produced by any *one* concern—

And unquestionably such coöperation *would* produce such results—

Then the same method employed in the making of motor tires will produce a *superior grade* of tires.

United States Tires

are made in *precisely that way.*

Four representative tire factories, each manned by expert tire-builders, are putting into these tires *the best they know* concerning the most advanced methods of tire construction.

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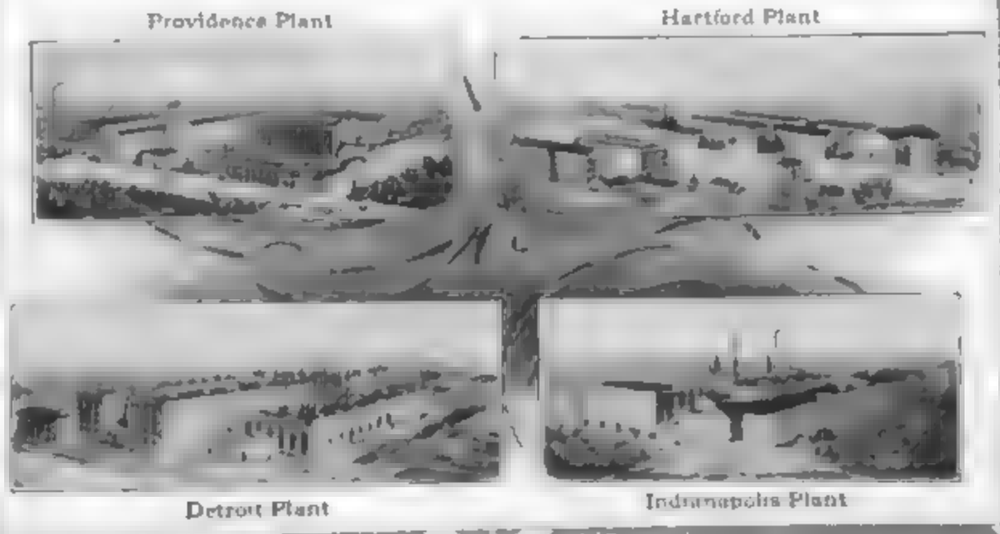


The Birth Haus of Henri Surcouf

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"An Accident, M'sieu. I Am Very Sorry"

OF THE two billiard tables in the Café Continental, the one on the right, behind the ladies' orchestra of eight pieces, resembled nothing so much as a profile map of the Bernese Oberland. It contained miniature peaks and valleys that no amount of skillful play could negotiate, even if the balls of the Café Continental had not been slightly elliptical and as full of cracks as a Satsuma bowl. The other table, on the contrary, presented no difficulties to the expert, and if one understood the grades a three-cushion shot was perfectly feasible.

On this occasion, however, the good table was in use and Benny and I set ourselves down on the velvet lounge to beguile, with *grenadine au seltz*, the tedium of awaiting its surrender. The players were two Englishmen who performed with three champagne corks in the middle of the table a solemn rite that bade fair to last out the remainder of the afternoon. Hence we called for dominoes and were presently joined by the *patron* himself, who sank on to his own velvet cushion with a profound sigh.

"Figure to yourself, messieurs," he said "that only two years ago I am at an expense of four thousand francs—no more, no less—to improve the exterior of this building. And with what result?"

Here he drew from his breast pocket a sheaf of postcards printed in bright-hued imitation of watercolors, the whole contained in an envelope marked:

JENKS

PERMANENT WATERCOLOR SERIES

OF

PICTURESQUE BRITTANY

He sorted the cards with the deftness of an old piquet player and paused at a particularly dauby specimen labeled: "Châteauneuf-sur-Mer: Birth Haus of Henri Surcouf—Printed in Germany."

"And it is for this," he exclaimed bitterly as he thrust the card under Benny's nose, "that I am pointing up the stonework—that I am procuring at so much expense, from the best makers of Paris, awnings, spongeholders and brasswork, to give a tone to this abominable hole of a Châteauneuf!"

Benny nodded sympathetically.

"You will observe on the card the mean appearance of the front," the *patron* continued with vehemence. "The roof is thatched; the walls are tumbling down, and of awnings and spongeholders" he kissed the tips of his fingers in a gesture of farewell—"nothing! Nothing at all!"

Benny shrugged his shoulders.

"These artist chaps take a certain amount of license," he hazarded.

"License!" the *patron* exclaimed. "Do you call it license that he makes my walls, all of plaster and my roof of the best construction from the old house of Roger Aîné et Fils, Pantin—most expensive and modern—to be thatched like a hovel?" He glared viciously at Benny and replaced the postcards in his breast pocket. "Vandalism!" he concluded. "That's what I call it!"

Benny nodded again for the sake of peace, and one of the Englishmen at the billiard table exclaimed "Hard lines!" in a throaty, patrician voice. His sympathy was not directed at the *patron*, however, but had been occasioned by the failure of a delicate shot on the part of his companion, who in the effort had brought himself to the verge of apoplexy.

"Cork's too heavy!" he declared as he straightened up from his constricted position. "Must have a lighter cork, ol' man! Champagne corks won't do at all, you know."

The *patron* rose from the lounge and twisted his small mustache as though he would pluck it out entirely.

"It's a libel on my business!" he said. "And mark my words: If ever this fellow—this Jenks—comes into the jurisdiction of Châteauneuf he shall answer to me by a *procès* for exemplary damages—five thousand francs—no more, no less!"

"Ought to have a lighter cork. Eh what?" the apoplectic Englishman continued; and his companion affixed a monocle and bent over the billiard table. "By Jove, they are champagne corks—aren't they?" he cried with an inflection that Harvey must have used when he discovered the circulation of the blood.

"Of course they are!" the suffused one agreed. He looked like Sir Arthur Sullivan with just a dash of Lord Kitchener. Moreover, his manner implied that the placing of champagne corks on that particular table had been inspired by M. Delcassé and acquiesced in by Lloyd George and the rest of the Liberal Government; and he resented it accordingly.

"Bally outrage!" he exploded and snapped his fingers in the direction of Georges, the inside waiter, who already nourished toward all Englishmen the hatred engendered by eight years' residence in Dean Street, Soho.

"M'sieu!" Georges answered; and as he passed us he was muttering volubly under his breath.

"Look here, waiter," Sir Arthur demanded—"let us have some ordinary corks. These are champagne corks."

Georges raised his right shoulder and eyebrow simultaneously.

"Certainly, m'sieu," he replied. "We have *ordinaire* corks; *bol* such are now in bottles."

"Do you mean to say you have no loose corks lying round?" the monocledone asked.

"These corks," Georges said, "are that three Spanish gentlemen played billiard last night."

He paused and gazed solemnly at two small bottles with patent wired stoppers, that stood on an adjoining table.

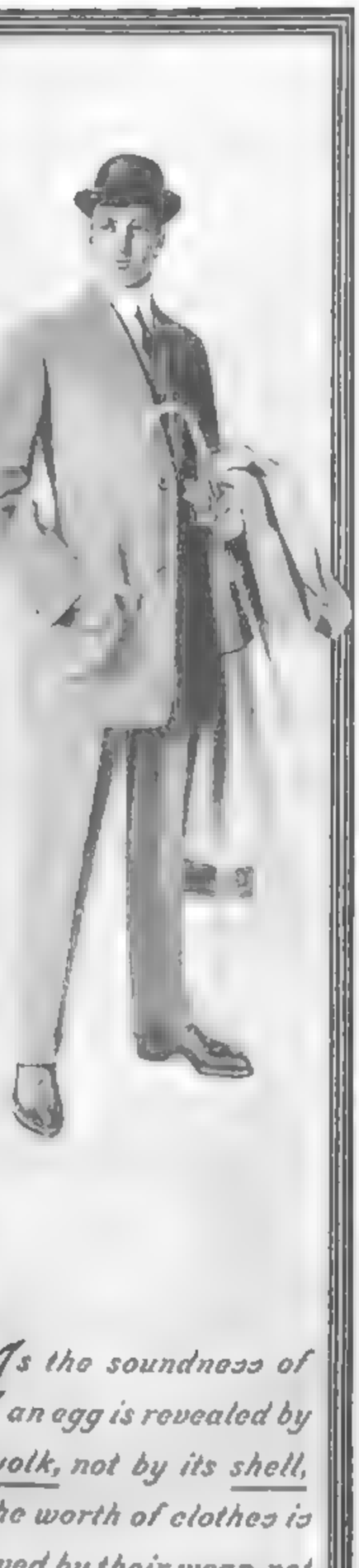
"*Bol*," he concluded, "they do not drink the native beer. From the native beer at eight sous the bottle one does not obtain corks."

"Ask at the desk," Sir Arthur insisted; and, with another shrug, Georges turned on his heel. As he passed us on his way to the desk, he indulged us with a furtive wink and in a moment he returned with but two corks.

"The last in the house," he declared, "from two bottles of Beaujolais, drunk by an Italian gentleman at one-franc-fifty the bottle."

He smiled insinuatingly and Sir Arthur nodded

"Bring us one," he said—"and don't break the cork."



As the soundness of an egg is revealed by its yolk, not by its shell, so the worth of clothes is proved by their wear, not by their looks. Into

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Five minutes later Georges stood in the shadow of the orchestra and juggled the three champagne corks with almost professional skill. He had performed this operation a dozen times without a miss when the side door of the café opened and there entered a ragged and dishevelled figure, holding in his arms, baby fashion, a small black poodle.

"Psst!" Georges hissed as he pocketed the corks and waved his hand excitedly. "Outside—you!"

The dishevelled visitor paid no attention to Georges' protest, however, but seated himself immediately in the corner of the lounge; and, clasping the little black poodle still closer, he burst into a fit of weeping that brought the *patron* on the run from his accustomed station near the end of the *terrasse*.

"What is this?" he demanded roughly, with the result that the weeping became interspersed with great, choking sobs.

"Stop it!" the *patron* cried. "What do you think we are here—*entrepreneurs des pompes funèbres?*"

The scarecrow nodded his head.

"I am well acquainted with such people," he declared between sobs. "In three months' time my dear wife, my son Jean Théophile and my mother—all, all with the saints!" He burst out afresh at the recollection, and then by a supreme effort he became again comparatively calm. "Imagine to yourselves, messieurs," he appealed, "that with such trouble I neglect a prosperous *épicerie* in Rennes to find myself a common vagabond, with nothing to share my starvation but this—my pet—my little Ess-pô."

The poodle struggled in his arms, but he held it tight as he bathed its glossy head with his tears.

"But, granting all this, m'sieu," the *patron* said, "be good enough to take yourself off."

The scarecrow gulped convulsively.

"Your indulgence for one moment, m'sieu," he wailed. "This little dog—the sole companion of my misery—I beg you to take care of. He is faithful and intelligent—yes, and a true friend. For myself I ask nothing—only one glass of water, m'sieu." He held out the dog imploringly. "One glass of water for myself, m'sieu," he said, "with just a *soupçon d'absinthe*."

The *patron* gazed at the wriggling dog.

"Can he do tricks?" he asked, and the vagabond shook his head.

"With all my trouble," he declared, "I have had no time to teach him any."

For a brief interval the *patron* hesitated, then he held out his arms.

"Give him to me," he said, and the scarecrow handed over the poodle.

"Be careful, m'sieu," he said, "or he will attempt to follow me when I leave."

The *patron* tucked the dog under one arm.

"And his name is?" he demanded.

"Ess-pô," the vagabond repeated. "An English name, m'sieu, bestowed on him by my dear wife—now with the saints!"

He seized the goblet with trembling fingers, while Georges poured out a generous dose of absinth and filled it up with water.

"How do you spell the name?" the *patron* asked, and the tramp shrugged his shoulders.

"I am a broken *épicier*, m'sieu," he protested. "I was never a teacher of languages."

He downed the absinth in two great gulps and rose to his feet.

"The name is Ess-pô, m'sieu," he declared—"spelt after the English fashion, however that may be. And so I bid you *au revoir*, m'sieu—*et merci!*"

As the side door closed behind him the *patron* released the poodle. The dog shook himself twice and immediately sat down on his haunches.

"Ungrateful little beast!" the *patron* said to us. "He makes no attempt to follow."

The poodle looked up with his shoe-button eyes and wagged a clump of hair that marked the absence of his tail.

"He's friendly enough at any rate," the *patron* continued as he threw the dog a lump of sugar; and it was at this juncture that Sir Arthur Sullivan desisted from his billiard-playing and intently regarded the poodle. Apparently the visit of the tramp had passed him unnoticed.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, and once more his companion adjusted the monocle.

"Very singular!" he commented. "I didn't know Cyril was here."

"Crossed over on the boat with me last night," Sir Arthur explained. "Has his motor-car with him—a perfect monster, I assure you; sixty horse-power."

Together they inspected the dog, which gnawed at the lump of sugar industriously.

"What's his name?" Sir Arthur asked.

"Can't for the life of me remember," the monocled one replied. "Something like Trix or Gip, or something of the sort."

"His name," the *patron* volunteered in the precise English of Châteauneuf-sur-Mer, which by the excellent sea-service of the London & Southwestern Railway is in daily communication with Southampton and Jersey, "his name is Ess-pô."

Sir Arthur shook his head solemnly.

"I beg your pardon," he said—"nothing of the kind."

"M'sieu!" the *patron* asseverated severely. "His name is Ess-pô."

But Sir Arthur only repeated his headshake.

"It's a she," he declared—"not a he; and it belongs to my friend, Cyril Jenks."

"Jenks!" the *patron* exploded, and he grew suddenly livid with excitement. "This Jenks—by any chance is he the manufacturer of picture postcards?"

Here he dug into his breast pocket and produced the packet of postcards, which he sorted over rapidly.

"This," he cried, "this libel—is it printed by Jenks?"

He thrust the Birth Haus of Henri Surcouf toward Sir Arthur, and his companion examined it carefully through his monocle.

"No doubt about it," he answered. "Very probably he's sitting outside—because his dog is here, you know."

"There is nobody outside till the hour of the afternoon music," the *patron* said. "And I must remind you, m'sieu, to be very careful in your statements. This dog I have just bought myself. He is my dog."

"Then," Sir Arthur retorted, "you've been very badly had, because this is Cyril Jenks' dog—aren't you, old fellow?"

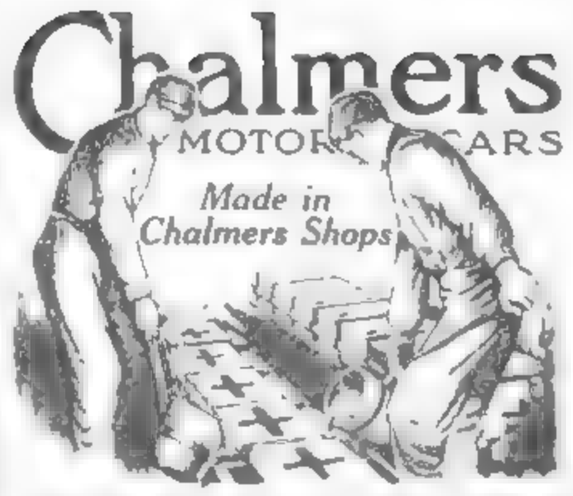
He stooped down and scratched both ears of the poodle, which wriggled appreciatively.

"M'sieu!" the *patron* cried sharply as he clutched at the hair of the poodle's neck—"by your leave. The dog is perhaps to bite you."

"She's as gentle as a kitten," Sir Arthur replied. "Jenks told me so himself."

"This Jenks—by Any Chance is He the Manufacturer of Picture Postcards?"

Chalmers MOTOR CARS



Pouring molten iron into the molds in Chalmers foundry

The Story of a Chalmers Cylinder

(One of a series of talks on the care and accuracy with which Chalmers cars are built in the Chalmers shops)

These are two of the seventy-five molders in the Chalmers factory who make the castings for Chalmers cylinders, pistons and other motor parts.

They are twentieth century masters of an art that began ages ago when old Tubal Cain discovered he could melt metal, pour it into a hole and let it harden in whatever shape he chose to make the hole.

The first ironworkers could make only solid blocks of various shapes. These skilled craftsmen of today can make at one pouring, a block of four Chalmers cylinders, all joined together, hollowed out ready for boring, surrounded by water jackets, with holes in the proper places for the valves and spark plugs—everything ready for finishing in the machine shop.

The work of these men is fascinating. It is as skillful as pottery and not unlike it. They fashion in sand—from a pattern—an exact mold of the part they are casting, and into the sand mold the molten metal is poured.

The parts they make are all uniform—all exactly alike. For they all are made from the same pattern. The pattern itself is made in wood by skillful carvers in the Chalmers pattern shop, who work directly from the engineer's blueprints, following exactly every dimension.

Thus all cylinders, pistons and other cast parts in Chalmers cars are absolutely accurate in form. And as to *material*—experts tell us that the metal used—made after the Chalmers Company's own formula—is not equalled for quality in any automobile foundry in the land.

The same skilled workmanship and high quality of material are found throughout Chalmers cars. These things, coupled with correct design to start on, are what make these cars so uniformly good. See them at our salesroom.

We have an entertaining book on "The Story of the Chalmers Car," which will tell you of the many processes by which these great cars are made. Send for it on the coupon today.

"Thirty-Six" (four cylinders) . .	$1950
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Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

"*Mais - pardon,* m'sieu!" the *patron* almost shouted. "I am told you he is not the dog of this Jenks."

"But, my dear fellow," Sir Arthur said positively, "she is Jenks' dog and I can prove it to you. She was taught a trick by Cyril's Aunt Julia—Mrs. Aikenhead, you know"—he appealed to his companion "the Withingshaw Aikenheads; one of her girls married Bob Saunderson, the K. C."

"Bob never took silk," the monocled one said—"it was his brother Wilfred."

"Nonsense!" Sir Arthur retorted. "Wilfred was the other one. He married Madge Utterson—tall, bony girl. You know the Uttersons—big ship-owners in Sunderland. Old Utterson used to ——"

"But the trick, m'sieu!" the *patron* interrupted.

"The trick?" Sir Arthur repeated.

"*Oui, certainement,* m'sieu," the *patron* said. "You are speaking a moment since that you prove the ownership of the dog by a trick."

"Oh, yes," Sir Arthur continued. "I'm coming to that. It's very amusing isn't it?"

He appealed again to his companion, who nodded solemnly.

"Very amusing indeed," he declared.

"You take a champagne cork ——" Sir Arthur went on.

"A champagne cork!" Georges exclaimed.

"Yes, a champagne cork," Sir Arthur said—"because it has a broad base, you know—and you place the champagne cork firmly on the dog's nose."

"First you make her beg," his companion broke in.

"Of course," Sir Arthur agreed. "You make her beg—sit up on her haunches, you know. Then you put the champagne cork on her nose and count three. As you say 'three' the dog jerks her head and the cork flies up in the air. When it descends the dog catches it in her teeth, and there you are!"

The proprietor snapped his fingers.

"*Voilà!*" he cried excitedly. "We will try it. Georges, a champagne cork!"

"But the champagne corks are not," Georges replied, though the three corks were even then bulging in his trousers pocket. "The last three these gentlemen told me to take away and I threw them out."

He turned with uplifted eyebrows to Sir Arthur, who shook his head emphatically.

"I'll be dashed if I do!" he said. "I bought a bottle of beastly claret for the sake of the cork, and that's enough."

"As you please, m'sieu," the *patron* retorted. "The experiment is yours—not mine."

"But, I say, you know!" Sir Arthur protested. "You aren't really going to keep the dog, are you? Jenks is staying at the Grand Hotel in Pinard."

"And lucky for him he is not staying at the Grand Hotel de Châteauneuf-sur-Mer, messieurs," the *patron* cried; "because of a certainty I bring a *procès* against him for this scandalous card—this *carte fichue*—this abomination!"

Once more he flourished the Birth Haus of Henri Surcouf.

"I ask you," he demanded: "Does my establishment tumble down like this picture? Has it a thatched roof? True, Henri Surcouf was born in this house; but that was three centuries since, messieurs—three!" He held up three fingers. "Since then much has been done. Have we not here awnings—eight *demilunes* of the latest design to hold the sponges—forty marble-top tables? And with what result, so far as this card shows?"

He placed his right thumbnail behind his upper incisors and flicked it outward with a noise the attempt at which would be hopeless for an Anglo-Saxon.

"*Rien!*" he declared. "*Rien du tout!* And for this I shall give him back his dog!"

He glanced darkly at Sir Arthur as he announced his ultimatum.

"I tell you what," he concluded: "I will resist his claim to this dog with my last sou—and so much for your friend Jenks!" He bent over and lifted the dog in his arms. "This beast is mine and I keep him," he said, and stalked indignantly away, while Sir Arthur paid the score for the billiards, small beer and Beaujolais.

"But he jolly well won't!" the monocled one declared. "Mark my word!"

II

IT WAS when Benny and I had about concluded our game of billiards, to the accompaniment of a Grand Fantasie on Airs from Faust by the ladies' orchestra, that a

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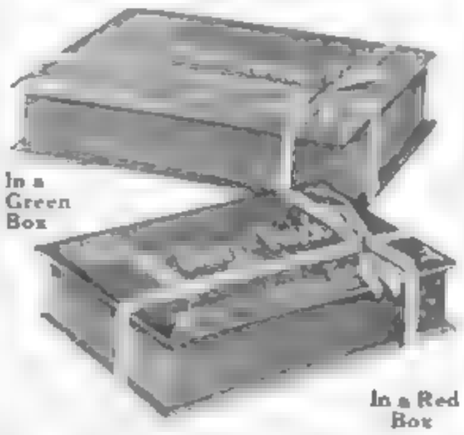

At your Dealer or by mail on receipt of price. By the makers of
REX CHOCOLATES, King of Bitter Sweets

American Candy Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Strong, healthy, well-fed children throw off the contagions of the school-room.

Rich in butter-fat and in tissue-building solids; the purest of foods for baby and a wholesome food drink for children and older folks is

CARNATION MILK

From Contented Cows

Purity is the cornerstone on which the Carnation structure stands.

We have been careful to have *every one* of our fourteen condenseries located where the cows could have sweet grass, clear, pure waters to drink, and air as pure as a mountain breeze.

These ideal conditions, our improved process and extreme care in executing every detail produce the pure, superior, delicious Carnation Milk

Let Carnation be *your* milkman. Use it for everything—for cooking, seasoning, shortening, on cereals, in coffee and to drink.

FREE BOOK

We have prepared an unusual booklet containing recipes, suggestions for economical cooking, and the story of Carnation Milk. Drop us a postal today for your copy. Telephone or tell your grocer today to send you a can.

Tall Can 10c—Baby Can 5c
At your Grocer's

CARNATION MILK
—the Modern Milkman

"Flavor superior to all others or your money back"

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co.
General Offices, SEATTLE, U. S. A.
Fourteen Condenseries in the States of Washington, Oregon, Wisconsin and Illinois

sixty-horsepower car roared its way down the Place Surcouf and drew up in front of the Café Continental. Instantly the *patron* ran down the center aisle between the forty marble-top tables of the *terrasse* and stood rubbing his hands as the owner of the automobile stepped from the tonneau.

"In half an hour!" the automobilist called to the chauffeur; and, ignoring the *patron's* bow of welcome, he strode past the marble-top tables and the eight shiny demilunes into the café proper. Simultaneously the black poodle, which was tethered to the cashier's desk, set up a yelping that completely drowned the strains of *Salut Demeure*, then being rendered as a solo by the leader, a "first prize"—and no less—of the Conservatoire de Lille. The automobilist never hesitated, however. He proceeded straightway to the cashier's desk and was engaged in untying the leash when the *patron* overtook him.

"By whose authority," the *patron* demanded, "do you untie this dog?"

"I own her," Cyril Jenks replied, for it was none other than he; and in his clean-cut commercial features there was nothing to remind one of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Lord Kitchener or a monocle.

"You what?" the *patron* shouted.

"I own her," Jenks said. "Doesn't she act like it?"

"Then," the *patron* declared, almost suffocating with rage—"then you are Jenks!"

"Precisely," Jenks answered as he succeeded in untying the leash; and the poodle leaped upon him in a transport of delight. "Have you any doubt in the matter?" He fixed the *patron* with a pair of cold gray eyes. "Or perhaps it's a reward that you're after?" he inquired further.

"A reward!" the *patron* almost shrieked. "Yes, m'sieu, a reward. *Récompense de cinq mille francs je demande!*"

"For one poodle dog—five thousand francs!" Jenks exclaimed. "Man alive! You are upset—aren't you?" He led the way to the lounge. "Let's sit down and talk it over," he continued, while the dog circled round him, barking frantically. "There's no need to get excited, you know."

He smiled conciliatingly as he sat down at an adjoining table, which the *patron* proceeded to thump with his clenched fist.

"Is there not indeed!" he cried. "Well, then, for you perhaps not; but for me—yes! I am excite', m'sieu, and with reason."

For the third time within a few hours he thrust his hand into his breast pocket and drew forth Jenks' Permanent Watercolor Series of Picturesque Brittany.

"Observe!" he cried as he slapped on to the table the Birth Haus of Henri Surcouf—Printed in Germany.

Jenks stared at the card with a puzzled frown.

"Well?" he said.

"You print this card—not so?" the *patron* demanded.

"I published it," Jenks replied. "It is very pretty and artistic—don't you think so?"

"Arr-teest-teec!" the *patron* wailed; and his English became as unintelligible as though Châteauneuf-sur-Mer were more remote from Southampton and Jersey than Cape Horn itself. "Arr-teest-teec! That *baraque avec un toit de chaume*—arr-teest-teec!" Forthwith he broke into a torrent of French. "Figure to yourself, m'sieu," he continued; "I am at an expense four thousand francs—no more, no less—to make of this building a structure creditable to the standing of Châteauneuf-sur-Mer as a popular seaside resort—and you publish abroad this miserable hovel as the result of all my labors!"

"But what has this to do with the dog?" Jenks inquired.

"It has everything to do with it," the *patron* cried. "I resist your claim to the dog. I purchased this dog from a visitor a respectable visitor to this café; and I demand proofs, m'sieu, that you own the dog."

"Proofs!" Jenks cried. "Very well, you shall have proofs. *Garçon!*"

"M'sieu!" Georges replied, leaping from the shelter of the music stand, where he had been straining his ears in an effort to hear the conversation above the din of the Soldiers' Chorus.

"Have you such a thing as a champagne cork?"

Georges shook his head slowly.

"Champagne corks, m'sieu, are rarely to be had in cafés," he said. "They pop out this way and that, and they are swept up and lost. So it is, m'sieu, if one wants a

For $25 others will offer you all-wool fabrics, snappy styles, fine fit and finish

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over"

offer you all-wool fabrics, snappy styles, fine fit and finish, all guaranteed. Who wants $8?

This Sign in a Clothing Store Window means that

the merchant running that store is a leader in the van of progressive clothing retailers.

Nothing compelled any of the thousands of merchants selling Styleplus Clothes to become Styleplus agents but their own good judgment.

Yet these thousands of merchants chose to handle Styleplus Clothes because of the wonderful value in the garments and because this value gave them the opportunity to better serve you than they otherwise possibly could.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over"

have caused the greatest upheaval and readjusting of clothing values that this country has ever seen.

They have established a new standard of values, the standard of Style plus service, the standard of Style plus quality, the standard of Style plus all-wool fabrics, the standard of Style plus perfect workmanship. They have set a new price for this quality—$17. Other makers have been producing this quality for some years—merchants everywhere have been selling this quality, this value for years—but they have been asking and getting $20 and $25 for it.

This concern, through 63 years of effort, has grown to be the largest concern of its kind in the world. Only after 63 years of study and effort have we been able to overcome the manufacturing obstacles that have heretofore prevented the giving of these values at this price—$17. We have found the way. The values are here, for you, at last. All-wool fabrics, hand tailoring, absolutely correct style, beautiful workmanship—$17 for suit or overcoat.

Styleplus clothes are sold under an absolute guarantee. If any Styleplus garment you buy fails to give satisfactory service, the Styleplus dealer from whom it was bought has authority to replace it with a new and satisfactory Styleplus garment.

Look up the Styleplus dealer nearest you. Try on a Styleplus suit or overcoat.

Look for the Styleplus label in the coat
Look for the Styleplus guarantee in the pocket

If there is no Styleplus agent near you, write us for style folder and samples of fabrics.

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Kirschbaum Clothes $15, $20 and $25

PLENTY of clothes at $15, $20 and $25, of course!

But,—

Are they *all wool?* Are they *hand tailored?* Is the fabric thoroughly shrunk? Is the style authoritative?

You don't know?

But you *do* know with Kirschbaum guaranteed clothes:

Even our $15 suits are acid-test all wool. Even at this price we hand tailor each garment—needle moulding the shape and style into the cloth.

And, this season, in the *Kirschbaum $15, $20, $25 Specials* we are giving the same models—the same costly designing, as in our suits and overcoats up to $45. For example, the suit illustrated—a *Yungfelo* style, designed to sell up to $35, is included in these great popular-priced specials.

All this we guarantee. Not alone on this page—but formally and specifically, by placing our actual *Guaranty Bond* in the coat inside pocket.

This Friday or Saturday see the *Kirschbaum $15, $20, $25 Specials* at your nearby Kirschbaum retailer.

Art Calendar Free

Exquisite duo-tone reproductions from oil paintings of American beauties and showing the men's fashions for fall and winter. Mention The Post and address Dept. "S," A. B. Kirschbaum Co., Philadelphia.

A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

The House with the All-Wool Policy

Philadelphia Boston New York
Chicago San Francisco
Los Angeles

champagne cork here, m'sieu, it can be found only in a champagne bottle."

"All right," Jenks said. "bring me a quart of Première *brut* and two glasses."

A moment later Georges was tugging with a napkin at what appeared to be a particularly recalcitrant cork—a struggle which ended by the broad upper part breaking off, leaving the small lower part in the neck of the bottle. He shrugged his shoulders apologetically as he placed the bottle on the table and felt for a corkscrew beneath his apron.

"An accident, m'sieu," he said as he proceeded to pull the remainder of the cork. "I am very sorry."

He poured full the two glasses, but the *patron* only stared moodily and made no further movement until Jenks raised his glass.

"Surely you will not refuse to join me!" Jenks said. "You see I cannot finish this bottle alone and I must have a champagne cork, which means that I shall have to order a second bottle."

"As you please, m'sieu," said the *patron*, who could not cherish a feud at the expense of trade. He drained the glass and immediately became slightly mollified. "You see, m'sieu," he explained, "I have already conceived an affection for the dog."

"Doubtless," Jenks said. "Have another glass."

Again the *patron* drank; and after he had set down the glass he picked up the Birth Haus of Surcouf.

"Naturally," he said, "if one is publishing a postcard of a historic residence it must be policy to make it appear as antique as possible; but ——"

"For the present let us not discuss it," Jenks said. "We will finish this bottle—another glass apiece—and then we'll have the second bottle. And," he added with a significant look at Georges, "I will draw the cork myself."

He touched glasses with the *patron*, who began to perspire gently as they drank the remainder of the bottle.

"After all," he said, "I admit that the dog—I mean the card—is artistic; nevertheless ——"

"*Voilà*, m'sieu!" Georges exclaimed, presenting Jenks with the second bottle shrouded in a napkin; and after a slight twist the cork was removed intact.

"Now for the proof that the dog is mine," Jenks said; but the *patron* raised a protesting hand.

"The dog," he said, "is not the question. The dog is quite of secondary importance, m'sieu; and, of course, though I realize that this postcard is, to be sure, a most ingenious and artistic semblance of a watercolor, on the other hand, m'sieu, put yourself in my place. Forty marble-top tables, eight *demilunes*, and a roof of the best construction from the *ancienne maison de Roger, Aîné et Fils, Pantin*—all these to be adequately reproduced must be by a process of photography, certainly not by watercolor!"

"It is an idea, certainly," Jenks agreed. "But now for the proofs."

He rose from his seat on the lounge and poked the dog, which had long since fallen into a contented slumber.

"Sit up!" he said, and the black poodle immediately assumed the position described by Sir Arthur. Very carefully Jenks balanced the champagne cork on the end of the poodle's nose.

"One," he said—"two-oo-oo ——"

The *patron's* gaze wandered from the postcard to the dog.

"Monsieur, for This Interruption a Thousand Pardons!"

"Three!" Jenks cried, and the poodle tossed the cork into the air, catching it neatly on the rebound, according to program.

"Furthermore," Jenks said as he separated the long hair on the dog's forehead, "here is a little white mark concealed by the fur; and on that account we call her ——"

"Monsieur, for this interruption a thousand pardons!" cried a voice from the side door, which opened gradually and exposed the indecent and ragged figure of the broken *épicier*.

"You!" the *patron* exclaimed, half rising from the table.

"Yes, me!" the *épicier* declared, bursting into another torrent of weeping, in the midst of which he sat down suddenly.

"Georges," indignantly the *patron* commanded, "throw that rascal out!"

"One minute!" the unfortunate said—"one minute! I have something to show you."

He plunged a hand in the rags of what had once been a frock coat and drew out—a dog collar.

"At first I could not bear to part with it," he said, his voice broken by more sobs; "but now ——"

He handed it to the outraged *patron*.

"Take it for another absinth," he implored. "See on the little metal plate is the name *Lutine, tout coquet comme un accessoir de poudrerie.*" He held out the collar beseechingly. "See the name—Lu-pô!" he said. "You want to see how it is spelt? Here it is—S—pot!"

. . . . . .

Six weeks later Benny and I sat on the lounge of the Café Continental and gazed mournfully at the empty *terrasse* fronting the Place Surcouf. Gone were the eight lady musicians, the first prize of the Conservatoire de Lille, thirty of the marble-top tables and six of the *demilunes*, for this was the tail-end of September, and the season at Châteauneuf-sur-Mer had come to its close. Nevertheless, the *patron* waxed cheerful.

"You remember the day we threw out the tramp?" he said.

"Perfectly," Benny replied. "Do you?"

The *patron* wagged his head and smiled.

"*Presque!*" he said. "Two quarts of Premiere *brut* between two is no joke. Nevertheless, I remember this much—I remember that I made my point with this Jenks and to good purpose. Just look here!"

He handed us a postcard bearing a clean halftone reproduction of a photograph labeled: Châteauneuf-sur-Mer: Birth Haus of Henri Surcouf—Printed in Germany. There, glittering in the sunlight, were the eight *demilunes*, the forty marble-top tables and the brilliant awning; and, instead of the thatched roof, the whole was surmounted by a metal roof of superb construction, such as is made by the *ancienne maison de Roger, Aîné et Fils, Pantin*.

"And that is what I call ART-TEEST-TEEC!" the *patron* declared as he carefully replaced the card with thirty-nine others in an envelope labeled:

FORTY PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS
OF
PICTURESQUE BRITTANY
JENKS' PERMANENT PHOTOGRAPHIC SERIES

Good Cheer
In a Good
Breakfast

The New Food

Post Tavern Special

is made from the most digestible and nourishing parts of wheat, corn and rice, skilfully blended to produce a distinctively new flavor.

It was first served and tested at the Post Tavern in Battle Creek—a hotel noted for the best of good things to eat.

Post Tavern Special is economical, has creamy consistency, delicious taste, is easily cooked as a hot porridge, and served with cream and sugar.

Tomorrow's
Breakfast

Sold by Grocers—in 10 and 15c. packages, except in extreme West.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited.
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Sawdust Smell

SOMETIMES I think there must be two distinct varieties of humanity, said an old circus man: one of which we might call the rovers and the other the stay-at-homes. With my own taste for roving, it was hard for me to understand that ninety-nine persons in every hundred are content to stay in one place most of their lives—and even are unhappy if taken out of it; but there are such people, and they are the vast majority. The rover, who is one man or woman in a hundred, likes to wander and is unhappy if confined to one place. Probably if it were not for him there would be no circus. Love of the road has a strong hold on all the circus people, from performers to canvasmen and drivers. "When you hear the band play you join out!" is the way they put it themselves; and once I had a striking illustration of this.

I was checking window paper in a small town and came to a fine plate-glass front. It was the best tailoring establishment there, and ordinarily would have been passed by the lithographer as unobtainable; but it had a single sheet of our paper and I went in to take up the order. It developed that the tailor's brother was a rover and had trouped with circuses as a bandsman—a windjammer, in the vernacular. His influence had put that lithograph there and he chatted with me.

"You won't catch me round here tomorrow, Mike, while that show is in town!" he said. "If I saw as much as a side wall half a mile off I'd be joining out again! No, sir! I'm going up into the country tonight. My brother pays me good wages here and there's nothing in trouping."

A week later I dropped back to the show. It was ten in the morning and the parade was just leaving the lot. Somebody shouted, "Hey there, Mike!" from the big band-wagon; and on going nearer I saw the tailor's brother, seated among the other windjammers, with a red-and-gold coat, a plumed hat and his cornet.

"I thought you were going up into the country."

"Forget it!" he replied; "I didn't go."

He had heard the band play.

Circus people are of all sorts—old and young, Americans and foreign-born, well-paid performers and bosses, and ne'er-do-well hostlers, canvasmen and razorbacks. From time to time they will turn and denounce their calling, just like other people; in fact, I never knew a man in any line who would not occasionally scold about his occupation and regret that his talent had been frittered away in such an unpromising field when he might have done so much better in something else—but that is no indication that he doesn't like his job and circus people like theirs. They love the smell of sawdust, horses and animals; the music of the big band; the peculiar hollow rattle of circus wagons; the daily jumps; the little knot of curious stay-at-homes who seem always to be round to watch whatever a circus man does. They are born rovers.

Shrouded in Glory

A WESTERN regiment returned from the Philippines. There was a grand banquet. A local statesman, rich but not much else, made an address.

"Men," he said to the soldiers, "I welcome yez back from thim Philipponies. Yez return shrouded in impenetrable glory."

A Quitter

YEARS ago a former United States senator from one of our western states was foreman of a gang of lumberjacks, mostly Swedes. One day he had three or four with him on a raft.

"You better gat some one to tak Ole's plaise," one of the men addressed him.

"What's the matter with Ole?"

"Hae yust went under the raft and I tank hae's not coming back."

An Aid to Business Correspondents

(Sent Free Upon Request)

TEN years' experience in form-letter writing has been boiled down into ten short talks, and published in the booklet pictured above.

Every business man who writes or passes upon form-letters should read this booklet.

It tells how to write form-letters that *pull*. It points out common errors that should be avoided. Indeed, most of its precepts can be applied to the improvement of individual correspondence.

Write today for a free copy of this booklet: "Chalk-Talks on Form-Letter Writing."

Although these "Chalk-Talks" are reprinted from the "Layman Printer"—the monthly magazine we send to users of the Multigraph—they are entirely free from bias as to mechanical means.

They deal only with the thinking you should do, the tests you should apply, every time you write or criticise a form-letter.

But of course we're selfish in wishing you to have the booklet. We wish you to see for yourself what seems so hard to believe—that the Multigraph does real printing as well as form-typewriting.

The booklet was printed throughout—cover and inside, pictures and type—on the Multigraph. The printing is so sharp and clear-cut that until told otherwise you'd think it the product of a first-class printing-office.

The Multigraph prints advertising, stationery and system-forms at 25% to 75% less than printers' prices, without in any way interfering with its original form-typewriting function.

Operated by your own employees, in the privacy of your own office, it offers great possibilities for business betterment. It makes money by getting more business; saves money by reducing printing-costs; and adds greatly to promptness and convenience.

THE MULTIGRAPH
Produces real printing and form-typewriting rapidly, economically, privately, in your own establishment

The extent to which the Multigraph can serve you profitably is a question that requires investigation—but you can investigate without fear of being talked into an unprofitable purchase.

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it

Your business must prove its own need; but one of our representatives will gladly help you to dig up the facts. Meantime, ask us for literature, specimens, data. Write today. Use the coupon.

Also ask us about the Universal Folding-Machine for office-use, and the Markoe Envelope-Sealer.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES Cleveland
Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory
European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 99 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W. 8 Kramerstr. 70 Ecke [illegible]
Paris, 24 Boulevard des Capucines

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, *written on your business stationery*. We'll show you what others are doing

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1800 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

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- [ ] Bill Heads and Statements
- [ ] Receipts, Checks, etc.
- [ ] Envelopes

Typewriting:
- [ ] Circular Letters
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- [ ] Price-lists
- [ ] Reports
- [ ] Notices
- [ ] Bulletins to Employees
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No. 4130—Ready for You to Wear—at $18.50

Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring has Produced its Masterpiece: A Blue Serge Suit in Seven Correct Styles with Satisfactory Service *Guaranteed*

WHILE it is not our highest-priced suit, nor our best, 4130 is our masterpiece because it contains the greatest value at the price.

This is the third season we've advertised the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special in The Saturday Evening Post. Last fall we sold three times as many 4130's as we had ever before sold in any suit at the price—and even then there were not enough for all the men who wanted them.

This fall's 4130, in the correct styles illustrated below, is even more exceptional in quality. Gaining confidence by the earlier successes of the new idea in clothes-making, we have tremendously increased our output. This has lowered making-costs to such an extent that we have used a much better serge than would otherwise be possible. By telling these facts in our advertising we assure the sale of the greater output.

CLOTHCRAFT
Blue Serge Special
№4130 GUARANTEED ALL WOOL AND FAST COLOR $18.50

Before you decide on your fall suit, investigate 4130. Compare it with any blue serge suit you ever saw sold regularly at $25. Give it rigid scrutiny, inside and out—fashion, fit, finish and fabric.

But investigate early. Get *your* suit before there's a possibility of such a shortage as occurred last fall with a trebled production.

4130-A

(Overcoat)

There's No Guesswork When You Buy Clothcraft Clothes

The One Guaranteed All-Wool Line at Medium Prices—$10 to $25

INSTEAD of placing your order and then taking what you get, you can see what you're getting—before you spend a cent. You can try on several different models, to see which looks best on you—instead of finding out too late that cloth selected from a sample didn't look well in your suit.

And instead of the delay and annoyance of several try-ons, you can be sure of the correct fit of collar and shoulders, and the proper hang of the coat at the time of purchase.

Moreover, you can be sure that your satisfaction will be lasting. The Clothcraft Guarantee, backed by maker and dealer, assures absolutely pure wool cloth, first-class trimmings and workmanship, lasting shape, satisfactory wear and service.

Those things are as true of any Clothcraft suits or overcoats at $10 to $25 as they are of 4130. They are due to Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring—our term for the waste-saving methods that improve quality without increasing cost.

BESIDES the splendid blue serge used in 4130, Clothcraft Clothes are made up in a great variety of all-wool fabrics—staple blacks and colors, and many fancy patterns. There are many models of suits and overcoats.

Their high quality and style have converted many men to ready-to-wear clothes. To such men they offer substantial savings or a larger wardrobe. A dress-up overcoat and a big warm ulster together cost no more than many a man pays for one general-purpose overcoat.

Go to the nearest Clothcraft Store and test these statements. Notice the array of good models and fabrics. Subject the clothes to the closest scrutiny—but be sure to see that the Clothcraft Label is inside the coat-collar, and the Guarantee in the inside pocket.

If you don't know a Clothcraft store, write us direct. We'll gladly send you the address of the nearest one, together with the Clothcraft Style-Book for fall and a sample of the 4130 serge.

4130-C

4130-DD

THE JOSEPH & FEISS COMPANY

America's Oldest Men's Clothes Makers

620 ST. CLAIR AVENUE, N. W.

Cleveland

Overcoat-GL

4130-CC

4130
CLOTHCRAFT

Look for this label inside the collar of the coat

4130-L

4130-BB

Revillon Frères Furs

FOUNDED 1723

WHEN your merchant shows you furs bearing the Revillon label, you may be sure he is offering you the very best the market affords.

The skins for Revillon Furs are selected from the largest stock of furs in America and made up in our own workrooms by skilled furriers, each a specialist in his part of the work.

Revillon Frères

You can get an idea of the beauty and grace of Revillon styles from our Miniature Catalogue, illustrating over fifty of the season's best designs. Sent free to any address with the name of the nearest merchant who can show you Revillon Furs. Address Dept. F.

REVILLON FRÈRES

19 West 34th Street New York
London Paris

A Mysterious Illness

Being a Letter From William, the Schoolboy, of the Village of Mapledale, to His Aunt on a Not Distant Farm

MY DEAR AUNT: I thought I would write and let you know how sick I have been from some unknown reason and that I am just getting strong enough to write once more though I thought for a time you would never hear from me again.

I was wondering if you think it would be good for me to come down in the country to some nice place perhaps something like you and Uncle William's and get strong slowly from country air and lots of fresh milk and chicken gravy and other things to eat.

Me and Henry Bemis are both just over an awful sick spell and Henry might be saved from being an invalid all his life if he could be invited down in the country too.

It is a long story how we came to be sick.

As near as I can figure it out all we had to eat that day besides our regular meals was part of a bunch of too ripe bananas given to us by Henry Meyers the grocery-store man for taking them away. They were a little soft in spots but some good in them which we saved. Henry only ate seven because it was quite soon after breakfast and his waffuls had not settled down yet.

There was about twenty bananas left on the bunch which must have been a great loss to Henry Meyers the grocery-store man but was a great gain to us.

Henry Meyers was just going to throw them into the garbage can when we came in and he said we would do just as well.

Some grocery-store men would sooner throw away something that is too ripe to sell than give it to a boy to eat though it would cost them nothing.

Henry Meyers is not that kind of a man and he would always just as soon give a boy something which is no use to sell.

Besides the bananas we ate a couple of pies that the baker took out of his window to make room for fresh pies and we happened to go in just as he was making a change in his window pies. They were a little tough but not bad to taste. They were the ten-cents dried-apple kind and you wash them down with plenty of water.

We ate them at the pump. A pie like that three or four days younger would cost ten cents so we saved at least five cents by having them given to us. And you can get all the water you need for nothing.

That was one of our lucky days for getting plenty of free things to eat. A little while after that a big watermelon fell off of a load on Lycurgus Jones' dray and broke in two on the sidewalk and the heart fell out. We washed off the heart at the pump and ate it first and after our appetight partly came back we ate what was left in the two halves pretty close up to the rind.

There is not much to watermelons anyway and you can hold more of it than you think without hurting you. If you swallow the seeds and eat too close to the rind in hot weather you get colera morbice.

On the way home to lunch we ate a couple carrots and a turnip and some gooseberries out of a garden. Carrots are not exactly fruit but sort of sweet to taste and you scrape the skin off with your knife and eat them raw. Cows and boys are fond of carrots and young turnips are also fare to eat peeled and sliced up with your knife.

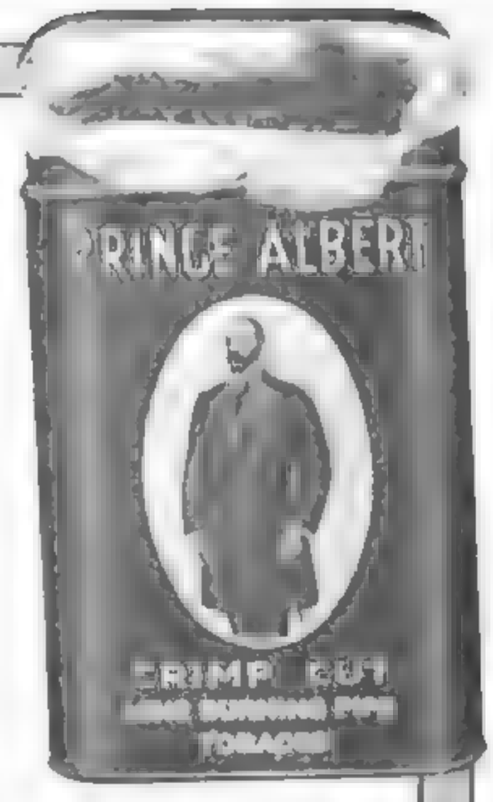
When we ate the vegetabuls and a few gooseberries it was nearly time to go home to lunch and we both went to Henry's house where we had some bread and milk and preserves. We did not seem to be especially hungry for some reason but nobody noticed it but us. We manneged to eat a dish of preserves by standing up at the kitchen table and when we went out we put some doughnuts in our coat pockets for fear we might get hungry. By that time we thought we had enough to eat to last us pretty well toward supper-time.

Henry suggested going fishing that afternoon and we got our lines and started for the creek. In the woods we found some boys plumming and we traded our doughnuts for a quart of wild plums which we ate on our way to the creek.

Henry's stummick was growling a little by then but nothing eerious he said. Mine was still out of pane.

Several times we stopped at a spring in the woods and drank water. We seemed

Joys of a jimmy pipe



Men who never hooked up a jimmy pipe to the *right* tobacco, sure enough have an excuse for blighting their happy days.

Got scared and sore about stung tongues and broiled tongues—the kind that puts the ouch in a pipe grouch? Then you digest this freedom news and quit off fretting.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

puts a pipe in *every* man's mouth *and puts it there for keeps!* No, sir, isn't any more like other tobaccos than the difference between day and night.

Carve it right in your mind that P. A. is made by a patented process that *cuts out* the bite, leaving wholesome tobacco substance, delicious flavor, freshness—and aroma that nobody can help but like!

Figure yourself hitting that delicious old jimmy of yours all day and night—on the street, in your office, at home—*without a single tingle!* That joy's yours, packed and sealed and delivered at any tobacco shop.

Buy P. A. everywhere. In toppy 5c red cloth bags; tidy 10c red tins and half-pound and pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N.C.

Pipeology

There's many kinds of jimmy pipes—something to fit every man's taste. The one smoked by the business man in the accompanying picture is the famous "bent bulldog." It has the earmarks of the straight bulldog, only that it is curved. Kind of hangs in your teeth, easy like. This pipe is made in a variety of woods, also meerschaum. And, of course, all sorts of bits—amber, hard rubber and horn. You can have a belly time with a "bent bulldog."

MENTOR

Is This Your Experience? Then Here's the Remedy

YOU probably used to wear two-piece underwear—with a bungling double thickness about the waist, a shirt that pulled up, and drawers that sagged.

You didn't like it; and you graduated to union-suits.

They were immeasurably better, but they had one fault—the crotch simply wouldn't stay closed. Still, you were glad to wear them in preference to the two-piece.

That was the experience of a lot of men until the Mentor Closed Crotch was patented—October 18th, 1910. It entirely removed the last objection to union-suits for men.

The remedy for all your underwear-troubles is to wear Mentor; for Mentor on the label means comfort in the suit.

Why Mentor Means Comfort

With sizes charted from actual measurements of more than ten thousand individuals, Mentor suits fit—especially in that vital measurement from shoulder to crotch.

The fabrics, knit from the best cotton and worsted that money can buy, will not irritate the most sensitive skin. They're so elastic that they permit perfect freedom of muscle and limb.

And the Mentor Closed Crotch positively can't gape.

The Quality Lasts

After knitting, the fabrics are seasoned so they'll always spring back into shape. You can't wash out the fit. Once you've determined your size, the same number will fit you next time.

It's Generously Guaranteed

If any Mentor garment should prove unsatisfactory in any particular, the dealer will refund your money or give you a new garment. We'll make good with him—but we don't often have to.

Mentor Comfort Union-Suits for men are made in all weights and are sold in leading stores. Remember the name and be sure to get Mentor for fall and winter. If your dealer can't supply Mentor, write us direct.

Mentor Knitting Mills
Mentor, Ohio

THE same care that has assured the perfection of fit in Mentor Comfort Union-Suits for men has been lavished with equally good results upon the union-suits for women, boys, girls, and small children.

When the right size is selected they fit without a wrinkle, giving absolute freedom and perfect comfort.

The women's suits are made in many models—high or low neck; long, short or elbow sleeves; tight knee, loose knee, or ankle-length.

The low-neck suits have the new *Kantulip* shoulder-strap that positively will not slip down.

We are making some of the children's suits with the Mentor closed crotch (Pat. Oct. 18, 1910)—a style which appeals at sight to all mothers.

MENTOR

to be thirsty from the wild plums which were a little green and puckery.

Henry said maybe the trouble was from swallowing a few skins of the wild plums in a hurry but he was hopeful everything would turn out all right. A boy is always hopeful for the best. Still we thought maybe it would have been better if we had not traded for the quart of plums.

The fishing was pretty good after we got to the creek and when we caught the first fish we began to forget inside of us

By four o'clock we had five or six pretty good size fish and Henry said why not stay out there and make a campfire and cook the fish in live coals like you do when you are camping in the woods

He said the outdoors air and the smell of the fish in the coals would probably give us another appetight.

The way you do is dig a hole and burn some wood until you get coals and then put the coals and some ashes in the hole and cover the fish with mud and put them in the hot coals and let them stay till they are done. Henry read about it in a book and said it made him hungry when he read it.

We did not have any trouble getting plenty of mud to cover the fish with and after we built the fire and put the fish in the coals with the mud covers on we laid down by the campfire and waited for our appetight to come up again.

We could hear a little sizzle in the coals once in a while but not much smell came out to make your mouth water as the book said when Henry read about it. The coals smoked a good deal which probably kept the smell of the fish down.

Every once in a while we would scrape some coals away and look at the mud getting baked hard and the fish inside of it and try to get excited about how good the fish would taste but neither one of us got excited very much.

We did not stir round a great deal by now because we felt more comfortable when we were lying down.

We let the fish stay in till the coals went out and then we scraped the mud off and put the fish on some clean grass and ate as much as we could.

It was pretty fair but not as good as the book said it would be.

After all it is hard to beat fish your mother or your aunt cooks in the frying pan at home.

We ate most of two apiece by taking lots of time and thinking about outdoors air and camp life and being hungry after tramping all day in the woods.

After we ate them we laid down again and tried to smoke a grapevine but the plums kept aching a little inside of us with the fish on top which did not seem to be a good combination.

By this time Henry seemed to be pretty pale and drops of sweat on his forehead and once in a while he would groan as if in pane. It was the plums again.

I could taste the fish a little raw in my mouth but I manneged to crawl over to Henry and he whispered he was going to die in a little while and would I see that his things were all given away to his friends.

It was a solemn moment there by the campfire with the fishbones round us and your best friend slowly ebbing away from you.

Henry said he was sorry to die so young but from the way that he felt there was no other way out of it.

I kept up pretty well for a while but pretty soon the fish was in sevear pane inside of me. So I laid down beside of Henry and was all ready to die together.

The stars came out after while but we did not seem to care.

All was still except for me and Henry.

After while we heard some hollering in the woods and it was our folks hunting for us. So they took us home and the doctor came and when we got better he laughed at us but it was no laughing matter. It was several hours before the plums and the fish settled down inside of us. He asked us what we ate that day and it did seem like a good deal when we counted it up but we did not think it was much when we ate it because it was gradual.

I was terrible swelled up while it lasted but I am gone down now I hope for good.

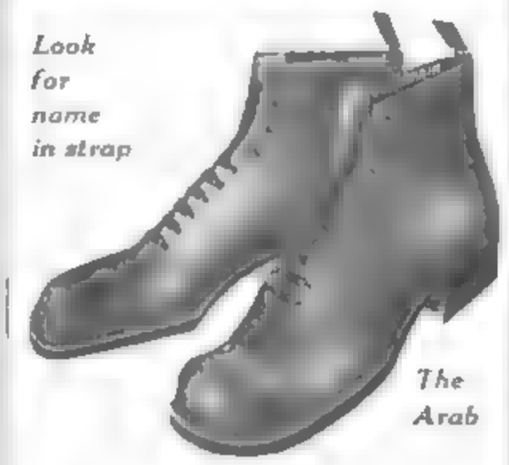
Write and let me know what you think and especially about my friend Henry Bemis, who is weaker than me.

Love to Uncle William.

Your affectionate nephew,
WILLIAM.

P. S. Named for Uncle William, you know.
—*J. W. Foley.*

Look for name in strap



The Arab

The Florsheim SHOE

More Men

learn true comfort each season by wearing The Florsheim "Natural Shape" Shoe.

Ask your shoeman for The Florsheim Shoe or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
571 Adams Street Chicago, U. S. A.

This RAVEL-BARRIER

In all ladies' thin gauze

NOTASEME Silk-Lisle Hosiery

A patented device consisting a chain of [illegible] stitches around the stocking at the [illegible] garter welt. A sharp garter or one too tightly pulled may break a stitch and start a ravel—unless the stockings have the Ravel Barrier. The strong features outlined below are found in the Notaseme Hosiery for Women as well as for Men. Twenty-five cents a pair. It

Wears Like "60"; Looks Like "50";

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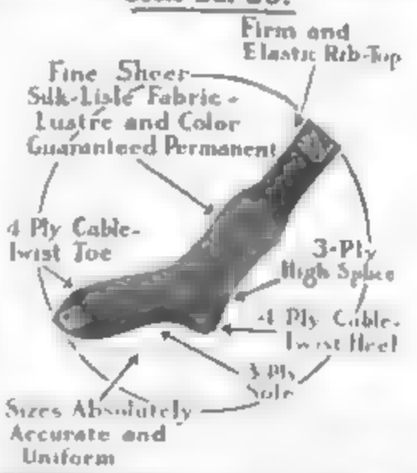
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Firm and Elastic Rib-Top
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Sizes Absolutely Accurate and Uniform

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High Grade Violins 30 Days' Free Trial

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AXLES & BEARINGS

Getting Maximum Power from Engine to Wheels

It isn't only the size or rated horse-power of your engine—
It's how *much* of that power gets to the *wheels*.

Right here is where good gears count—and count mighty strong.

Gears that are good enough to meet Timken ideals of efficiency can't be completely made by any gear-cutting machine—even the finest.

They have to be *ground* to perfect accuracy. This increases expense, but Timken does it because it makes for quietness and efficiency.

What's more—we couldn't find a gear-grinding machine or method in existence that would remove *all* the little inaccuracies left by even the finest cutters

So we invented a process—designed and built a special machine

Two other important facts—

Timken Gears are combined into a unit driving-plant assembled and tested before it is bolted to the axle-housing

And they are kept always in perfect mesh by Timken Tapered Roller Bearings, which are adjustable.

These things are all necessary—not one could be left out of the top value car. They mean getting the full mileage from every last drop of gasoline.

[illegible]

The Timken-Detroit Axle Co.
DETROIT, MICH.
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CANTON, OHIO

JUDGED and accepted on their merits by several thousand discriminating retail clothiers,

Michaels-Stern Clothes

are offered by them to you, as *the clothes* you should certainly wear, at from $15.00 to $30.00.

Their style, tailoring and selection of fabrics are the result of our forty years of clothes making experience.

This photograph shows how two Michaels-Stern suits look on others.

Any of the several thousand retail clothiers will be proud to show you how Michaels-Stern clothes look on you.

Write for Our Portfolio of Photogravures showing eight actual, human-interest photographs.

Michaels, Stern & Company

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothing

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE LAST THROW

Continued from Page 5)

passed far from the plate. The batter got four bad balls and the bases were full.

Taking again his place in the box, McGillvray raised his eyes to the plate to find Black Miller standing there.

McGillvray threw to first, as if to catch the man napping there, threw to third, as if to catch the runner napping there. But really he was trying to think and to delay. The din was terrifying.

Black Miller, the man standing there at the plate, bat in hand, was the league's most formidable batter. He was known to pitchers as the batter of all batters, who had no weak spot, who could hit equally hard ton hard—any kind of a ball, at any height, at any angle, at any speed. As he tried to think, McGillvray could remember only a story told about this man. A young pitcher, terrorized at first facing him, had asked the umpire in a beseeching whisper what he should throw. "Say a little prayer," the umpire had answered, "send one over, and fall on your face!"

The story hypnotized McGillvray now when he wanted most to think. "Say a little prayer, send one over—and fall on your face." By the very poise of Black Miller he knew that he had guessed his game, that he understood what he had been throwing, that it was suicide to continue.

"Say a little prayer, send one over, and fall on your face."

McGillvray did not say a little prayer, though every fiber of his being was a prayer. He did send one over, however his Old Sal to which at this crisis tenderly he paid this last compliment. And he did not fall on his face; but remained, instead, as the effort of his delivery had placed him, poised on both feet, leaning slightly forward, his left hand limp overhead where, to the body swing, loosely it had gone.

Black Miller recognized Old Sal, grinned and swung.

A screeching white streak left his bat. McGillvray's raised left hand went up another inch. It came across the white streak and immediately fell down his side, split and broken.

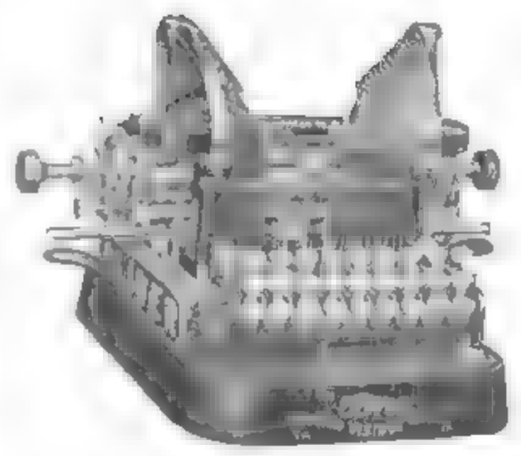
He knew only that it felt numb, as though it no longer belonged to him; he did not know it was broken; but to his immense astonishment he saw the ball lying there dead at his feet. He stooped, picked it up in his right hand and rose, facing between the first and second bases. He could hear the man who had been at third making for home, and he started his pivoting movement from right to left to throw there. But his left foot, caught in a hole pawed by the pitchers, would not turn. He felt at the small of his back a premonitory wrench. To stop that wrenching all he had to do was to stop turning. But to throw home he must turn—and the men carrying the winning runs and the pennant were speeding for home. McGillvray did not stop turning. Rather he accelerated the movement. He reached the right position at last—over his left shoulder he could see the catcher crouching over the plate and with a snapping flourish of the rotative motion he threw the ball.

His left foot had remained firm, wedged where it was. Something else had given way. McGillvray saw the ball in the catcher's mitt, amply ahead of the runner now sliding on his stomach, then saw it flash to first base just in time to nip out Black Miller there. Then he was standing in the center of the diamond before all eyes, in a queer posture, his back cuirassed in dull hurt, able neither to straighten nor to bend, his head cold with an agonizing fear that the slightest movement might start again through his vitals the arrow of barbed red pain. The movement came, though, and softly he dropped down—a muffled hole of unconsciousness mercifully opened beneath him.

. . . . . .

We went to see him, O'Toole and I, that night at the hospital. His hand was in a sling and his back in a plaster cast. The physician said that it was a bad strain of the back—a muscle torn from the spine maybe. He would get well in time, but of course could hardly expect to pitch again.

He was lying there in his bed stolidly, his face a little gray, and he chewed his tobacco in a way I recognized immediately as changed—as though it were the cud of reminiscences far behind and not unpleasant. Larry O'Toole planted himself by the bed, stout legs apart, and eyed McGillvray



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Oliver Typewriters

Only Eleven $5 Payments

If Bought From This "Ad." Sent for Trial Without Any Advance Payment

The Famous Genuine No. 3 Oliver, complete with every perfection, every device that ever went out with this model. Our selling method makes the offer possible; otherwise we would have to charge much more.

We have undertaken to buy in order to get the minimum price 1000 Oliver typewriters (Model No. 3) per month. These No. 3 Olivers are guaranteed to be the equal in quality of any typewriter, regardless of price. Each is protected by the standard guarantee against defect of material or workmanship.

Features

VISIBLE WRITING—Every letter is in plain sight as soon as printed, a necessity to those who compose as they typewrite.

UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD—All $100 standard typewriters have adopted the universal keyboard, you would waste your time learning any other.

CAPACITY—You will never be held back in your work if you own an Oliver. Unlimited speed The [illegible] described on paper. You will [illegible] you use. The beautiful work of this [illegible] writer will give your letters distinction [illegible] careful [illegible] of a letter is [illegible] by its appearance [illegible] writing

WILL WRITE ON RULED LINES—[illegible] double without pen or pencil. Has many [illegible] and on other makes. Cuts a perfect stencil for mimeograph work

WILL LAST A LIFETIME—Because the Oliver is built on the correct mechanical [illegible] It is made of better than necessary material so simple anyone can easily master its construction and [illegible] attention. There is [illegible] for this sturdy machine and above

EASY TO RUN—[illegible] of the type bar and the perfect [illegible] wide bearing [illegible] is a pleasure to strike the keys

[illegible]—a typewriter anyone may be proud to own

THE PROVEN TYPEWRITER—You cannot make a mistake in getting a typewriter of [illegible] thousands of merchants and professional men all over the world endorse the Oliver.

EASY TO OWN—On our plan you pay just $1 more a month than machines of this quality earn as rentals. $5 a month is only 17 cents a day. You practically rent the machine for ten months and then it is yours and you save practically one-half and you use the machine while paying for it. It will earn its own way.

GIVE THIS TYPEWRITER A CHANCE TO SELL ITSELF—You can have it on trial without obligation—no salesman or agent will call on you—you will [illegible] got to sell itself or there is no [illegible] is our method of doing business and we urge you to let us send the machine for trial and examination

If you do not find it to be a satisfactory typewriter if you do not find that it meets your every requirement, that it is not perfect in every detail and the best typewriter you ever saw, you are not obliged to keep it and we pay the transportation charges back

With each machine is a complete outfit, manual cover ribbon, tools and a big instruction book [illegible] paper, carbon paper—everything you need

Do not send any money, just send the coupon.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
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Trial Order Coupon

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GENTLEMEN

[illegible]

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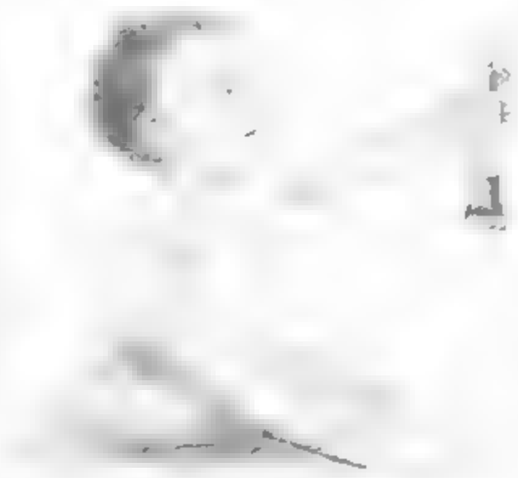
References [illegible]

Hurt Him? No! Do Him Good!



THERE are a lot of things you have to be careful to keep out of Baby's curious little hands. But "Vaseline" is not one of them.

"Vaseline" is so pure and harmless that even if baby should eat a little of it, it would merely "limber up" his throat. And the "Vaseline" he smeared over himself would be the best thing possible for his skin. Just ask the doctor who brought him into the world.

Vaseline

Use "Vaseline"—plenty of it—for the skin.

Often the skin needs something to soothe chance chafings and abrasions, or the cuts and scratches that youngsters accumulate somehow in spite of all mother's watchful care. "Vaseline" soothes and smooths everything it touches.

A little tube of plain or Perfumed White Vaseline gives more comfort—more skin beauty—for a few cents than anything you can think of. Just try it once on your face or hands and see how it softens and freshens the skin.

You will be interested in our "Vaseline" booklet. It is full of useful information and practical household hints. Write for your copy today.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.
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15 State Street, New York
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along the sides of his [illegible] and McGillvray broke into his rare, soft [illegible]

"Well, that's done," he said. "Dear I am It the has-been: and it ain't so bad now I've owned up."

O'Toole's face flashed in instant intelligence. "You bet," he said. "Once you've owned up it ain't bad. It was the same with me when I threw my knee out. For two years I'd been a-[illegible] talking to myself, saying 'Oh, see how fast I can run now, can't I?' and every one I a-beat a real [illegible] beating me out to first. And when I threw my knee out and it was all off for good, I was glad. 'Tain't being a has-been that's hard; it's fighting against it."

"Bet you," said McGillvray.

"You knew it all the time," he began again after a time. "Didn't you? And [illegible]

"For old times' sake," murmured Larry.

"Two years you've kept me. And two years' salary means a lot of schooling for Pee-Wee."

"I've got news for you," said Larry. "Speaking of school, first there's the World Championship receipts that come to us, seeing we've got the pennant cinched. An hour ago the boys decided that you'd have two shares out of that. Then there's that club in the New England league that's looking for a new manager. You're slated for the job. A tight little club in a tight little league—and I can let you have Ryan and Murray for next year."

McGillvray did not say anything; but his face looked so smooth you would have thought he was stretching. Only he couldn't stretch, being in a plaster cast.

But from the darkness at the window came a piping voice in keen concern: "But, Jim," cried Pee-Wee, who had been looking out into the night while the big men talked—"But, Jim, if you're manager won't you play? Won't you play at all?"

McGillvray winked to Larry. "Sure, I'll play in right field sometimes, when the right fielder is catching and we're short. I've always wanted to catch then."

"But won't you pitch, Jim? Won't you pitch?"

"Why, yes, Pee-Wee Big-Mitt. Sometimes, in the ninth inning, when the sun is setting, and we're all safe with everything tucked away, I'll get out there in that old box and unlimber them my Old Sul——"

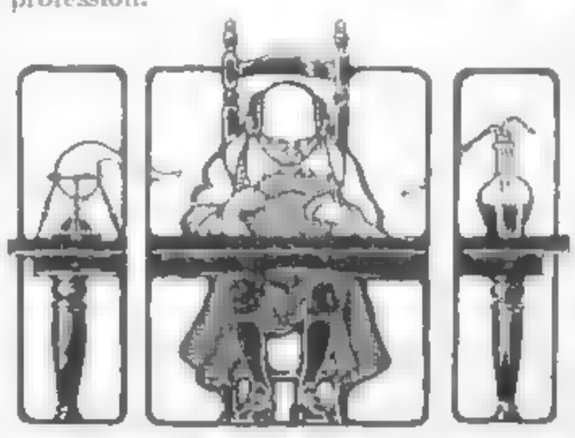
"You'll slaughter them," said O'Toole.

"You bet!" said Pee-Wee, reconciled.

Paying the Doctor

THE tremendous shindy between the British government and the British Medical Association over what compensation doctors should receive for furnishing the free medical attendance promised by the National Insurance Act has led to an examination of the books of some two hundred typical doctors in five typical cities. The examination was made by the Institute of Chartered Accountants, and its chairman reports that the professional income of the physicians, after deducting bad debts, amounted to four shillings and twopence a head of the population. Allowing for difference in cost of living in Great Britain and the United States, this would be equivalent to about a dollar and a half a head here. Perhaps professional fees are somewhat higher with us. On the other hand, the good-natured habit of neglecting to pay the doctor's bill may be somewhat more prevalent, and it may be doubted whether our physicians average more than two dollars a head of the population in actual cash.

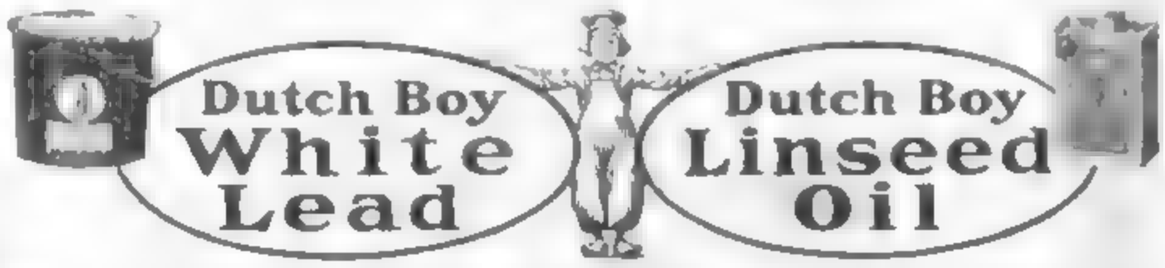
Medical opposition to the insurance act seems especially shortsighted. Whatever tends to make the physician a public servant can hardly help tend to elevate the profession.



The Way Paint Dries is Important

You know how kerosene and similar oils dry when spread out in a film; they just evaporate. Some oils, on the other hand, scarcely dry at all; they stay soft and gummy. A good paint oil must dry hard and yet make an elastic film. Linseed oil is the only oil, so far known, which is satisfactory in all respects for general outside and inside painting use.

But it must be pure. And right there is the big reason why we decided to put up linseed oil in sealed one and five-gallon cans—put it up absolutely pure, just as it is pressed from the flaxseed. We guarantee its purity with our "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark, just as we do the purity of our white lead. When you buy or specify



and have them mixed to suit the conditions of your buildings at the time of painting, you have done all that anyone can do to ensure a satisfactory job. Nothing else quite equals "Dutch Boy Painter" *made-to-order* paint.

The season most favorable to painting is late Summer or early Fall. The paint anchors a little better in the wood then, and dries a little more thoroughly—two items that count big for protection against rough weather.

Now is the logical time to paint indoors also. White-lead your walls and put on one of our artistic stencils, here and there. That's the way the most elegant homes are finished. It will make yours dignified, durable, beautiful and sanitary.

Ask for "Painting Helps" 134

which will give you some convincing facts and information. These "Helps" include our stencil book with a hundred choice designs for high class decoration, from which you may order at half the art store prices.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

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It Costs Less -
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Of Any Dealer

This mouth refreshing, teeth preserving dainty is welcomed everywhere. While *you* are enjoying this delicious breath purifying mint leaf juice—don't forget that others like it too. So buy it—take it—send it—give it—by the box. It *costs* less and it's *there* when it's *wanted.*

or the spear — The flavor lasts

Acme Quality Paint-time
Is Here Once More

Just look around the house a little. You're sure to find places that need to be freshened up for the winter—wainscoting, floors, shelves, pipes, furniture. You can make them look like new. The outside of your house will soon be pelted by rain and sleet. Is it in condition to withstand the damage they can do? Acme Quality Paint is "the stitch in time"—"the ounce of prevention." It will add years of life to your property.

ACME QUALITY
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are all noted for their lasting properties. Their surface-covering capacity is remarkable. The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book tells all about Acme Quality Paints and Finishes—what to use for any desired style of finish, how much required for any surface, and how it should be applied.

Send for this Free Painting Guide Book Now

It is handsomely printed. Contains many colored illustrations. The actual specimens of Acme Quality colors, on the last page, show how beautiful and how brilliant they are. They will convince you that Acme Quality Paints are the kind you should use.

First-class dealers, everywhere, sell Acme Quality Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes. If yours cannot supply you, write to

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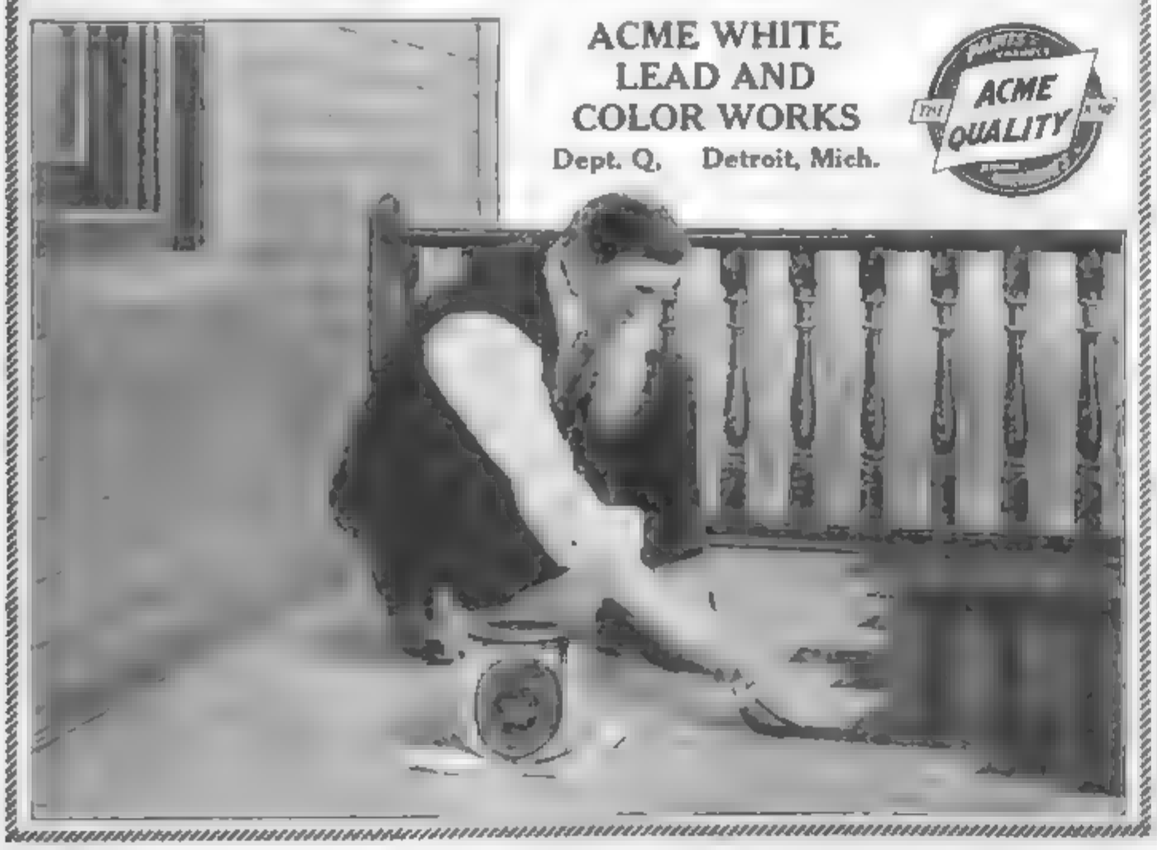

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Airship
Its Peculiarities and Possibilities

WHAT are some of the known percentages of risk in flying? This has been figured out and tabulated by good business men. The causes of accidents have been analyzed and estimated. According to French tables that have been compiled, casualties have been classified in percentage as follows:

Natural unfit
Weak or fau
Lack of proper tra
Atmospheric myster
Incorrect designing of machines
Personal recklessn

It is to be seen that, of these causes, some are not constants. In time there will be no need to employ a machine of incorrect design; nor need there be fad construction in flying machines. All aviators continually curse their builders; and that is what they really fear—weak construction—because that is what results in the largest list of casualties.

Lack of training, also, is something that certainly can be cut down almost to zero. So can personal unfitness for flying. There are some aviators who hate the thought of stepping into their aeroplanes—many of the best ones, with whose names we are all familiar. These men should not be in the game when they feel that way; and still less do those belong in it who do not take to machinery and to high elevations naturally. Again, personal recklessness can be cut down to a much smaller percentage—and it ought to be.

Look over your shrinking list of the inconstant causes and you will find that unknown atmospheric conditions are as nearly irreducible as any other cause; and even this we are apt to cut down as we grow more skilled in the game.

The French figure of fatalities is six per cent for personal recklessness. The American figure is about fifteen per cent. Many an aviator has been killed by the jeers of the crowd or by the hint of his associates that he had "cold feet." American false pride is larger than it ought to be, and so is the American tendency to grandstand work and thrill-making. You did not see Wilbur Wright take any foolish chances when he was in Europe. You did not see Curtiss taking any too many when he was booked at ten thousand dollars a week. He would take a "hop" a day and not a flight a day when he figured it was bad aloft; and he let the crowds call him robber all they liked.

In the Debit Column

The crowd that pays fifty cents a head does not stop to think that it is paying but fifty cents a head against a man's life. Many an aviator, stung by jeers, has let go of his self-control and started up when he knew he ought not to—and has fallen to his death. Frisbie, Dixon and others have died in precisely that way. Johnstone died in emulating another's feats of daring. The crowd demands a thrill and some fliers are foolish enough to yield to that demand. Now the sober thought of aviation promoters is against thrill-makers, loop-the-loop artists and boy wonders; and it is known that these are most injurious to the sport. Especially are they hurting the sport in America. France, which we figure to be a grandstand country, is more conservative than we are. Aviation is the national sport in France, as baseball is with us—and is taken seriously. The great aviators in France are heroes, as our baseball men are heroes here. The great purses for aviation in France are made up of small contributions, partly by peasants who put in a franc apiece. The people understand the aviation game thoroughly. They like sound work and not foolish work. In this attitude we ought to join France.

Aviation has been taken up in our country by a number of quick youngsters who have found out in some way that they can work a flying machine. Sometimes these sober down. Take the band of original Wright fliers: Hoxsey and Johnstone were killed some time ago. Welsh, an army [illegible], was killed just a few days before this writing. La Chappelle withdrew from the game. Brookins is now cutting out much of the trick stuff. The tendency among those remaining is now apparently toward conservatism. You will recall that both of the Wrights withdrew from active flying.

We can still further analyze the list of casualties in aviation and assign the percentage of loss to the proper causes. There have been, in all, about one thousand licensed pilots or aviators—men agreed upon by experts as fit to fly and authorized to do so. Of those, sixty have retired. At this time—June of 1912—one hundred and forty have been killed in the last three years; and of those one hundred and forty tragedies one-half were unlicensed fliers or beginners. We could say that seventy men out of nine hundred have been killed, as it were, illegitimately, in the three years—subject always to our foregoing table of what we may call remediable percentages.

There have been eight passengers killed, but there have been twenty-three thousand passengers carried. Carrying passengers is now a part of the revenue of professional aviators. For instance, "Max" Lillie regularly charges five hundred dollars for a trip between Chicago and St. Louis, one way. Over eight million miles have been traveled by passengers in airships; and eight men have been killed. Perhaps we cannot yet afford to compare this with railway or automobile figures, but none the less it is or soon may be comparable.

Fads and Fancies

If these figures are correct—and cover only three years—it is fair to suppose that the percentage of safety would increase rather than decrease in the future. Of course it is to be remembered that the tables do not cover the thousands of unrecorded accidents which do not get into the newspapers. As an offset to this, it is to be remembered that the construction of the airship itself makes for safety in any minor accident. The breaking down of the landing apparatus—the struts, frame and trusses—acts as a sort of cushion to the aviator himself; and, unless some heavy part of the machine falls on him, he has a better chance in his machine than if he were to fall the same distance free of his machine.

The study of aviators, as well as of aviation, is of great interest, for now we come to the personal equation—the human-interest part. There may be said to be two types of fliers—the fatalists and the cold-blooded practitioners; yet almost all the men of this strange brotherhood have certain oddities or superstitions. A great many fliers will never take a look at the machine when they go into it, never test a motor or a truss or a wire, or see if the steering gear is correct. They seem to think it would weaken their nerve to bring into question the dependability of the machine itself. One aviator is said to be one of those who never look at any part of the aeroplane when he steps into it to go up—and once he went up with the steering wires crossed! Some of this may be confidence and some fatalism or superstition, or personal equation—call it what you like. The army regulations require aviators to wear a heavy helmet. One professional of the writer's acquaintance never will wear a helmet. He says it feels heavy on his head; and his thought is that, if he fell in it it would break his neck. So he just concludes not to fall!

The average aviator, strange as it may seem, does not feel that he is taking any risk at all when he goes up. It does not weigh on his soul as we think it does. He says that his work is less dangerous than motoring on earth at sixty miles an hour.

"Why," said a successful young aviator to the writer, "I was up one afternoon when the sun broke through a cloud and flooded the wings of my plane with a golden light. I was sailing straight into it. I give you my word I forgot all about where I was! It was so glorious that I laughed almost out loud to think that the people

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down below were paying me nine hundred dollars a day to enjoy myself as I was! Actually—and no bluffing—for a time I forgot where I was!

"I suppose part of this feeling of safety," he went on—"and a great many passengers who go up for thrills never find any thrill about it—is due to the fact that you lose perspective up in the air. A tall building will make you dizzy if you look down it. I have seen aviators on a high hotel porch keep back six inches from the edge, and laugh when they caught other aviators there doing the same thing; but you do not feel dizzy when you get up high in the air—you have nothing to measure by.

"At a thousand feet up in the air you feel as though you were anchored—but in a high wind. You do not realize the difference between landspeed and airspeed because you do not see things go by close to you. You learn a great many wholly new values. I know my own speed by the pull on the levers of the plane, or sometimes by the way the collar of my coat or a scarf will flutter, or by the way the wind blows in my face. When the wind stops, look out!—for you always want speed. You must have at least thirty miles an hour—that means some engine power. Now if you start down on a glide you must feel that same pull on your levers, the same pull on your neck-scarf, the same wind on your face. If you do not you want to alter your course until you do.

"I don't think there is much mental strain," said this same aviator, "unless there is a bad wind, or unless you are up among a lot of other ships, or unless you have a bad or small field to come down in. Those are the things that make you guess. Of course the main dangers of flying lie in the fact of the invisibility of the dangers themselves. When you are driving an automobile you see the obstacles ahead, but you cannot see what is ahead of you in the air. The air acts like the waves of the sea, moving in long rolls or billows and sometimes in short, choppy waves. If you drop down in one wave you must not lose your head and set her up too strong—for if you do you will fall over backward."

Flights of Fancy

"The main thing is to learn the rules of flying and to stick to those rules. There are some rules you can violate sometimes, but the best way is not to violate any. I have seen a flier take a heavy bank with his body leaning in precisely the wrong direction—take some bad chances and yet get away with it; but it was not the game. On a bank of over forty-five degrees the rudder gradually becomes the elevator, and at ninety degrees the rudder is the elevator and the elevator is the rudder. In those times of hurried changes of the levers' relations in making a turn you must not get rattled; but the best way is not to attempt those extreme banks. You must keep yourself under control—must remember the rules and not give up to any sudden feeling of anxiety or fright. If you go to great extremes you may destroy your balance and go over. You want to give her just enough lift to take the next roll or billow without making the angle too sharp. And you must remember the weight of your machine and the enormous strain on its construction in all extreme alterations in course or elevation.

"Teaching yourself to fly is simply taking a gamble with death. Some have done it and perhaps others will continue to do it; but it is wrong. You ought to study under a master. You have to learn seven different movements of the controls and you have to keep all these clear in your mind—and have to make each under speed. You cannot stop, and your lowest speed is thirty miles an hour; but when once you learn I think the margin of safety is about as wide as it is in automobiling.

"You should never get stampeded by the crowd or by your own vanity or your own false pride. As I look at it, your reason is what should be in complete control all the time. I have heard a good many fliers say they could not see why the people made such a fuss over flying—it does not seem to them to be dangerous; but none of us likes to see the ghastly relic hunters who come round when there has been a fatal accident and carry off a glove or bits of the broken machine! This ought to be stopped.

"I think when we take flying seriously and conservatively it will get safer and safer. For instance, we are actually mapping out lines of travel between most of

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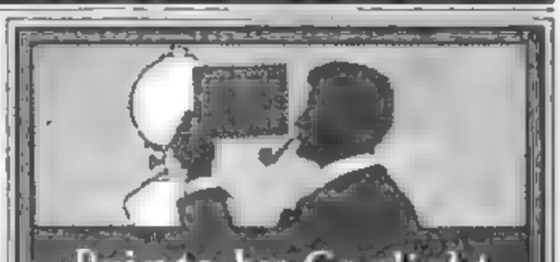

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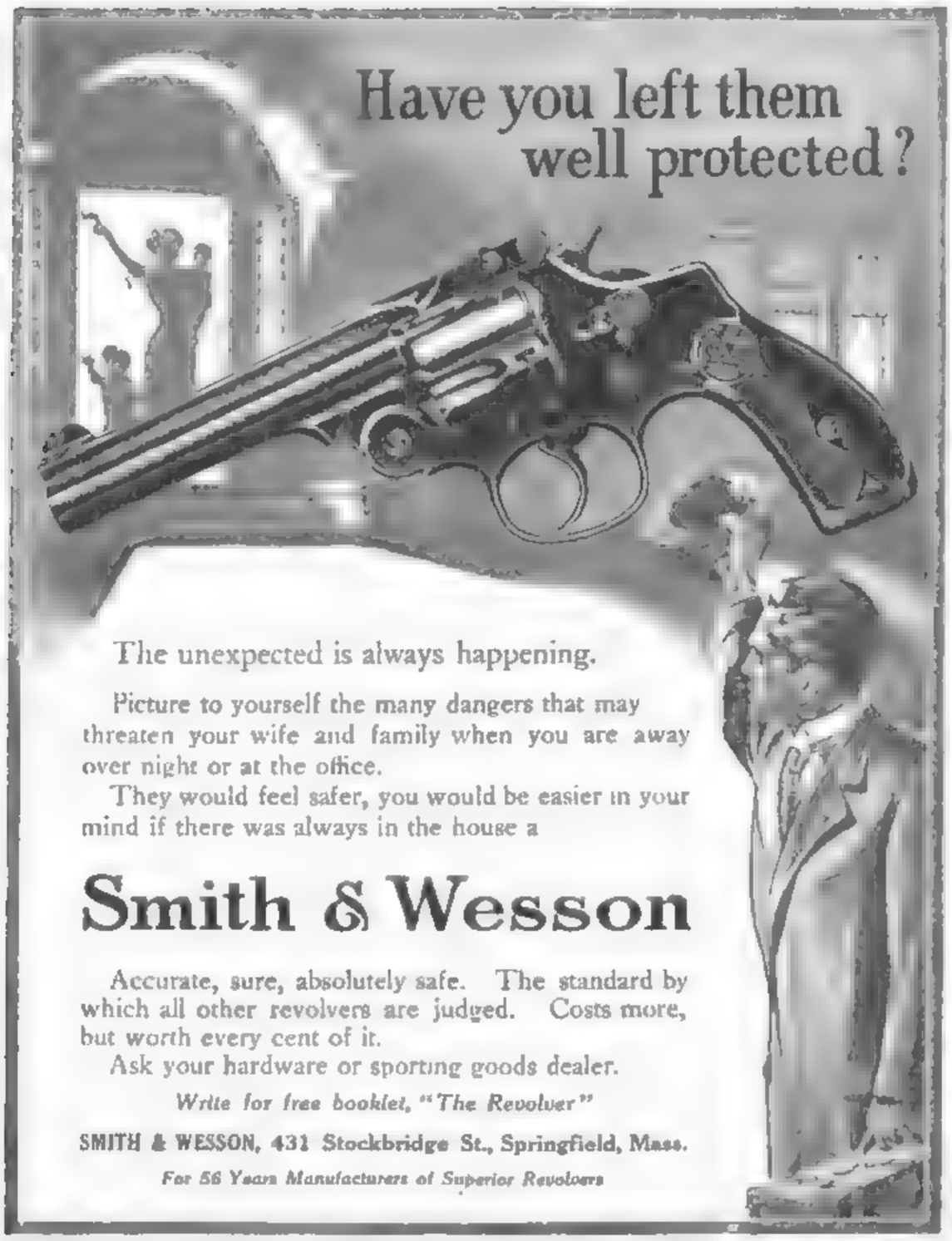

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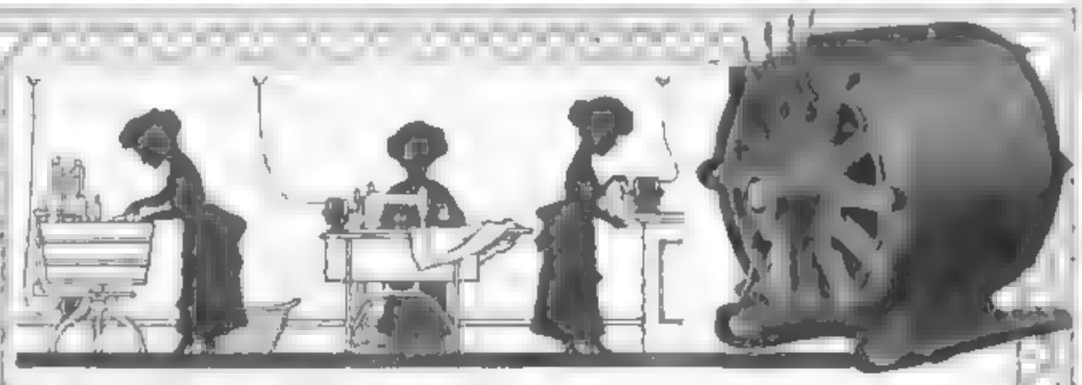

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the large cities. The route between St. Louis and Chicago is very well known. When several aviators get together at a meet they always tell each other about the surrounding country, and map it out little by little—as they make their trips. That is what they think of—a good place to land; and the man who does not figure on that is coming to grief.

"There are some funny things about the look of the country below them and what it signifies. For instance, I figure out that yellow country usually means rising air currents. Dark country, perhaps forests or marshes—I do not know what; it just looks dark—usually means a downward current of air. I don't pretend to explain these things.

"It is the intention of the great circuits to map out the country for reasons of greater safety in flying. I believe the table of percentage of accident will be reduced very largely. Many of the faults are remediable. Especially the construction part ought to be remediable, and in many cases it should now be remedied. Construction ought to be within human foresight and plan—and it will be sometime.

"The sensations experienced by the aviator in the air are not what people believe them to be. As I have told you, a flier rarely feels any apprehension at all—perhaps because his old ship always has come down safely with him; perhaps because he has not anything by which to measure up former land sensations. Most of the aviators are young twenty-five years or under thirty; and it is a young man's game today, though a good many middle-aged men practice it. I suppose a young man is more optimistic believes more in his luck. He has not been jolted by business reverses that sometimes happen in later years, and so he has not had any idea of caution or pessimism ground into him as yet. I am still young—twenty-six. In my own case I feel safe up there in a good machine. On the other hand, I do not feel safe in an automobile going sixty miles an hour. It does not look right to me at all."

There seems to be a great deal in the point of view on almost any question. Few of us are in position to tell how accurate is this young aviator's point of view beyond its general acceptance among other aviators. There does seem to be in the profession, however, a sort of surprise at the popular impressions regarding it. The most impressive figure in aviation is the aviator who does not think of the hero business at all—or of the grandstand business, or thrill-making, or false ideas of courage. Perhaps the growing tendency of the time, and the most desirable feature of the sport, is the increasing steadiness of thought, the increasing conservatism. It is this mental attitude, with a more scientific reliance on rules and averages—a more thorough and painstaking training on the part of the aviator—which gives us the greatest hope that the future history of aviation may, in some less degree, resemble the past history of automobiling, and be marred and saddened by tragedy even less. Grandpap did not have any flying machine; but perhaps his grandson one day will be obliged to own one—if he is to consider his sporting kit complete.

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A MERE MATTER OF FIGURES

(Continued from Page 17)

such a campaign. This year there may be enough indecision on the part of the voters to make the result indeterminate—may be, I said. The probabilities favor Wilson, but even if Wilson is elected that means nothing but the temporary postponement of the inevitable readjustment of the politics of this country along radical and conservative lines.

Missouri, Oklahoma, Arizona, New Mexico, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan—all have local situations that complicate the national situation, though, in a broad sense, the national situation in each one of these states is identical with the national situation elsewhere. The probabilities are that Wilson will carry the Southwest, Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico. He certainly will, if the Vermont percentages hold good, though Roosevelt has many friends in that country.

Missouri has nominated a complete third-party ticket, but Missouri Progressives find themselves without the support of Governor Hadley, who shone so brilliantly as a Progressive at the Taft convention in Chicago. If Hadley had jumped to the Roosevelt or third-party ticket Roosevelt would be able to give Wilson a much harder fight in Missouri. Taft's strength in Missouri is largely in the cities, though he isn't so overwhelmingly strong in Kansas City at that, where William R. Nelson and his powerful papers, the Star and the Times, are supporting Roosevelt. St. Louis is strong for Taft and will give him a heavy vote.

Roosevelt will get a good many votes in the counties—a good many. This will leave things in excellent shape for Wilson, who ought to carry that state by from thirty thousand to fifty thousand majority if things continue there as favorable for him as they are now.

The Gentlemen From Indiana

The Progressives in Indiana are led by former Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who is their candidate for governor. Beveridge is making an active campaign in the state and has an efficient organization. The old Keating-Hemenway machine has but one ambition and one motive in this campaign—that is, to defeat Beveridge. The national fight has lost significance to these men, so far as Indiana is concerned. Their whole campaign is predicated on the proposition that Beveridge must be destroyed. However, Beveridge has lost neither his organization nor his friends. They are just as determined that he shall be elected if it is in the cards. Beveridge made, as chairman of the convention of the Progressive party at Chicago, one of the really great political speeches of the past ten years—even his enemies admit that. It was a tremendous oration and showed a wide comprehension of the present-day conditions and a deep understanding of the underlying political motives. He is speaking continually in the state and his political managers and supporters profess to be much encouraged over the situation.

However, Indiana is the home of the Democratic nominee for vice-president, Governor Marshall, and Indiana not only has an Old Guard Republican remnant that is implacable, but it also has some three hundred thousand dependable Democrats who vote the ticket no matter what befalls. Thus, though Roosevelt and Beveridge are certain to get many votes in Indiana, Wilson's chances for carrying the state seem best at present, for the total vote will probably be about seven hundred and fifty thousand. With Wilson's three hundred thousand or three hundred and fifty thousand out, four hundred thousand or four hundred and fifty thousand votes are left to be divided between Taft and Roosevelt.

Ohio presents the same conditions as Indiana, but the other way round. Ohio is President Taft's home state. Notwithstanding, the Roosevelt men have nominated a complete state ticket, and the Taft men have demanded and secured of all men named by them a complete cutting loose from the third party. There will be a straight-out, clean-cut fight between the Taft men and the Roosevelt men all down the line. Ohio will cast, or should cast, approximately twelve hundred thousand votes this year. Chairman Finley, of the

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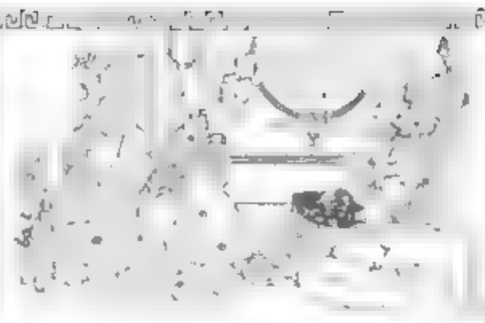
FOR THE SKIN
SCALP AND Complexion



Yours—
A Quarter-Pound Box

of Nobility Chocolates—the final triumph in the blending of fruits and flavors with the choicest of chocolate.

Nobility Chocolates

are all that their name implies—supreme in quality and flavor, first in rank among the better sweets. Made of the choicest ingredients and wrapped in a manner befitting their high quality, they realize confectionery at its best.

In 1-lb., 2-lb. and 5-lb. packages
Nobility Chocolates—$1 a lb.

"Satisfaction Box" FREE

Simply send us the postage (10 cents), your name and address and the name of your dealer and you will receive a quarter pound box of Nobility Chocolates by return mail. Address

LOOSE-WILES COMPANY
200 Washington St. North Boston, Mass.

New Style Book of Dutch Furniture

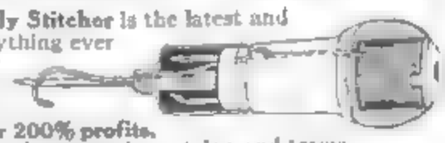
The most complete A[illegible] Book ever issued, [illegible] interesting story about how, why and [illegible] this charming furniture is [illegible] tiful colored interi[illegible] pictures of [illegible] Dutch Craftsmen, who im[illegible] touch and individuality to every piece, which bears our branded Trade Mark.

We will send you the address of our A[illegible] Distributor nearest you. Call on him and [illegible] to see Limbert's Arts & Crafts Furniture.

Charles P. Limbert Company
Grand Rapids, Mich. Dept. 5 Holland, Mich.

FOR SEWING LEATHER

The Speedy Stitcher is the latest and best of anything ever offered for $1.00



Agents make over 200% profits.
Send at once for catalog and terms.
Automatic Awl Co., 77 Gardner Terrace, Worcester, Mass.

[illegible] Democratic dissatisfaction, and that Wilson will hold the normal half-million Democrats in the state and gain a large number of old-line Republican votes, sufficient to offset whatever reduction in that vote there may be by reason of Democrats going to Taft or to Roosevelt. If Wilson can hold the half-million he will carry the state, for there seems to be no chance that Mr. Taft can carry Ohio and it is undoubtedly true that Roosevelt will get a large vote. The whole effort of the Taft managers has been to get a division between the third party and the Taft party, to get a clean-cut understanding and to designate the third-party people as such, so that after the row is over there may be no misunderstanding as to which is which.

The Progressives are making strenuous efforts to get enough votes to give them control of the election machinery. Neither the Taft men nor the Roosevelt men, when speaking candidly, expect to carry the state, and both expect Wilson to carry it. Still, both Taft men and Roosevelt men want control of party machinery and election machinery for future contingencies; and Harry Daugherty on the Republican or Taft side, and Walter Brown on the Roosevelt side, both very practical and skillful politicians, are looking out for that end of it. There are more Progressives in Cleveland than in Cincinnati, and some of the counties are strongly Progressive and some are standing pat for Taft. The result is likely to be that Wilson will carry the state, that Representative James M. Cox, Democrat, will be elected governor and that the congressional delegation will be practically all Democratic. There is little hope that Mr. Taft can carry the state, even among his strongest supporters, at the time this is written. Things may brighten for him, but unless there is a great Democratic shift to him he will not get the Ohio electoral vote, and there is no Democratic disaffection in sight—that is, no shift that will not be offset by the Republicans who will vote for Wilson.

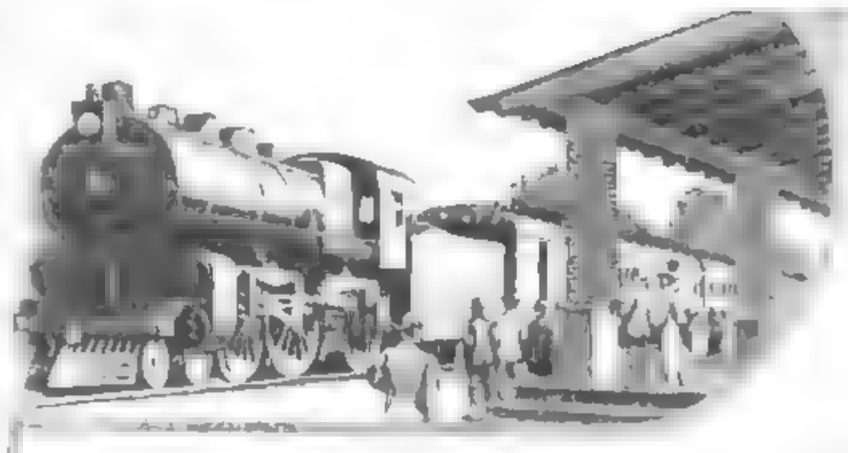
Novelties In Ohio

It must not be forgotten, in considering what Ohio is likely to do, that the state is a radical one in a way; for, at the recent election to ratify the constitutional amendments proposed by the constitutional convention held last winter and spring, the state adopted by a popular vote the initiative and the referendum, home rule for cities, various labor-law amendments and provisions for workers, tax amendments and other novelties in Ohio laws—taking about everything that was offered but woman's suffrage, which was defeated. This is another argument in favor of the Democrats in Ohio standing solidly—or almost so—behind Mr. Wilson; for this constitutional convention was a Democratic convention, its officials were Democrats and its work was based on the Ohio conception of what progressive democracy really means.

Michigan has been one of the most reliable of the Republican states. Only once since 1872 has it committed the indiscretion of going Democratic on the state or national ticket, and that was in 1890, when the Democrats elected a governor by some eleven thousand votes. Though it is true the Republican pluralities in Michigan have ranged from three thousand on a state ticket to more than two hundred thousand, the usual Republican plurality has been fairly large. In 1908 Mr. Taft had a plurality of one hundred and fifty-nine thousand.

There is a good, healthy Progressive sentiment among the Michigan people, but not so much of it in a general state sense as elsewhere, though it is marked in certain localities. The recent primaries are not to be taken as indicating the proportion of Progressives and standpat Republicans in this formerly strong Republican state. Still, of the three candidates for the presidency, Mr. Taft has at this time the best chance for getting Michigan's vote.

Thus, from the Pacific Coast east to the Pennsylvania line, these conclusions seem impartial in mid-September, as they certainly are meant to be impartial: Theodore Roosevelt will get a large vote, a larger vote than circumstances indicated a month ago; Mr. Wilson holds the advantage, because of the division on the old Republican vote and the determination of many old-line Republicans to vote for him for the purpose of defeating Roosevelt; and Mr. Taft has a hopeless fight in most of this territory.



No need to miss your coffee for fear of missing your train.

MADE IN A SECOND—Just pure coffee *refined* like sugar—use it as you do sugar—½ to ¾ teaspoonful in a cup—pour on boiling water—add sugar and cream to suit. The flavor is *always* perfect—*you* control the strength.

G. Washington's INSTANT Coffee

MADE IN THE CUP AT THE TABLE

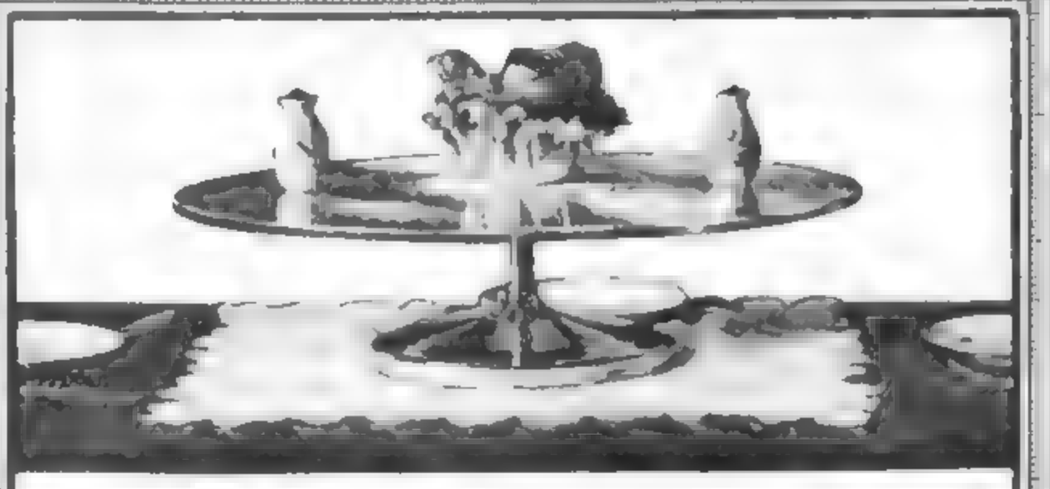
30c At grocers in 2 sizes 85c

Except in extreme West and South

If your grocer hasn't it, send us his name and 30c and receive a full size tin.

[illegible] prepare 24 [illegible] Desserts and Delicacies [illegible] free upon request

G. WASHINGTON COFFEE SALES CO.
79 Wall St., New York



We will send you a Servette

The New Table Servant
With French Plate Glass Top. On *Ten Days' Free Trial*

Tampa, Fla.
Gentlemen:—"SERVETTE" [illegible]
E. Cunningham.

N. J. Fed. Women's Clubs.
Dear Sirs—The SERVETTE [illegible]
hear that we are delighted with the SERVETTE. Marion H. Nott.

Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
[illegible]—We are just delighted [illegible] SERVETTE and everybody who sees it admires it and says [illegible] is the best and most useful article which possibly can be imagined for the dining room. It is indeed ornamental and really a necessity. T. Tevan.

You will be just as enthusiastic as any of the happy people who have discovered the many marvelous advantages of the new "overnady" table servant.

Made to pass everything used on the table. Does away with the waitress problem, as it is always present and ready to work. Can also be used on the porch at afternoon teas, receptions, and on the side table at cards. Heavy, 5-16 in transparent French plate glass top, heavy nickel plated base and post Cannot upset and is easily taken from the table. Makes a different, attractive and useful wedding, Christmas, Anniversary or Birthday present

Made in the following sizes, 18 in., 20 in., 22 in., 24 in., 26 in. diameter

The regular price of Servette is $15.00. To all using the attached [illegible] we will ship Servette prepaid on ten days' free trial for $10.00 [illegible] Offer is limited

Guarantee—Try it ten days [illegible] if not satisfied return at our expense and we will refund your [illegible]

McGRAW MFG. CO., Spruce and North Sts., McGraw, N. Y.

Endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute Serial No. 469

Coupon

McGRAW MFG. CO.
Spruce and North Sts.
McGraw, N. Y.

Enclosed find $10.00 for which send [illegible] Regular $15.00 Plate Glass Servette [illegible] ten days' free trial in accordance with your guarantee.

[illegible] size of my dining table is [illegible]

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Detroit ELECTRIC How the Problem was Solved

NINETY per cent of automobiles are driven in congested city districts. For that reason, automobiles should be so constructed that the driver has a clear view at the rear and both sides, as well as of the road ahead. None so far has met this requirement, whether they be enclosed or of the open type with tops.

The Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham for 1913, meets this requirement and establishes a new and higher standard in body building. The car is not too heavy or too large and is so arranged that the driver's seat is both comfortable and convenient, whether the car is occupied by one or more people.

Stringent laws have already been enacted in many of the larger cities, prohibiting anyone from sitting in front of the driver, as in the face-to-face type of brougham. This is probably only the beginning of more extensive legislation which will demand that all enclosed cars, or open cars with tops, should be so designed that the driver may have a clear view in all directions.

Public Ready for New Type of Car

WE realized that the electric car of the future would have all seats facing forward. We made and exhibited this type of car a year ago at the Chicago Show. The output was sold almost immediately. We were convinced that the public was about ready for a front-driven car. We, however, realized that before we attempted the manufacture of this car on a large scale, there had to be a sufficient demand for such a car—that a large, unwieldy and too expensive a car would not satisfy the public taste. How well we succeeded in building a car of standard length, proper weight and pleasing appearance, yet with a comfortable and compact seating arrangement, can only be appreciated by seeing and riding in a Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham, Model 42.

New Seating Arrangement

THE rear seat is wider and roomier than heretofore. The driver's seat on the left hand side in front is as comfortable as a large armchair. The other front seat is just as comfortable and is so cleverly arranged that it not only folds out of the way, but easily turns so that the person sitting in it can face in any direction. Every inch of seat room is available. The steering and controller levers are both built into the side of the car itself and when not in use are raised upright, flat against the side of the car. When in use they are lowered to a natural restful position in front of the driver, parallel with each other.

This new type of car, we believe, will meet a variety of requirements in a most efficient manner.

Suitable for all Occasions

FOR the Society woman who wishes to have her car at her disposal from early morn until late at night, independent of a chauffeur, the Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham is the first car to fully suit her purposes.

For the business or professional man who wants an aristocratic vehicle always at his command, so flexible that its operation is effortless, not alone from the standpoint of easy starting, but for ease of speed-control in traffic, this car fills a long felt want.

For the woman or man, who does not care to drive, but who, at the same time, desires freedom and the out-of-doors, this vehicle is a boon. One of the servants, a maid or butler, can easily learn to drive the car. Even children of an intelligent age can handle this car with perfect safety. When equipped with cushion tires all tire troubles are ended.

For the person who has been waiting for an automobile that will not depreciate in value because of changing styles, this is the car to buy, as both chassis and body design are now standard. We are not so short-sighted as to claim that there will be no further improvements, but we do believe this new Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham can be purchased with the assurance that the general lines and proportions of the car will be standard indefinitely. Improvements of the future will be along the line of details.

Years Spent in Perfecting

THE development of this car to its present state of perfection is an interesting story. While electricity for years has magically solved nearly every power problem better than anything else, to adapt it to the automobile, required the co-operation of both mechanical and electrical engineers with the additional help of the master body builder.

Years of well directed effort had already resulted in the standardization of a chassis. Thus it is seen that the electrical and mechanical qualifications of the Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham are already time-tried and service-proven. Our well-known, "Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive is now in its fourth successful year.

We Build—Do not Assemble

PRACTICALLY since our commencement in the electric vehicle business, we have designed and built in their entirety, all mechanical and electrical parts, including motors, controllers—in fact everything. This policy makes it inevitable that nothing but the best designed and best constructed electrical and mechanical parts are employed in completing a Detroit Electric chassis.

The springs are also service-proven. When these springs were originally developed, a year's time was spent before the finally correct combination was discovered. Two years of service everywhere proves conclusively that the final selection was the right one. A non-vibrating, ball-bearing equipped, steering gear is, of course, regularly supplied. The braking system—already wonderfully effective and easy to handle—is still further simplified this year, thereby making a strong appeal to the driver who wishes to exert very little energy in controlling the car.

The principle of making constant improvements in the mechanical and electrical construction of the car has been continuous, and has resulted in a complete chassis worthy the Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham.

The creation of the Clear Vision Brougham Body is a matter of the present. While making the body panels of this car of aluminum, we conceived the idea of making the roof of the same material. We went still farther and made the window mouldings and sash of aluminum. Thus it is, that such a body, equipped with full-skirted aluminum fenders, is capable of taking a beautiful finish over its entire surface which will not check, warp or crack.

Clear Vision in all Directions

IT will be noticed in the illustration opposite that the rear corner panels of this car are of glass, thus affording "clear vision" all the way around—hence the name, Clear Vision Brougham.

These are only a few of the little things which make this great car what it is—the perfect electric automobile.

When you see the new 1913 Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham, you will immediately recognize that it represents an unusual personality. A visit to our factory in Detroit will still further enhance this opinion, after witnessing the care, patience and skill which enter into the creation of the Detroit Electric.

Our new illustrated catalog for 1913 is now ready. Call on any of our branches or fill out the coupon and mail today.

Anderson Electric Car Co.,
401 Clay Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
Send your complete illustrated catalog—
To _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

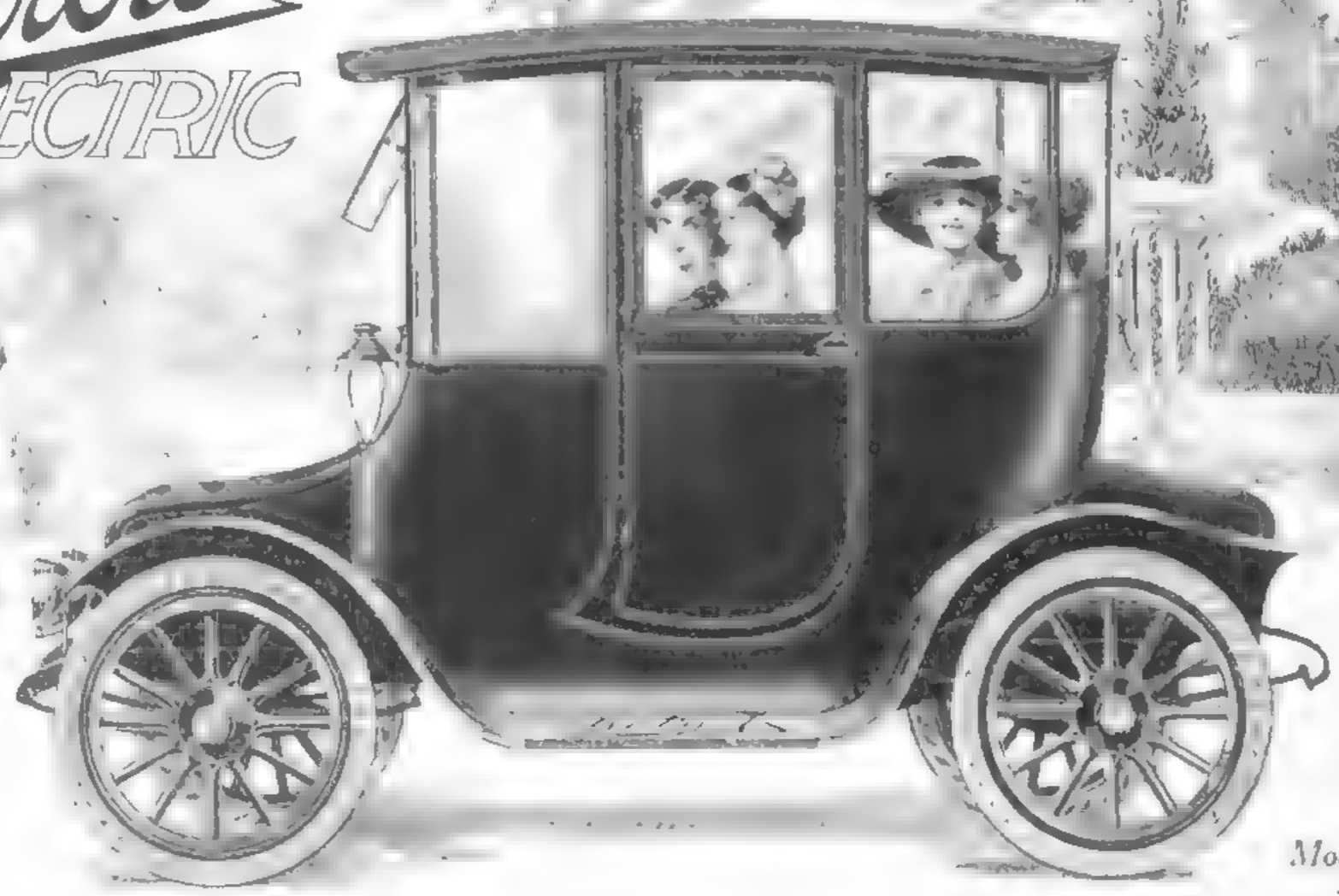
NEW YORK: 80th and Broadway
BOSTON
BROOKLYN
BUFFALO

THE Detroit ELECTRIC
ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO.
401 Clay Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CHICAGO: 2416 Michigan Ave.
CLEVELAND
KANSAS CITY
MINNEAPOLIS

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILES IN THE WORLD

THE NEW
Detroit
ELECTRIC



ClearVision
Brougham

Model 42
$3,000 F. O. B. Detroit.

Arrived!

IT'S here—the electric automobile for which you have been waiting—*The Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham for 1913.*

It is driven from the front seat, all seats facing forward. You not only have a clear vision of the road ahead, but in addition you have a clear view at either side or the rear as there are no corner panels to obstruct the view. Glass has even replaced these rear corners, formerly built of wood.

After years of effort, we have solved the problem of a standard body design that is destined to be a classic of the body builder's art—always in style. For comfort, ease of handling and appearance, *The Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham* must appeal to you as being *fundamentally* right. It's the most logical, common sense, practical—yes, and lawful—electric automobile for the congested traffic of city streets.

It's not too large; not too small; not too heavy; not too light. It's compact and unusually comfortable. A new and clever seating arrangement permits all of the occupants to face forward and still enjoy the privacy, sociability and dignity characteristic of electric automobiles. The driver's seat is not in an isolated position—'way up in front. It's centrally located, thus ensuring an appearance of easy grace and balance, even when one person is using the car. The beautiful body panels, the graceful roof, and sweeping full-skirted fenders are ALL made of pure aluminum. Even all glass is set in hand-hammered aluminum mouldings which will not check or crack.

Larger wheels will be used in 1913—34" x 4" Pneumatic or 36" x 4" Cushion Tires being optional.

The battery capacity has been increased. This applies to both the Edison and Detroit Electric Guaranteed Lead Batteries. *All* battery cells are immediately accessible.

Our motors, controllers, bodies—even our Guaranteed Lead Batteries—are all made in our own factory, the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of electric automobiles. *We do not assemble—we build.* For 1913 we also offer a selection of seven other Models which include Gentlemen's Roadsters, Victorias, Coupes and Limousines.

Our new illustrated catalog is now ready. Call on any of our branches or fill out the coupon on the opposite page and mail to-day.

To Automobile Dealers Everywhere

HERETOFORE our business has been mostly centered in the large cities. We believe, however, there is a real business opportunity for the right dealer in every town of 10,000 or over, in which the Detroit Electric is not now represented.

Any city or town in which electricity can be bought, affords a market for electric automobiles. Isn't your line incomplete without electrics?

Think how many times you have had inquiries for them. Doesn't this indicate a growing interest in the electrically driven automobile?

In its present highly developed state, the Detroit Electric, if properly handled by you, means increased business with a comparatively small added investment.

It will pay you to investigate. We will be glad to give you special information and practical assistance. We desire only permanent connections that will be mutually satisfactory.

By signing the coupon below, you will put yourself under no obligation, but may open a way towards a greatly increased business.

Remember that the Detroit line is absolutely complete. It includes eight models in pleasure cars and a full line of electric trucks. All are made in our own factories and guaranteed by our company, the largest organization in the world devoted entirely to the manufacture and sale of electrically propelled vehicles.

Send the coupon today

Anderson Electric Car Co.,
401 Clay Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Please send me full particulars about your agency proposition with facts about the market in this territory.

Name _____

Address _____

Present line of cars handled _____

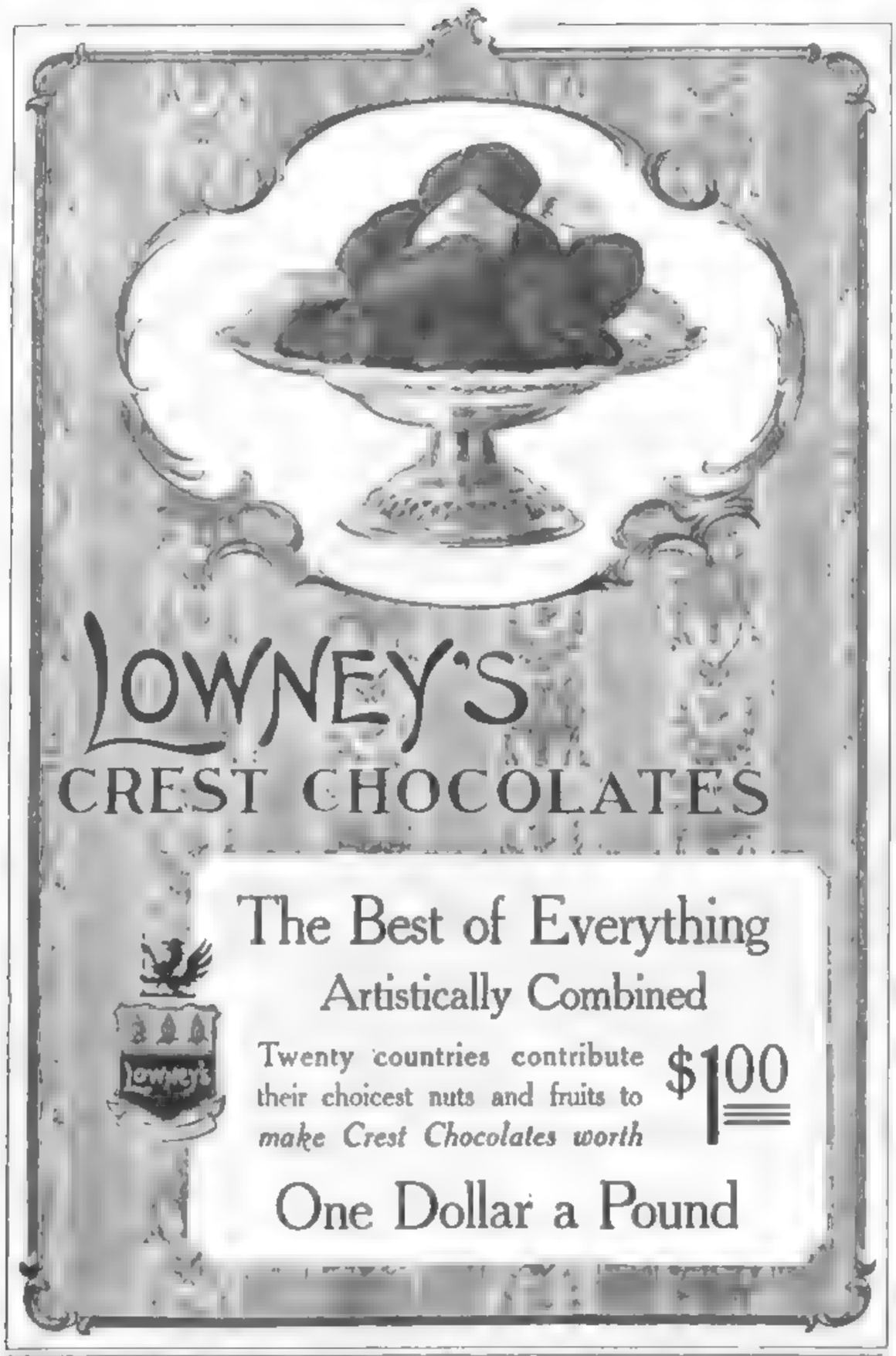
NEW YORK: 80th and Broadway
BOSTON
BROOKLYN
BUFFALO

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

CHICAGO: 2416 Michigan Ave.
CLEVELAND
KANSAS CITY
MINNEAPOLIS

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO.
401 Clay Ave., Detroit, Mich.

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILES IN THE WORLD



STUDY LAW at Home

Become a Lawyer — LEGAL DIPLOMA

... Correspondence Law Course ... specially prepared by 20 Deans and leading only law school teachers. We Guarantee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Special Business Law-Course. "Legally trained ..." Over 10,000 students enrolled. Begin now. ... Catalog and Particulars Free

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Box 9380, Chicago, Ill

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

HOME STUDY — 20th Year

Correspondence-Study Dept.

... Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time

U. of C. (Div. C) Chicago, Ill.

Kenyon
Ken-reign
WEATHER-PROOFS
Reliable Built in smart lines
Of a quality that gives satisfaction under the most difficult requirements, a Ken-reign by its every day appearance often takes the place of two garments
For men and women at $5.00 to $45.00
Sold by ... dealers everywhere
C. Kenyon Company

OUR PARCEL POST

(Continued from Page 8)

service, transport from the city to the rural route, whereas the delivery service covered by the charge of 5 cents for any parcel up to 25 pounds is local only.

Since the cost of collection and delivery alone is practically the same whether the parcel be collected and delivered in the same city or collected in one city and delivered in another, it was deemed practicable to adopt as a uniform basis of rates this handling or overhead charge of 5 cents for the first pound and 1 cent for each additional pound, adding thereto the cost of transportation.

From the second assistant postmaster-general, Mr. Stewart, it was learned that the actual cost of transporting fourth-class matter is approximately 9 cents a ton per mile. Computation shows that the cost of transporting one pound 50 miles is about one-quarter of a cent. In order to guard against any inaccuracies or unforeseen costs and because we cannot deal with fractions of a cent, I deemed it best to allow one cent a pound for transportation, making the postage on 11 pounds for 50 miles 26 cents, of which 15 cents is for collection and delivery and 11 cents for transportation. Though I deemed this rate more than adequate, the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads and the Senate itself adopted the still higher rate of 35 cents for the 50-mile zone.

In the same way other rates were fixed, adding together the cost of collection and delivery and the cost of transportation. Because of the fact that we accept parcels for transportation abroad at 12 cents a pound I felt that we should have no domestic charge higher than that, and with this the Senate agreed.

There will probably be a very slight loss on parcels transported the greater distances, but the quantity of this business is small and the slight loss will be more than counterbalanced by the profit on the short-distance traffic. It is quite certain that with the increase in the quantity of mail the cost of both handling and transportation will be reduced.

Figures That Tell Tales

The bill to which I have previously referred, which I drew in accordance with the plan above outlined, proposed the consolidation of third and fourth class matter in order to secure greater simplicity and in order to enable the Post-Office Department to keep separate accounts so that the revenue and expense of each class of matter can be ascertained. In order to care for circular matter the bill proposed a flat rate of one cent an ounce up to four ounces, and above that weight a pound rate varying with the distance, the zone distances and rates being as follows:

	[illegible]	[illegible]	11 pounds
Rural routes and city delivery	$0.05	$0.[illegible]	$0.15
50-mile zone	.06	.[illegible]	.27
200-mile zone	.07	.[illegible]	.37
500-mile zone	.08	.[illegible]	.48
1000-mile zone	.11	.[illegible]	.81
2000-mile zone	.12	.10	1.2[illegible]
Over 2000 miles	.12	.1[illegible]	.[illegible]

The proposed consolidation of third and fourth class matter aroused protests from job printers and users of circulars for advertising purposes because the rate prescribed on the circular matter would be one cent an ounce instead of one cent for two ounces, as under existing law. These protestants overlooked the fact that, although the present rate permits sending two ounces for a cent, a majority of the circulars weigh less than one ounce, as demonstrated by the fact that the revenue on all third-class matter is over 14 cents a pound, or nearly one cent an ounce. This includes the postage paid on books and other large packages of printed matter.

If the rate were changed to one cent an ounce the great majority of senders of circulars would put a one-cent stamp on each circular just as they do at present. The consolidation would have admitted books and other printed matter to the parcel-post privileges.

The Oliver To You For $5

Balance Payable Same as Rent

Rent The Oliver Typewriter at the rate of $5 per month or 17 cents a day.

When you have made the first payment you own the machine!

You buy the typewriter at the regular price, on a rental basis — that's the way the plan works out.

This proposition applies to the newest model — the famous No. 5 — with no extra charge for "Printype."

There are *thousands* who find it inconvenient to pay the lump sum of $100 for The Oliver Typewriter

—Young men and young women just starting out in life

—Professional people who consider the typewriter in the light of an office necessity

—Business people who need all the "working capital" they can command to meet the requirements of *expansion*

—Club women, school teachers and pupils who appreciate the convenience of typewriters but *can* get along without them

The "$5 Offer" removes every obstacle to the immediate possession of a high-class, standard typewriter.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The business world has set the seal of its approval upon The Oliver Typewriter.

It is as strongly favored by great firms and corporations as it is by individual operators.

Wherever the demands for durability and speed are most urgent, the sturdy, swift and strenuous Oliver is easily in the lead.

Well-Earned Success

The great popularity and extensive use of The Oliver Typewriter are merely the *reward of merit.*

Salesmanship alone could not have achieved such success.

The real reason is in the machine itself.

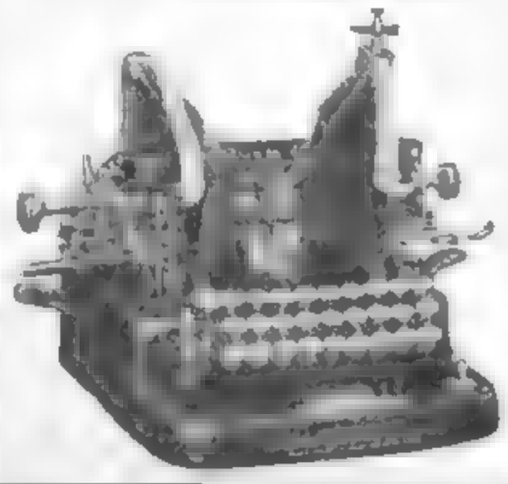
Superiority in design, efficiency in operation, ability to do the day's work better and to stand the stress of high-pressure service — these qualities have placed The Oliver Typewriter in its enviable position.

The Oliver Typewriter Book

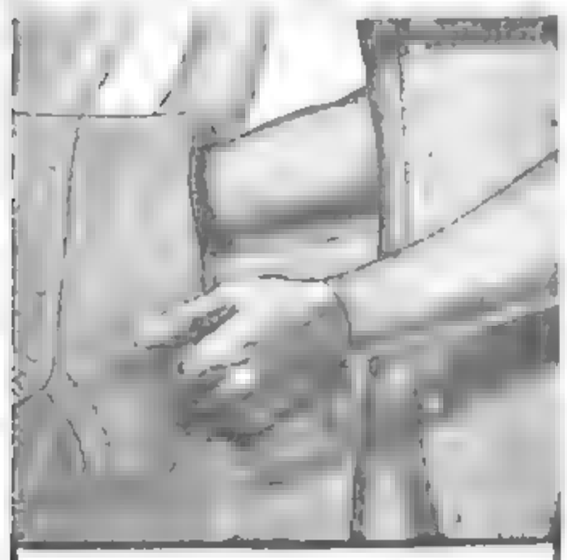
will tell you the facts you should know about this superior typewriter. Write for it. If interested in the "$5 Offer" please ask for the details. (221)

The Oliver Typewriter Company

920 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago



STEPHENSON
UNDERWEAR MILLS
(STALEY BRAND)
SOUTH BEND, IND.



Chill-Proof

When crisp Autumn breezes strike Stephenson Underwear—double-spring-needle-knit worsteds they stop!

The perfect knitting, the selected materials, the correct fit—keep the body healthfully warm—*without oppressing.*

There's bodily cheer, poise, comfort in

Stephenson Underwear

(Staley Brand)

Two-Piece Suits and Union Suits in medium and heavy weights for men, women and children. You can buy underwear for less, but not the equal of Stephenson Underwear at the price. Years of designing and making underwear for the whole family. Only the choicest wool from the fields—wool straight from the sheep's back. Pure, fine materials—high grade workmanship. Every garment is labeled and guaranteed durable and satisfactory through the dealer, by the Stephenson Mills.

Sold by leading progressive dealers almost everywhere.

Stephenson Underwear Mills
South Bend, Indiana

Largest producers in the world of Men's Underwear, $1.00 per garment and up

However, in view of the protests, the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads deemed it best to eliminate this feature of the bill and also to increase the number of zones from six to eight and raise the rates on the first two zones. As will be observed, my rate on the 50-mile zone was 6 cents for the first pound and 2 cents for each additional pound, or 26 cents for 11 pounds. Senator Bristow earnestly desired to make this rate 5 cents a pound, or 55 cents for an 11-pound package. My highest rate was 12 cents a pound, while Senator Bristow believed the highest rate should be 16 cents a pound. He also advocated the establishment of twelve zones instead of six. We finally compromised by making the first zone rate 5 cents for the first pound and 3 cents for each additional pound, or 35 cents for an 11-pound parcel, with a similar change for the second zone. We agreed upon eight zones, with my maximum charge of 12 cents a pound. Though I am still of the opinion that my original rates were more than ample, I believed it better to compromise than to precipitate a fight on the floor of the Senate which might have defeated parcel-post legislation entirely. All the essentials of my original bill were retained.

The rates provided in the bill as it passed the Senate and became a law are as follows:

	FIRST POUND	EACH ADDITIONAL POUND	11 POUNDS
Rural route and city delivery	$0.05	$0.01	$0.15
50-mile zone	.05	.01	.15
150-mile zone	.06	.01	.16
300-mile zone	.07	.05	.57
600-mile zone	.08	.08	.88
1000-mile zone	.09	.07	.79
1400-mile zone	.10	.09	1.00
1800-mile zone	.11	.10	1.11
Over 1800 miles	.12	.12	1.32

These rates, although not so low as proposed in the original bill, are, on an average, materially lower than prevailing express rates and especially low for the smaller-sized packages. They are not so low throughout as the rates which the Interstate Commerce Commission has proposed for adoption by the express companies. However, it is uncertain whether these proposed express rates will go into effect, for the commission has ordered that a hearing be had on that question on October ninth.

How It Affects the Farmers

When we have had the benefit of experience under these rates and have also observed the practical operation of the rates proposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission for express companies, the parcel-post rates can be revised if found desirable, fixing the charges as low as practicable without going below the cost of operation.

It should be remembered, however, that the service rendered by the postal system is much more extensive than the service rendered by the express companies. For instance, the charge made by an express company for a 200-mile haul covers the transportation of a package only from one town to another, without any rural service being provided for and with a limited city-delivery service.

On the other hand the Government, under this parcel-post system, will take a parcel from a farmer's home on a rural route, carry it to town, transport it 200 miles over rail routes, and then, if desired, deliver it to another farmer out on another route. When parcel-post rates are compared with express rates there should also be an extensive comparison of the character of service rendered.

There is no absolutely accurate basis for the comparison of existing express rates with the parcel-post rates, for the reason that the express companies have a much more complicated system of rates and vary their rates at more frequent intervals than will be the case with the parcel post. The parcel-post rates are very much lower than express rates on the smaller packages and slightly higher on the larger packages. For instance, in the 50-mile zone the parcel-post charge on one pound is 5 cents, while the express rate for the same distance out of New York is 25 cents—or five times the

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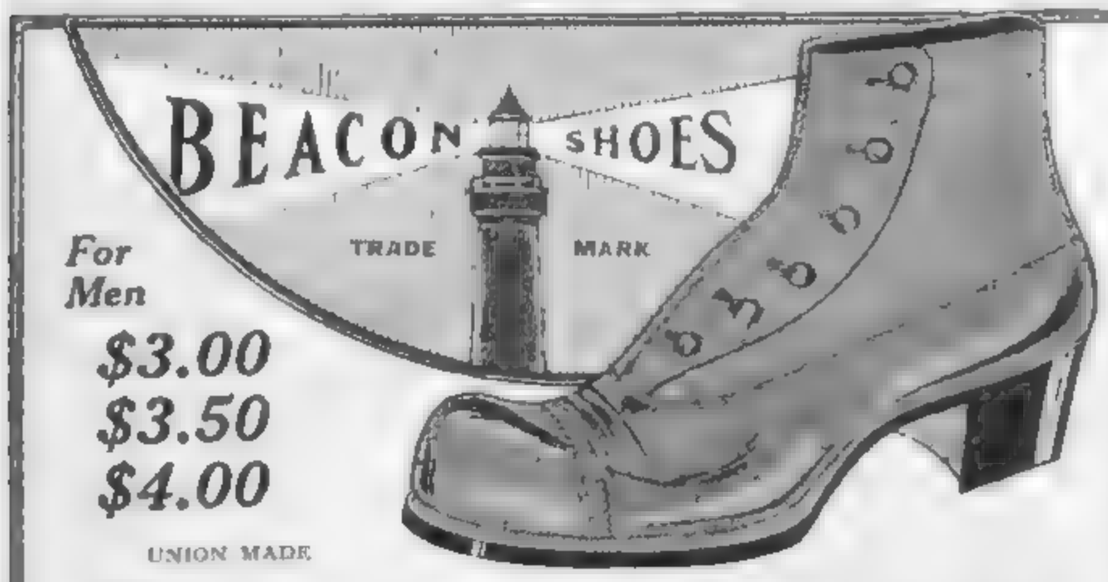

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parcel-post rate. For 11 pounds over the same distance the parcel-post rate is [illegible] and the present express rate 60 cents [illegible] For distances over 1800 miles the parcel-post rate is 12 cents for one pound and the present express rate 60 cents. On 11 pounds the parcel-post rate is $1.32 and the express rate $1.50 to $1.65.

Experience in foreign countries shows that the average weight of a package where there is an 11-pound limit is between three and four pounds. Because we transact business on a somewhat larger scale the average in this country might be fully as high as five pounds, though I doubt it.

Assuming, however, that the average would be five pounds, I present herewith for comparison the parcel-post rates on a five-pound parcel and the express rates from New York on the same size parcel for the different zone distances established by the parcel-post law.

COMPARATIVE CHARGES ON AN AVERAGE PACKAGE OF 5 POUNDS

ZONE DISTANCE	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
150 miles	[illegible]	[illegible]
300 miles	[illegible]	[illegible]
600 miles	[illegible]	[illegible]
1000 miles	[illegible]	[illegible]
1400 miles	[illegible]	[illegible]
1800 miles	[illegible]	[illegible]
Over 1800 miles	[illegible]	[illegible]

I shall present another basis of comparison, which, although not absolutely accurate, is worthy of the most careful consideration. Eleven packages weighing from 1 pound to 11 pounds each will have an aggregate weight of 66 pounds. I present in the following comparative table the parcel-post charges for these 11 packages weighing a total of 66 pounds, for each of the zone distances, and the corresponding charges at present express rates from New York, and I shall also present a total of the parcel-post charges for all zones and a total of the express charges for all zones:

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF AGGREGATE CHARGES ON 11 PACKAGES WEIGHING FROM 1 TO 11 POUNDS EACH BY THE PRESENT AND ZONE DISTANCES

ZONE DISTANCE	11 PACKAGES AGGREGATE PRESENT EXPRESS RATES	11 PACKAGES AGGREGATE PARCEL-POST RATES
50 miles	[illegible]	[illegible]
150 miles	[illegible]	[illegible]
300 miles	3 52	[illegible]
600 miles	4 18	[illegible]
1000 miles	4 84	[illegible]
1400 miles	[illegible]	[illegible]
1800 miles	7 51	[illegible]
Over 1800 miles	7 92	[illegible]
Aggregate	[illegible]	[illegible]

It will, therefore, be seen that upon this basis of comparison 88 packages weighing from 1 to 11 pounds each, and shipped in equal numbers and weights to all zone limits, would bear a total of $38.28 postage while the express charges on the same packages the same distances would be $51.50.

I do not deem it absolutely essential that parcel-post rates, in order to be satisfactory, need in all instances be lower than existing or proposed express rates. I have no doubt that in some instances express rates are too low, and, in fact, I understand that the Interstate Commerce Commission proposes to raise rather than lower the express rates in the New England states. In my opinion a parcel-post law has sufficient justification for its original adoption if it can be clearly shown that such a law inaugurates a material reduction in present charges and materially enlarges the service performed.

That the parcel-post law enacted by this Congress makes a material reduction varying from 25 to 88 per cent, I shall show by the following table, which sets forth the present postage charge on five pounds of fourth-class matter, the rate that will be charged under the provisions of the parcel-post law, the reduction in cents, and the per cent of reduction as compared with present rates:

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	$0.09	[illegible]	88
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
50-mile zone	.80	.22	[illegible]	72
300-mile zone	.80	.27	[illegible]	[illegible]
600-mile zone	.80	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1000-mile zone	.80	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1400-mile zone	.80	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1800-mile zone	.80	.51	[illegible]	[illegible]
Over 1800 miles	.80	.60	[illegible]	[illegible]

The average haul of fourth-class matter is now 687 miles, with the flat rate favoring the long haul. Under the proposed zone rates the average haul will be much less than 600 miles. It is apparent, therefore, that the new parcel-post law will effect a reduction of 54 per cent under the present average distance and 60 per cent under the average haul under the new rates.

For forty years the American people have been demanding a parcel post, having in mind an extension of the postal service to cover the handling of small parcels at rates that will enable the purchaser and consumer to deal directly where so desired. Under a flat-rate system the rate must be so high as to be prohibitive of much of the short-distance traffic that should be accommodated. Such a rate has not been contemplated by the public in its discussion of this subject. Neither has the public had in mind government ownership of express companies or the absorption of the heavy transportation business handled by express companies at the present time. Congress has endeavored to provide the service for which there has been a general demand.

In conference a further addition was made to the bill. Power was delegated to the postmaster-general to modify rates, weight limit, and zone distances when experience demonstrates the necessity of such modification, provided the Interstate Commerce Commission, after investigation, concurs as to the advisability of any change. Thus it will be seen that no change, except through congressional action, can be made in the Bourne Bill, now a law, until the present system has been put to the test, and even then the postmaster-general has no power to act unless the Interstate Commerce Commission, after a thorough investigation, concurs as to the wisdom of any change. Hence, outside of congressional action, the determining power of any change lies with the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The matter of compensation of the railroads is of great importance in connection with a parcel post, and the Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads has directed the introduction of a bill providing a new basis of payment designed to cover the actual cost to the railroads with a reasonable profit. This subject was too complicated to dispose of at the recent session, but it is expected the bill will be before Congress for action at the next session.

When the parcel-post service has once been inaugurated details such as insurance, collection on delivery, reduction of rates, increased weight limit, and the like, can be added as experience indicates the character of new service that should be provided. The Post-Office Department is satisfied as to the practicability of this parcel-post system and will try to make it a success.

A perfect parcel-post system must be the result of development determined by experience resultant from general adoption, and therefore it was highly important to establish at once a foundation for such a system by enacting at the recent session of Congress a parcel-post provision based upon rates varying with distance and sufficiently high to be safely self-supporting.

The Bourne Bill now enacted into law reduces the present postage on fourth-class mail matter from 25 per cent on long hauls to 88 per cent on the short, or an average of about 56 per cent, and raises the weight limit from four to eleven pounds. The new rates are, on an average, about 25 per cent lower than the present express rates. I assert that all classes of our citizens will be benefited by the law except the express companies, and further assert that the rural residents and country merchants will be especially benefited.

Eat Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
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The rich maple flavor of Log Cabin Syrup makes it a three-times-a-day treat for the family table. This fine syrup which we have been making for 25 years stands alone as a pure product containing nature's sweetest and most tempting maple flavor, combined with the healthful elements which make "fuel" for the body—strength and energy producers. ***You cannot mistake it.*** Log Cabin Syrup *always* comes in the log cabin can—our own distinctive shape which serves us as a name and a package and which serves you as a constant guaranty of purity and goodness. Our quarter of a century of experience enables us to prepare it scientifically, so that because of its full flavor and full sweetness you will be glad to serve it every day.

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It betters grape fruit

WEDNESDAY
Delicious with waffles

TUESDAY
Splendid with muffins

THURSDAY
Time with batter cakes

FRIDAY
Great with fried mush

SATURDAY
Makes *real* candy

SUNDAY
Perfect with ice cream

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is not only a necessity for the table, but a perfectly healthful one. Let the children have all they want of it, for it is good for their stomachs, and will nourish their bodies.

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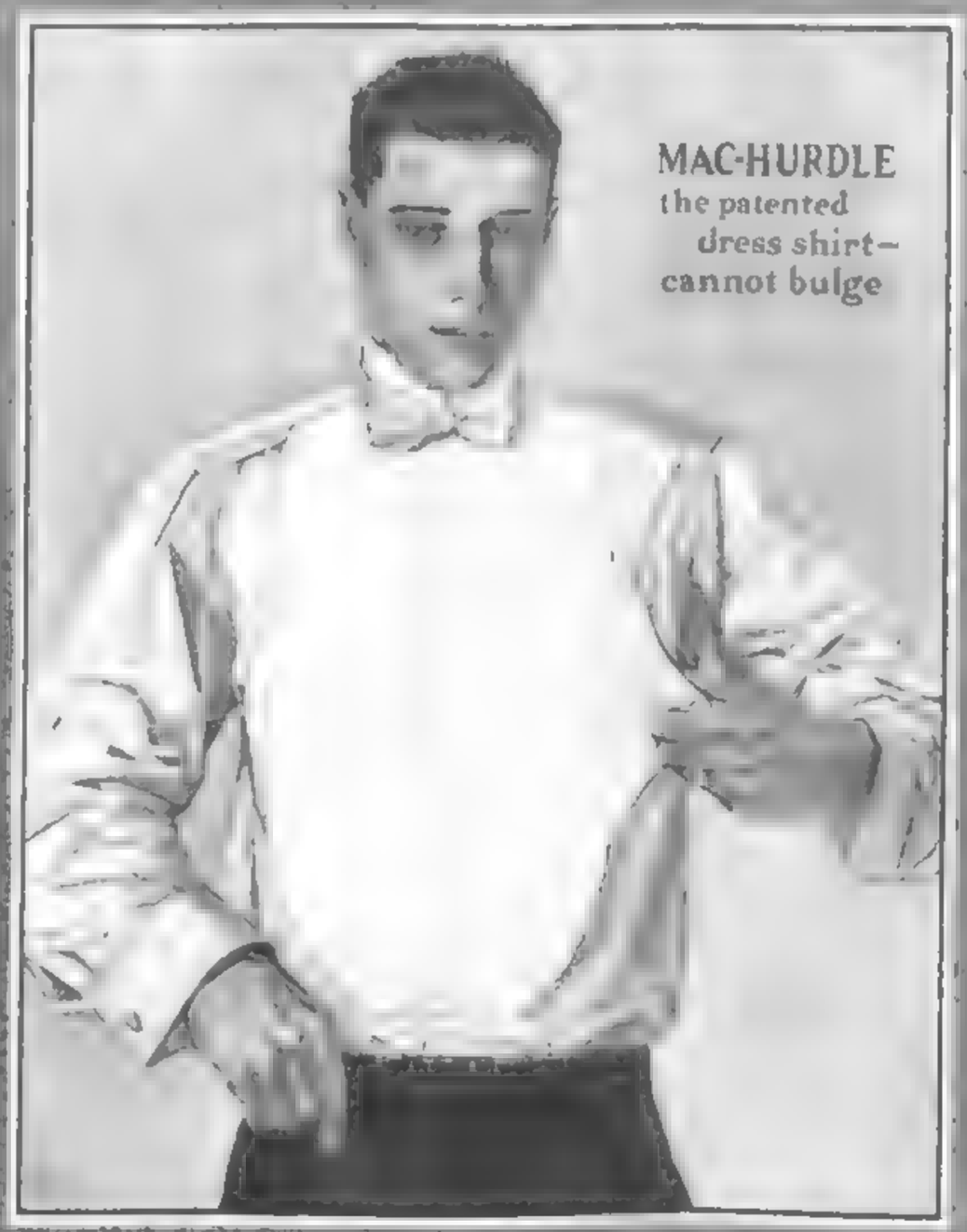
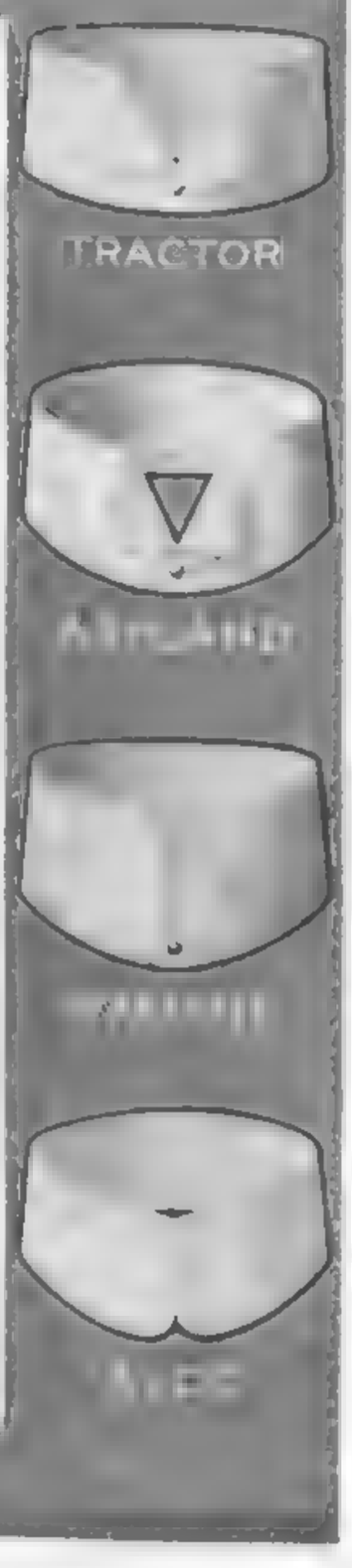




The Season's Smartest Shirts and Collars—with the PATENTED LION FEATURES—Cost You No More than Ordinary Brands

THESE distinctive LION styles are worn by the best dressers in this country—the men who keep a little ahead of the crowd in matters of fashion. The latest LION productions are the last word in collar and shirt making so far as style goes, and the exclusive LION features appeal to alert men everywhere. *Now* is a good time to wear the new models. On this page are some shirt and collar facts you ought to know. Read them and look over the illustrations with care.

SIMPLEX, the *shirt* with the small bosom, is preferred by men who want style and negligee comfort combined. The patented "Link-On" keeps Simplex snappy and stylish always.

For formal dress, MAC-HURDLE is the shirt you see at fashionable gatherings. It fits beautifully—and the *patented tape adjustment* holds the bosom in place gracefully at all times.

As for collars—you can wear any informal collar you like with *SIMPLEX*. *ELKRIDGE* is decidedly the newest design—the fold collar with the upper corners turning out to give the exceptional, stylish effect of the "poke." *YORKSHIRE* on the same lines is a quarter inch lower.

TRACTOR did much to bring the wing back into vogue. It is designed on handsome lines—made with the patented "Buttonless-Back" and "Slip-Over" button-holes—unusual comfort features. *LEEDS* is the same model a quarter inch lower.

SERVATOR is different from any other collar you see—cut back generously to show nicely the larger four-in-hand ties. Made with the patented "Lock-that-Locks" and "Easy-Tie-Slide" space. *EQUINOX* is one-fourth inch lower.

HARVARTON is a sort of formal-looking fold collar for every-day wear. This style with the distinct parallel lines is the favorite with college men. *YALETON* is just like it but lower. Both made with "Slip-Over" button-holes.

NATIONAL and *AMERICAN* are two great "stand-bys"—hold their own, season after season. Easy to button with the "Slip-Over" button-hole and have generous space for the tie.

WARDINE is a high "poke" with all the dignity that full dress requires. With *MAC-HURDLE* shirts it is very attractive. *RUSHVILLE* is a lower height.

ALCO and *CAPITOL* are still the most called for collars made. *EXPLORER* is like *ALCO* but higher. *WHITEHOUSE* is a higher height of *CAPITOL*.

Look up the LION dealer to-day. He's a man every careful dresser wants to know. Ask him about these exclusive features in LION collars and LION shirts. And whenever you buy a shirt or collar, bear in mind that you find this little mark inside the real smart make.

Lion Shirts & Collars

LION Shirts, $1.00 to $3.00 each.
LION Collars, 2 for 25c. In Canada, 3 for 50c.

United Shirt & Collar Company, Makers, Troy, N. Y.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

(Concluded from Page 15

I made a suggestion. As I recall now, I said something about waiting until the typhoon was over; but my friend grinned in an annoying, superior kind of way and said he doubted whether the wind would blow more than half a gale. He was right there but it was the last half. Anyhow he swung her round and she heeled away over in an alarming fashion, and we headed right into the center of the vortex. He gave me the end of a rope to hold and told me to swing on to it, which I was very glad to do, because there are times and places when it gives you a slight sense of comfort to have anything at all to hold to, even if it is only a rope. On and on we careened madly. I was so occupied with harkening to the howl of the mad winds in the rigging and watching the mad waves that, when he suddenly called out something which sounded like Hard Ah Lee, I paid no attention. If his fancy led him in a moment of dire peril like this to be calling for somebody with a name like a Chinese laundryman, it was no concern of mine.

Then he bellowed: "Leggo that sheet!"

Now I knew there was something about a sailboat called a sheet, but I naturally assumed it was the sail. I leave it to any disinterested person if a sail, being white and more or less square in shape, doesn't look more like a sheet than a mere rope does. So, as I wasn't near the sail, but was merely holding on to my rope, I started to tell him I wasn't touching his blamed old sheet. But the words were never spoken.

The boat tried to shy out from under me and came very nearly succeeding. At the same time, she buckjumped and stood right up on one edge, like a demented gravy dish. At the same moment, also, a considerable portion of the Atlantic Ocean came aboard and lit in my lap, and something struck me alongside the head with frightful force; and something else scraped me off the place where I was sitting and hurled me headlong.

Why I Didn't Jobe

When I came to, the man who owned the boat was scrambling round, stepping on me and my clothes, and grubbing at loose ends, and swearing; but as soon as he had a moment to spare from these other duties he called me a derned idiot! I was his guest, mind you, and he used that language toward me.

"You derned idiot!" he said. "Didn't you see she was about to jibe?"

I told him in a dignified manner that I certainly did not; that had I known she was about to jibe I would most certainly have jobe with her; that personally I preferred any amount of jibbing, however painful, to being drowned first and then beaten to death. I demanded to know why he had assaulted me upon the head and what he did it with.

It developed, though, that he had not struck me at all. The boom swung round and hit me. This is a heavy section of lumber, and I think it is called a boom from the hollow, ringing sound it makes when dashing out the brains of amateur sailors. In my judgment these booms are dangerous and their presence should not be permitted aboard a sailing craft—or, at least, they should be towed a safe distance aft.

But I digress. Referring to the devastating and angry elements that encompassed us, the owner of the boat said there was now a nice, fresh breeze blowing, and that he hated to miss the fun; but if I preferred to he would run back in and hug the shore. Hug it! I was ready to kiss it! What I wanted to do was to take that dear shore in both arms and press my throbbing cheeks against her mossy breast, and swear that nothing should ever again come between me and the solid part of the continent of North America.

So, by a sheer miracle escaping death on the way, we returned, and I got myself off of that craft and headed straight for the clubhouse. I wish to take advantage of this opportunity, however, to deny the report subsequently circulated by certain malicious persons to the effect that I was scared. Any passing agitation I may have betrayed was due to my relief at finding that the cyclone, despite all its fury, had not swept the North Atlantic Coast bare. I also wish to deny the story that I was pale. I have one of those complexions that come and go. Anybody who knows me will tell you that.

However, I have decided to give up sailboating; and, to a person of my shape and conservative tendencies, this leaves the field of outdoor sport considerably circumscribed. I am too peaceful for baseball and not warlike enough for football. I had thought some of taking up tennis, but have been deterred by the fact that so many young women excel at tennis. I could stand being licked by another man, but the idea of facing one of those sinewy young-lady champions whose stalwart faces look out at you from the sporting page is repellent to me. I can understand why so very few of these ultra-athletic college girls marry off early. A man instinctively is drawn to the clinging-vine type of female. If there is any sturdy oak round the place he wants to be it. But what I cannot understand is how these brawny young persons can be the granddaughters and the great-granddaughters of those fragile creatures, with wasp waists and tiny feet, who lived back in the Early Victorian period and suffered from megrims and vapors. I'll venture that none of this generation ever had a vapor in her life; and as for megrims, she wouldn't know one if she met it in the big road. She may be muscle-bound and throw a splint sometimes, or get the Charley horse; but megrims are not for her—believe me!

Suppose you were hooked up for life to a lady champion and you happened to displease her? She'd spank you! Think of being laid face downward firmly across a sinewy knee and beaten forty-love with one of those hard catgut rackets! The very suggestion is intolerable to a believer in the supremacy of the formerly sterner sex.

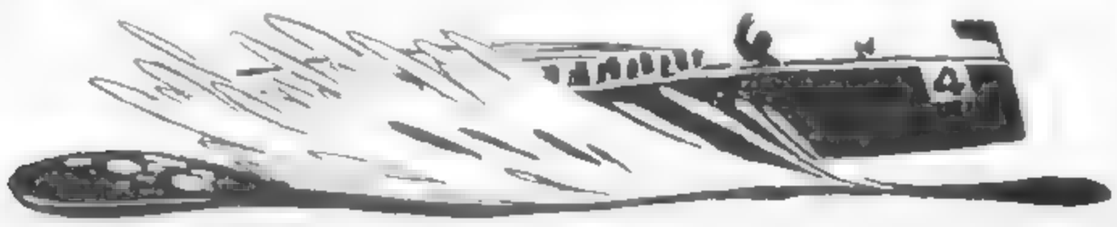
So I have decided not to take up tennis; but the doctor says I need exercise, and I think I will go in for golf, which is a young man's vice and an old man's penance. I have already taken the preliminary steps. This fall I joined a country club; I have also chosen my caddie. He is a deaf-and-dumb caddie, who has never been known to laugh at anything. That is why I chose him.

The Lost Leonardo

PARIS gossips are accounting for the disappearance of the Louvre's most precious work of art in a new way. They say Leonardo's great painting was not stolen at all, but that a discharged employee threw sulphuric acid on it for revenge, and the management concocted the report of a theft because it wished to save the public from the pain of knowing that one of the supremest expressions of man's genius was irreparably destroyed.

It is hard to believe the gossips. To destroy Mona Lisa would be equivalent, say, to obliterating totally The Merchant of Venice, so that no copy of it could ever possibly be recovered; and the sane human mind is incapable of any sheer crime of such colossal proportions. Is it not possible that a new scrubwoman, in an excess of perfectly innocent zeal, removed the pigments with gasoline, fully expecting to be praised for her diligence; or that a tourist tested the inflammability of the canvas with his cigar-butt, never dreaming that he could not procure an exact duplicate of the work of art round the corner for about a hundred francs; or that an absent-minded guard boiled it for his dinner and left a cabbage?

The loss of Mona Lisa was a misfortune to mankind, and mankind's misfortunes are always due to stupidity, never to deliberate crime. The latter is incidental, personal, temporary. Once in a while a man commits cold-blooded murder; but if anybody deliberately destroyed Mona Lisa he was insane.



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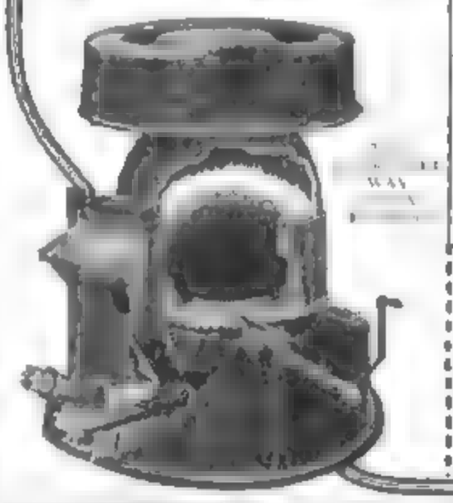

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[illegible] women whose earnings are not sufficient to provide all those [illegible] thousands of ambitious men [illegible] are acting for us in [illegible] making the money they need. They find the work agreeable, dignified and [illegible] in their towns as the appointed representatives of this company.

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Interior of Spinning Room before using Rice's Mill White

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Originators of the Mill White Idea

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Some two dozen makers started out to build tires.

Perhaps half of these makers did their level best. Each sought the leading place.

The verdict was left to the hundreds of thousands who buy automobile tires. And they judged solely by the service, by lack of trouble, by the cost per mile.

That verdict, after 13 years, favors Goodyear tires. They now outsell all others.

They are used, perhaps, on 250,000 cars. Their present sale is 100,000 monthly.

Their sale today is 12 times larger than three years ago. Which shows how overwhelming is the final choice.

Every tire user—every man in business—will wish to know what won this war of giants.

Here we tell you—read it.

The Goodyear Business Code

Getting Able Men

The one thing certain is that motorists can't long be fooled on tires.

Tires are too important.

In the long run, none but the best tires can hope for leading place. And the way to build the best tire is to get the ablest men.

So we started a system for getting and developing men of unusual calibre.

Part of that system, still in use, is to send men yearly to great technical schools to pick the most promising graduates. We are great believers in young men.

Thus we gathered here, in the course of years, an army of expert tire men. And their futures and fortunes depend solely on perfecting Goodyear tires.

Active Rivalry

To get from these men the very best that was in them, we created rivalry.

We arranged to test, by metered mileage, every promising idea and suggestion.

We have compared in this way some 240 formulas and fabrics. Methods of making, of wrapping, of vulcanizing, were all submitted to this mileage test.

Any old idea was promptly discarded when a new one proved the better. Then the new was discarded for something better still.

This ceaseless advancement, continued 13 years, has made Goodyear tires as you know them now. They are pretty close to finality.

The Winners Were Made Partners

The leading places in our factory went to the men who won. And those men also came to share in our profits.

In our factory building tires there are now 49 stockholders, whom we helped to acquire their stock.

And those 49 partners are watching the factors which make men want Goodyear tires.

Insuring a Square Deal

Free Competition

We stand in the tire business for free competition. To this end we maintain the most complete independence.

We have no alliances, no agreements with competitors. We shall never consolidate with them.

Free competition puts men on their mettle. It forces fair prices. It compels a square deal.

Under free competition, the best tire will win. And that's the result we are after.

No Monopoly

We have invented and patented features and machines which might, if we wished, give us enormous advantage.

One machine on which we hold patents, for instance, enables one man to do the work of ten. It also insures perfect wrapping.

Another patented feature controls the only way to make a satisfactory tire which doesn't hook to the rim.

But all of our patents are licensed to others, and all who will may use them.

Thus we avoid even patent monopoly, which is considered the due of inventors.

Only $10,000,000 Capital

This is the world's largest tire business, and our sales this year will exceed $25,000,000.

Yet all of this business is being done on a capital of $10,000,000, every dollar of which represents actual assets. Our patents and good-will are, on our books, valued at $1.

Profit, 8½ Per Cent

This condition permits us to cut our profits down to the lowest margin. Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires averaged 8½ per cent.

Our cost is cut by labor-saving machinery, by enormous output, by modern equipment. So, when we add to that cost 8½ per cent profit, it means the greatest value men can ever give in tires.

The Men You Meet Are Partners

Our branch managers, by our aid, are partners in our profits. So are 33 men in our office, dealing with men who buy tires.

Thus the men who render Goodyear service share the Goodyear profits. We know of no better way to insure you the service which we intend.

Ninety per cent of the Goodyear common stock is owned by the men who are doing most to add to these tires' popularity.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Saving Half the Ruin

Savings That You Can See

Next these men of ours perfected a tire which can't be rim-cut.

It's a new-type tire—a hookless tire. There are six flat bands of 126 braided wires vulcanized into the base of it.

Your removable rim flanges, when you use this tire, are set to curve outward rather than inward. For you don't need to hook these patent tires to the rim.

When these tires are wholly or partly deflated they rest on a rounded edge. Rim-cutting is simply impossible.

These No-Rim-Cut tires, to avoid overloading, are made 10 per cent over the rated size.

See for Yourself

These are visible advantages. One glance will prove them to you.

Quality is something which you can't see. Time alone can tell it. And time has told it about Goodyear tires.

But you can see that No-Rim-Cut tires end this sort of damage forever.

And you can see the extra air capacity. We call it 10 per cent. But actual comparison with six makes of clinchers proves the average oversize to be 16.7 per cent.

23 + 25 Per Cent

Statistics show that rim-cutting occurs on 23 per cent of all old-type tires. And rim-cut ruin cannot be repaired.

It has never occurred, and can never occur, on a No Rim-Cut tire.

So rim-cut prevention means an average saving of 23 per cent

Tire experts agree that each 5 per cent added capacity adds 15 per cent to the tire mileage. So it is safe to say that 10 per cent oversize adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two savings together mean 48 per cent. That is what they will average. And that means to cut tire bills very materially.

No-Rim-Cut tires are saving to motorists, in all probability, a million dollars monthly.

Over 1,500,000 Sold

543,000 in the Past Six Months

Last March we announced that a million Goodyear automobile tires had then gone into use. That was after 12 years of tire making

Now, six months later, the sales exceed a million and a half

The last six months' demand has been half as large as for all the 12 years preceding.

That clearly shows what motor car owners are saying about these tires.

Nothing Like It

In all the history of Motordom there has been nothing comparable with this rush of demand to No-Rim-Cut tires.

Our sales have doubled six times in three years. They are doubling now once in eight months

For the 1912 season, 127 motor car makers contracted for Goodyear tires. And they equipped with these tires, during that season, over 100,000 new cars.

All the figures available indicate now that one-third of all cars running now use these premier tires.

A 6-Mile Factory

Our factory additions for the year 1912 will equal 13 acres of floor space.

When they are completed they will give us a total of 1,600,000 square feet.

Were the factory 50 feet wide and one story high, it would be more than six miles long.

This factory runs constantly, with three shifts of men, 24 hours a day. Its output now exceeds 100,000 tires monthly, and will soon be increased to 6,000 tires a day

Our whole year's output in 1909 was scarcely more than one month's output now.

All Due to These Matchless Tires

All this is due to building tires which have never been excelled.

It is due to policies which every man approves.

It is due to small profit, to oversize tires, and to tires that can't be rim-cut

Thus we have won some quarter-million men to the use of Goodyear tires. And those men are winning others.

Ask one of these men what No-Rim-Cut tires have done for his tire upkeep.

Or go to some Goodyear dealer and see them. Judge for yourself the advantage.

When you do that you will ever after insist on the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

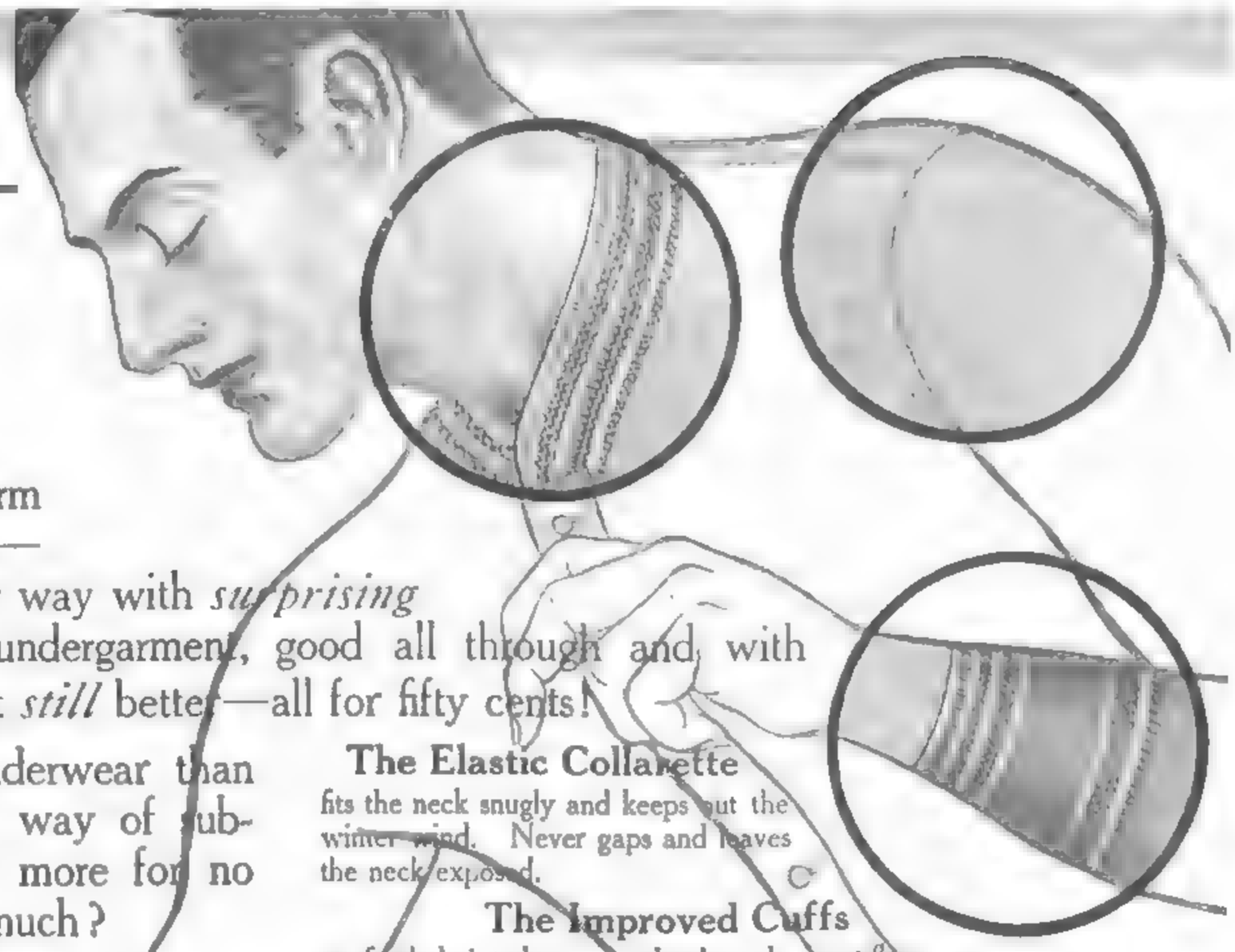
The tire shown here is a No-Rim-Cut tire with the Goodyear Non-Skid tread. This is a double-thick tread, made of very tough rubber. The blocks are deep-cut, and are immensely enduring. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles. They are wide at the base, so the strain is distributed, just as with smooth-tread tires. These are the best winter tires, the most effective Non-Skids which have ever been invented. They grasp the road with a bull-dog grip.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(820)



Just Think, Men— For *Only* Fifty Cents!

—an undergarment that will warm you and wear you and fit you—that will SERVE you in *every* way with *surprising* satisfaction—a sightly, sturdy undergarment, good all through and with extra comfort features to make it *still* better—all for fifty cents!

Men, you can't ask more of underwear than "Hanes" will give you in the way of substantial worth. Then why pay more for no more?—or as much for not so much?

The Elastic Collarette
fits the neck snugly and keeps out the winter wind. Never gaps and leaves the neck exposed.

The Improved Cuffs
are firmly knit to hug wrist closely and cannot flare out. Specially stitched to prevent ripping where they join garment.

The Reinforced Shoulder
Shoulders are reinforced with a narrow strip of cloth running across the wale to prevent them from stretching and dropping down.

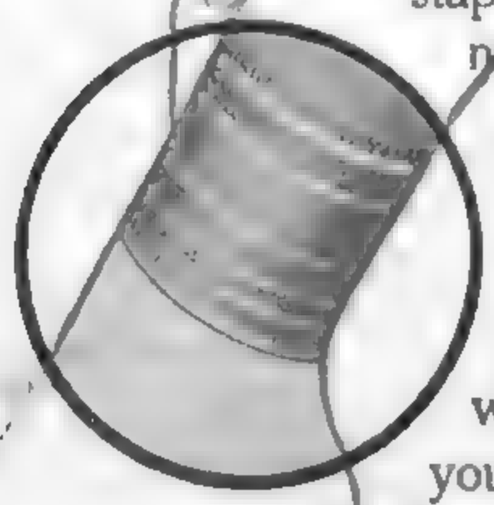
The Pearl Buttons
used in Hanes Underwear are identical with those usually put on dollar garments.

These are *some* of the extra value features of Hanes Underwear—enough, surely, to convince you of its wonderful worth at only fifty cents!

HANES
ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

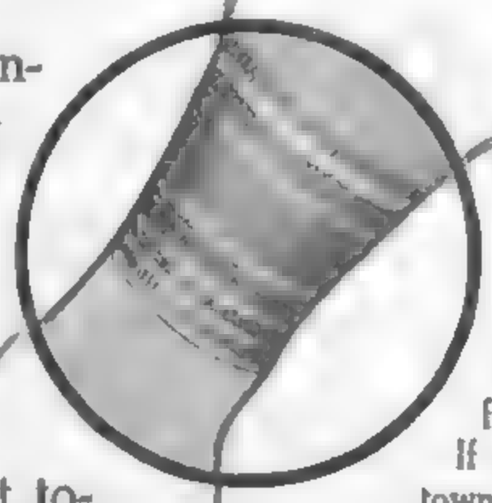
50c per Garment—$1 per Union Suit

It's made of cotton—and there is no better underwear material than *the kind of cotton* that makes "Hanes." The finest that grows in the Southland—*clean* as anything that touches your body should be—downy-soft, silky-smooth, fleecy-warm. This pure, full-staple cotton gives "Hanes" natural elasticity—ribbing gives it more.



You'll say "it's wonderful what fifty cents will buy" when you *feel* yourself in Hanes Underwear.

It is sized to fit just right—staunchly put together and finished with unusual thoroughness.



How Can We Do It?

We've cut down cost of production to the last fraction of a cent without cutting into quality. We've always specialized on men's underwear in this one grade. We've cut out the frills and packed in the substance—and we are satisfied with a living profit. That's how we have produced this sure enough *good* underwear to sell for fifty cents.

Be thrifty and sensible. Demand "Hanes." Look up the dealer in your town who sells it, or write us for his name.

This label in every garment

HANES

Buy none without it

Only fifty cents per garment. *Only* one dollar per Union Suit—men, you can't beat "Hanes" for money's worth! Comparison will prove it! If you can't find the "Hanes" dealer in your town, don't fail to write us.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE SURAKARTA

Continued from Page 25

stranger in the city. Last night Lund was going to have that Javanese followed; but I do not know whether that was done, as since midnight I have not seen Lund or been able to communicate with him. At most, anything discovered regarding him would be merely corroboration, Mr. Annis, in a case where corroboration is unnecessary; for the other facts are quite enough, I think, to give you the conviction that you asked."

"To convince me, you mean, that you could convince others?" Annis surveyed him with narrowed eyes.

"Yes; and that if a single one of these circumstances was brought to the attention of the police it would cause your immediate arrest."

"They do that." Annis shrugged. "Still ——" He took a turn or two up and down the room, covertly observing Hereford. "Still, Mr. Hereford, you, I know, do not intend to make any of these circumstances known to the police." He gave Hereford a slightly satirical smile.

"I did not say I did intend to do so." Hereford frowned.

"For you, Mr. Hereford, as trustee, are more anxious than almost anybody else that the emerald should stay lost."

"If it has not struck you how easily I obtained these facts you are even duller than I have given you credit for being."

"I do not follow you," Annis said.

Suddenly Hereford got up, his annoyance preventing him from sitting still.

"Mr. Annis," he exclaimed, "no doubt the Javanese had seen you upon the steamer with them; Baraka or some other among them may even have known of you in Java; perhaps they saw you in San Francisco and again on the way from San Francisco to Chicago. Your chance of being noted and suspected by them, if they saw you still again at the Hotel Tonty, was very great; but when, to avoid that chance, you rented rooms in two different hotels, the expedient you adopted was so stupidly planned that you ought to have been arrested almost within an hour. A little study of the facts, a few hours of watching at this hotel, a single cablegram to Java, will still, at any time, put the police in possession of all the facts with which I have just startled you."

"No doubt."

"Lund, who has been as perplexed as myself at your still staying in Chicago, has stood ready for almost thirty-six hours to warn you if the police showed signs of connecting you with the theft. Last night Lund was arrested. Since the police are certain to trace his whereabouts for the last few days, his arrest will inevitably lead them to you. This morning, therefore, in order to see and warn you before it was too late, I was obliged against my will to destroy the single circumstance which has so far prevented your arrest by directing the almost conclusive suspicions of the police away from yourself. Mr. Annis, do I make this clear?"

Annis ran his fingers through his bleached hair; he paced back and forth, his lithe, slender body automatically avoiding the furniture in the room, which, in his absorption, he did not see. He halted finally in front of Hereford.

"Quite clear," he said. "You make it quite clear that to avoid embarrassment I ought to leave this hotel; but you do not make it so clear, since it is only embarrassment that I would avoid, that I should do all you say, Mr. Hereford—which is, I understand, to leave the city."

"No."

"No, Mr. Hereford." Annis softly laughed. "I like Chicago. Six years with none but Asiatic amusements, Mr. Hereford—which debilitate rather than entertain—have made me eager, even without Mr. Lund's guidance to the city's sights, for the more diverse pleasures here. I do not see why I should give them up. Moreover, unless you are far more stupid than I have given you credit for being, a moment's reflection might make it occur to you that, if you wish the emerald not to be recovered at any moment, you will continue to be pleased with my presence here—and not locked up."

Hereford stared at him uncertainly.

"I see!" he muttered slowly as he studied the other.

He rose, grasping his stick. Annis bowed exaggeratedly.

"I trust you are therefore advised to leave me well alone. My original intention, as you have observed, may have been to remove the emerald; but recently affairs have been shaping themselves so that it may be quite as profitable, and much less troublesome to collect the profits, to return the emerald to the place from which it seems to have disappeared. Do not, by your interference, urge upon me this second alternative!"

Hereford still stared at him, puzzled; then, as if with reluctant resignation that no more was to be got from Annis, he turned and left.

XIII

HEREFORD walked, while in the hotel and outside as long as he was in sight from Annis' window, like a man in doubt and without clear understanding of his next move. Once he was out of sight, however, he hurried to a telephone booth and, calling up his office, asked to speak to his confidential stenographer.

"I want you to find out," he directed, "why access cannot be had to Baraka's room today—the one in which the fire started. Also ascertain the first moment at which one might enter unobserved. I will call you again in fifteen minutes."

He found his taxicab; and, riding in it for a quarter-hour in a manner which took him no farther from the Hotel Tonty, he got out at a drug store and again called his secretary.

"The Javanese have kept the same suite for today," the stenographer reported. "There has been some one in the rooms constantly. Baraka is using his secretary's room with him. At six o'clock the hotel will give them another suite, which is to be vacated then."

"Has anything been disturbed in the rooms?"

"No, sir. The insurance appraiser will be there tomorrow morning."

"That's all."

It was already past five—the dusk of the October afternoon was thickening to the evening blackness. The chauffeur of the taxicab was lighting his lamps as Hereford reentered the cab; the street lamps were lighted.

"I will take you until ten minutes of six," he said to the chauffeur and paid him to be exact to that time. "Go slowly back to town. Bring me to the entrance to the bar of the Hotel Tonty at that time."

Arrived at the hotel, he jumped from the cab without delay and entered the hotel through the bar, where his face was unknown, and, without approaching the elevators, ascended the stairs to the tenth floor. On the stairs, deserted at this hour, he met no one; as he had apparently escaped observation since leaving his apartment that morning, so no one seemed to be following him now.

A few people, coming from the rooms about, passed toward the elevators, evidently on their way to dinner. A chambermaid appeared to straighten their rooms after they had left. Hereford walked down the corridor as though coming from an elevator and followed the maid into the room where she was working. Her pass-key had been left in the door. He took it out.

"I want to go back to my room a moment," he explained, as she looked up. "My wife seems to have carried my key downstairs with her."

"Very well, sir."

Hereford returned down the hall to the door of the Javanese suite, which he unlocked and returned the key to the maid.

Entering the suite which had been occupied by the Javanese, he closed the door behind him. He listened, but heard no sound. Going cautiously into the first rooms, he found them, as he had supposed, quite empty. He passed into the next to the last room—that occupied by Baraka at the time of the fire, in which the oil had been ignited, the one to which Baraka had moved after the theft of the emerald. It was totally dark—even darker than the others, for the shades had been drawn—and his nostrils were filled with a strong odor of charred wood. Striking a match, Hereford saw that the police evidently had left everything in the room in the same confusion in which he had viewed it the morning of the day before, but the great steel box had been moved out; the suitcase and Baraka's effects appeared to be gone.

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You do not have to wear more than one pair of these new *Shawknit* Silk Socks to make you an admirer.

Made from the choicest silk yarns, with double soles and ankles, so carefully reinforced with lisle that your sense of fitness is not jarred by any unsightliness. We guarantee these Shawknit Silk Socks to give satisfactory service or we will replace them.

Made in the season's most popular shades of Navy, French Grey, Tan and Black.

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The Shawknit Sign is worth looking for—and worth finding because of the sock-style, foot-comfort and the lasting quality it leads to.

Whenever you find the Shawknit Sign you find high class goods handled by a reliable merchant.

We send our new book "The Hosiery of a Gentleman" *FREE and postpaid* on request. It tells all about the full line of Shawknit Socks—including **staple styles** knit from **Soft-combed Cotton, Mercerized Lisle, Silk, Linen, Merino and Worsteds.** Address—

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To Dealers—Stocks are carried in New York City and San Francisco

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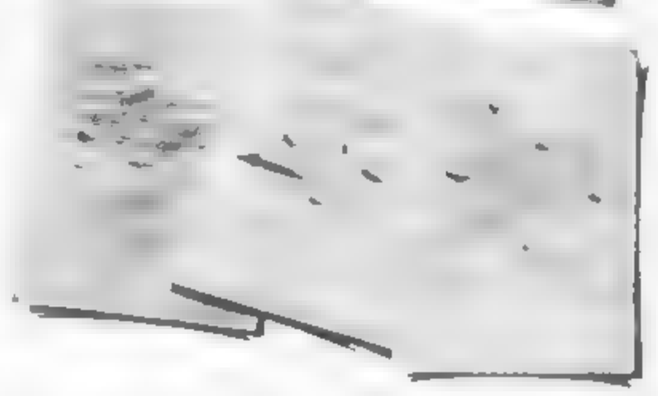

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The sooner you begin using Multi-Kopy, the sooner you will have your records clean, permanent and reliable. What's worth copying is worth copying *well.*

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Beau Brummel's Ruffled Collar

—like his waistcoat or his breeches—set the mode in his day. He originated and the world followed. Today Fashion is the choice of the majority.

Today Fashion demands the closed-front collar. The newest is the Pembroke, with the improved LINOCORD "SNAP-ON" BUTTONHOLE.

PEMBROKE

2⅜ in. PEMBROKE | KENSETT 2 | 2 in. CHATHAM

The "SNAP-ON" buttonhole in the Pembroke, Kensett, Chatham (same shapes, three heights) can't stretch nor break in laundering. Won't spread, pull apart, nor slip off the button. Simple to adjust, holds collar together in front and *assures* correct shape every time it's worn.

Beau Brummel

Brummel had the secret of well dressing. Even Princes of the Royal Blood copied the turn of Brummel's cravat, the set of his waistcoat, the cut of his trousers

How high above other articles of dress this Arbiter of Fashion placed a gentleman's neckwear—as the spotlight of attraction—is shown by these words to his valet:

'Am I quite correct? Are there creases in my cravat? I would not wish to make creases the fashion."

(*From Clyde Fitch's "Beau Brummel"*)

Note:—The creator of Beau Brummel's way was the ruffled stock collar

Ide Silver Collars

Ample Scarf Space

¼ Sizes—2 for 25c In Canada 3 for 50c

Hundreds of impartial tests have proved that Ide Silver Collars last longest and keep their shape best in laundering.

Send for Our Style Book

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GEO. P. IDE & CO., 491 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Here's an efficient and durable **Typewriter**

The Bennett $18 Typewriter couldn't be better built. Made in [illegible] for $18

[illegible] Wonderfully durable [illegible] of the simplified construction [illegible] 90 parts. The Bennett only 25c. Hence its $18 price. Thoroughly practical and proven. Over 40,000 in use. Among its exclusive advantages

Weighs but 6½ lbs., and easily carried in grip or overcoat pocket. Ideal for traveling and professional men, and home use. All up-to-date improvements. Does rapid, neat work. SEND FOR CATALOG, and our "money-back-unless-satisfied guarantee."

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Write for Special Law Bulletin

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE, Dept. 935, Chicago, Ill.

Is your next suit or overcoat to be a This is the label Stein-Bloch?

The Stein-Bloch Company
Rochester, New York
New York Boston Chicago

He located the electric-light switch and let the match burn out. Reopening the door to the other room and listening cautiously before turning on the light, he heard a sound which seemed to come from the door of the room beyond—not at the door by which he himself had entered, but at the door of the room between: some one seemed to be operating the lock.

The hotel servants, when they left the rooms, had gone out by the door through which Hereford had entered. According to custom, therefore, the keys of the other doors communicating with the hall would be left on the inside, with the doors locked. Whether the doors happened to have been also bolted Hereford could not know. The man working at the lock evidently was turning the key in the lock by means of a wire. The lock clicked and a shaft of light from the hall told that the door immediately opened. From his position Hereford could see only that a tall shadow shut out the light; immediately the door was closed and locked on the inside.

Hereford realized that the man might be any one who, having followed the reports of the robbery in the papers and then read of the fire, had seen the interpretation of the second event as he himself now so clearly understood that.

So he retreated cautiously as the other advanced, lighting his way every few steps with a pocket electric lamp. Hereford, recalling the position of the bathroom, crossed to it carefully and reached it when the other entered the room.

The man stood still, throwing his light in every direction to get his bearings. Evidently either he had overlooked the use of the electric lights in the room or had decided not to use them, for he made no apparent search for the switch. He seemed instead—as well as Hereford could visualize to himself the manner of the vague movements behind the little white spot of light—to be looking about the room as one entirely strange to it, but familiar with it from the descriptions. Hereford saw the man turn his light upon this object and that, as if to identify them. So he located the place where the box had stood, stooped and followed what Hereford knew to be the drops of blood leading to the blank wall, and reaching the wall, instead of being puzzled, seemed to examine with satisfaction the marks of blood upon the hangings there. He returned then to the middle of the room for a chair. There was the sound of something he carried being put down; then he seemed to get up on the chair—the spot of light glowed against the wall where a tall man, standing upon a chair, would hold an electric lamp against the ceiling.

Hereford crept out from behind the bathroom door the better to watch him. The man was feeling with one hand along the top of the heavy molding at the very top of the wall, next to the ceiling.

Hereford could hear him breathing heavily as his fingers felt nervously along, as one breathes knowing that in a moment a great matter will be decided for him one way or the other. As he felt and evidently found nothing, his agitation seemed to increase. He descended to the floor, moved the chair as much to the left of the original point as he had first moved it to the right, and felt again. Still feeling nothing, an exclamation escaped him. Stepping down, he turned his light upon and seized from against the wall a stout walking stick, and stepped back upon the chair. Poking with it along the top of the molding as far as he could reach, he struck something. With an exclamation he realized it and struck again. It fell to the floor with a firm, sharp sound. As Hereford sprang forward, the other man swung his light upon it; and from a hundred bright, polished, gleaming green facets little scintillating points of light shot back. But as quickly as Hereford had sprung forward the man on the chair realized his presence, leaped down and—though he could not stoop to pick up the emerald—interposed himself, striking out savagely with his heavy cane as Hereford rushed him in the glow of his lamp.

"Ah! You!" Annis' voice gave the relief in his recognition as he struck.

Hereford made no reply. Annis' blow caught him upon his upraised arm. Annis, in countering the blow aimed at him, lifted his hand holding the lamp. Hereford's cane smashed it from him and it crashed to the floor.

The two men met, striking with stick and fist in total darkness—the great emerald on the floor under their feet.

Hereford's face was bruised; he felt the hot blood from a cut on his cheek. He had struck at least once with some effect—with how much, or what his own hurt might be, he had no instant to consider. Annis had struggled out of the clinch.

The man, Hereford knew, was certainly armed with a revolver. He himself was not. There was no chance for either to get out if a shot raised the alarm; but whether Annis would recognize this or would be reckless of it Hereford could not know. At all costs he must prevent Annis from drawing his revolver. This much he had thought in the clinch. He followed the other up, therefore, heedless of the blows he received, beating madly back with his own stick.

When he was a boy in college he had played with single-stick, as he had also boxed. It was altogether too close and rough for good work; but for every blow on the head that staggered him he gave at least another. Annis' breath was coming certainly as fast as his own; he seemed to stagger as Hereford forced him back.

"You know I will let you out of this if you want to go," Hereford managed to gasp as he pressed him.

Annis' answer was to counter merely for a moment—he made no attempt to strike back. As Hereford's cane struck Annis' again, it clashed with a different sound so Hereford thought he had broken it; but, as he pressed recklessly forward to follow up the advantage, he felt a sudden, stinging, burning sensation in his left shoulder. He pressed forward, not understanding it, striking madly with his cane. Annis' guard went down and Hereford knew he struck with the full force of his heavy stick fair across the temples. Annis cursed loudly as he crumpled and relaxed. The same instant the hot, stinging sensation in Hereford's shoulder changed to a feeling of cold steel in warm flesh, the tear of a cut and the steel turned in it. Hereford felt for the long, slender rapier Annis had drawn from his cane and with which he had run him through.

Surprised at it and not at all realizing what it meant, as the pain yet told him nothing, he drew it out, still more astonished at the blood which followed. As he felt it flowing hot and wet over his underclothes and coming out over his coat, his dismay took the immediate form of a realization that it would be impossible for him to go out through the hotel in that condition. Before going, too, he must see in what state he was leaving Annis. He stepped, therefore, to the point where he had located the switch and turned on the light.

Annis, he then saw, was crumpled against the wall near the corner. As Hereford bent over him he knew the man was merely stunned, not dead; but his head was cut and bruised shockingly. Hereford realized that he himself was now battered about the head also.

As his dazed thought went back to these hurts it seemed to him it was the stun of the blows of the stick rather than the absurdly less painful cut through the shoulder which dizzied him as he stooped over and picked up the emerald—or tried to; for he did not pick it up.

He lurched for it, but missed it. Loud beatings upon the doors and cries outside made his clasp uncertain, and he did not get the green stone firmly between his fingers. He and Annis must have made more noise than he had thought, cudgeling each other in there; for many men seemed to be outside. They were smashing down the door now—or seemed to be, they were beating upon it so hard—and calling loudly.

Hereford knew dizzily that it was useless to try to get out; they were at the door and would never let him pass with all that blood on his coat. Drops of blood fell on the floor and it was running down inside his sleeve as he reached for the emerald. It confused his fingers as he tried to pick up the stone.

The blow upon the door came again. He had the emerald in his grasp now, but already they were bursting into the next room. With the one thought of getting the green stone out of the way, he staggered to the window and tried to raise it; but, before he got it up, the police, Farren, Baraka and the Javanese, in one wild, pushing, exclaiming mass, threw themselves upon him. Baraka himself—it seemed from his cries of triumphant vindication—grabbed the stone from Hereford's hand and the rest overwhelmed him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Which Is Better— Prosperity or Experiment?

OVER all the length and breadth of this great country people are enjoying almost unprecedented good times and prosperity.

In no country in the world does the family live as well, wear as good clothes, and have as many pleasures as in the United States.

When Mr. Taft entered the White House, he faced conditions of panic and unrest, due largely to the impetuous and drastic methods of a previous administration.

Yet in the short period of three years he has reassured frightened capital, restored confidence to field and factory, regulated trade conditions, and brought peace and tranquillity at home and abroad.

The present prosperity of nation and individual is admittedly due to the sagacity, common-sense, and good judgment of President Taft.

* * *

Yet, in spite of the fact that times are *good*, and getting *better*, some people are restive and impatient, chafing under a few adverse conditions which they unjustly attribute to Mr. Taft and to his administration.

A few are even short-sighted enough to listen to the siren song of disappointed and ambitious office-seekers, who hope to achieve political success by attacking bogies which are mainly the creation of their own selfish aims.

At this pivot-point in our history only the exercise of the sound common-sense of the American people can avoid a repetition of commercial and industrial disaster.

Can save us from that pit of panic and poverty into which we *invariably* and *unfailingly* descend whenever we *experiment with our prosperity*.

The Tariff is mistakenly blamed by many as being the direct cause of the "high cost of living," and many other problems that confront us.

The population of the United States is, in round numbers, one hundred million people,—ninety-three million, to be exact.

Receipts for tariff duties for the year ended July 1st were three hundred and twelve million dollars.

YOU pay just *$3.46 a year* for protecting the country and for insuring YOURSELF against the competition of the cheap labor and huge surplus manufactures of Germany and England, France and Italy, and other countries.

Under *absolute* "free trade," with all duties removed, you could not save *more* than this $3.46 a year. Under a tariff "for revenue only" you would save less than that. And either of these policies would destroy necessary protection, and mean disaster to American industry.

The Tariff has been blamed *before* for many troubles.

And in chopping away at it with a meat axe the country has been plunged into convulsions of disrupted markets, financial panic, and unemployed labor.

This is not *theory*, as some would have you believe. It is HISTORY!

We are face to face—again—with the danger of another recurrence of this awful mistake!

Those who are trying to lead the American people into another slough of uncertainty and despair will have much to answer for should their specious promises and plausible platitudes prevail.

It is wise to weigh, carefully, the *solid ground* of President Taft's tariff record, and practical, common-sense method of approaching the tariff problem, against the illusive *rainbow promises*, and trade-destroying *"hit-and-miss" theories* of those who oppose him.

* * *

Mr. Taft—as his record shows—stands like a rock for the protective *principle*. But he believes there are portions of the tariff that *can* bear downward revision.

He has *always* believed this.

Recent tariff legislation received his approval, not because the tariff bill was perfect—for it was *not*—and he knew it—but simply because it was *the best he could get* under existing circumstances, and *much better* than the tariff then in force.

It has vindicated itself.

Prosperity—at a low ebb since the panic of 1907—has been gradually restored.

Necessary revenue has been produced. With a *larger free list* than even the "tariff for revenue only" of 1893, and with the *lowest known* average duty on dutiable goods, a deficit of fifty-nine million dollars has been changed into a surplus of forty-seven million dollars.

The maximum and minimum clause, introduced for the first time, has developed the greatest foreign trade in our history.

The Tariff Board was created. The only sane, common-sense, business method of tariff-making ever devised.

Rash and ill-considered attempts to destroy this measure have been promptly vetoed by President Taft. Simply because they were hasty and impulsive, based on no real investigation, and were passed solely for political effect. Had these attempts succeeded, they would unquestionably have brought ruin to several thriving and important American industries.

* * *

The President stands for tariff protection that will insure fair profit to the American manufacturer and high wage to the American workman. He is, and always has been, opposed to any higher duty than is needed *to secure this result*.

And he ALONE offers a sane, practical method of taking the tariff out of politics, and placing it on a strictly scientific and business basis.

Under Mr. Taft's plan tariff changes would be uneventful in their immediate effect. Home and foreign trade would progress steadily, instead of by a series of tariff jumps. Serious and unlooked for business disturbances would be avoided.

Through the use of a somewhat similar system, Germany has gone twenty-seven years without any general tariff revision. France went eighteen years.

Single changes have been made in these countries from time to time, on the RECOMMENDATION OF THE TARIFF BOARD. And these countries have never felt that a tariff change was in progress.

They have suffered none of the upheavals that have several times threatened our commercial supremacy.

At the present time, in the face of unexampled prosperity, with abundant crops, expanding home trade, and foreign commerce growing by leaps and bounds, are we so heedless and thoughtless as deliberately to fly in the face of the terrible lessons of the past and *tempt again* a fate that has several times overtaken us?

* * *

Which is the better—in other words—prosperous times, busy fields and factories, steady employment at good and increasing salaries, with *some high prices* for food and clothing—OR, impoverished farmers, closed mills and business houses, low salaries or *no salaries at all*, with *low prices* for necessities?

What difference does it make how *cheap* a thing is if there is no money with which to buy it?

To vote for Mr. Taft insures a continuance of our present prosperity with everything done that wise and able statesmanship can do to reduce the *cost* of living without at the same time destroying the *means* of living.

To vote against him is to vote against his policies; against his common-sense tariff plan; against the things that have brought the prosperity of the past three years.

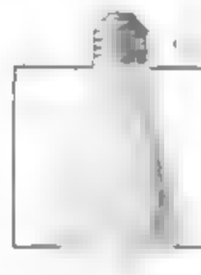
It means that we shall embark, again, on a sea of blind *experiment* and disproven *theory*, the end of which no human being can foresee.

Which is safer—prosperity or experiment?

Republican National Committee

CHARLES D. HILLES, Chairman
JAMES B. REYNOLDS, Secretary

ALL LIGHT



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THE INCENDIARY

(Continued from Page 29)

and tense that it reached no farther than the ear of one man. "You tell? No, no! By the justice of Allah! Let not Shaitan move thee to this abomination! Said Wad Darho is no fool."

"You is a fool ef you spec's me to give you a hunderd dollars ——" Zack stopped short when the Arab stood before him man to man, desperately upright, no longer cringing; and there was that in the sheen of his eyes which compelled Zack to listen. Said put his lips close to the other's ear

"Effendi lose his hat which he wear by night."

"Dat's so. I dunno what is 'come o' dat little old blue hat."

"One friend of Said Wad Darho find Effendi's hat beside gin factory. Friend of Said be kind; conceal Effendi's hat. If friend of Said be angry he go tell that Bimbashi MacDonald."

Zack gasped. He might have been talking to hear his tongue rattle; now he could keep quiet and hear his teeth rattle. "What you mean, Side? I never lef' no hat at no gin. I warn't nowhars nigh dat gin when it cotch fire."

Said spread his hands very wide apart and smiled. "Allah, He knows." Then he talked rapidly with that low shrill-and-hiss of the excited yet cautious Arab. "El Bimb MacDonald remember you say gin factory must burn. El Bimb and Ingleezi Lyttleton talk much angry each with other—say Black Effendi set fire gin. They tell it not because Excellency Spot'-wood' be sorry. Excellency Spot'wood' much great one!"

It took very little of this talk to limber the stuffening out of Old Reliable's backbone. "Side, you an' me is been mighty good friends—you ain't gwine to rig up no sech tale as dat, is you?"

Victory lay so deep in the Dongolawi's eyes that no ripple of its elation disturbed their surface. Gently he led the beaten man back to his seat on the bench. Again he crouched at the other's feet; again he scooped a hole in the sand. "Excellency, put money—there—walk off."

"Side, you done outtalked me 'bout dis here money." Zack performed at the crack of the whip and walked.

"May Allah accept your doings! You have set my mind at ease." And the Dongolawi hid the gold in his girdle.

When Zack got as far as the first palm tree he wheeled. "You needn't ac' so biggety—I wouldn't give you nary cent 'thout I wanted to! 'Tain't nothin' to me—I spends a heap more'n dat ev'y day o' de worl' on gingersnaps an' sardines."

As Said made no answer Zack came back part of the way, still keeping a prudent distance. "I ain't gwine to leave you here, neither. You's 'tirely too handy wid fire. Fust thing I know you'll burn sumpin' fer somebody what's mean enough to tell on you."

Said nodded amiably, as the mastiff wags his tail when the poodle barks at him through the fence.

"Side, you march yo'se'f right straight to dat frien' o' yourn an' git my hat—Cunnel gimme dat hat."

With fathomless gravity Said produced a tightly rolled wad from underneath his *jibba*. Stupidly the Illustrious Effendi received his creased and wrinkled hat. He took his seat, unfolded it, smoothed it out on his knee, and considered very deeply before committing himself to a remark. "Side, you shore is one big liar!"

Again Said spread his palms and smiled inscrutably. "Allah has given me understanding. It is not wise for the lame to travel without a crutch!"—upon which pearl of wisdom the Illustrious Effendi meditated extensively. Said regarded him impassively until Zack sprang up with sudden violence. Taken utterly by surprise, the Dongolawi bolted for the river and stopped, knee deep, when Zack shouted: "Cunnel! Oh, Cunnel! Steamboat's acomin'! She's acomin'! She's acomin'!"

All afternoon Zack plied happily back and forth from the quarters to the gunboat, making things tidy in the Colonel's cabin. Said never budged from the catfish stand, assuming an air of proprietorship that made Zack stop and snort every time he went by. "I shore is got to bus' one mo' egg on dat nigger. Ef I jes' takes de notion I'll beat him up so his godmudder wouldn't know him—ef I takes de notion! Wonder what's de wust I kin do?"

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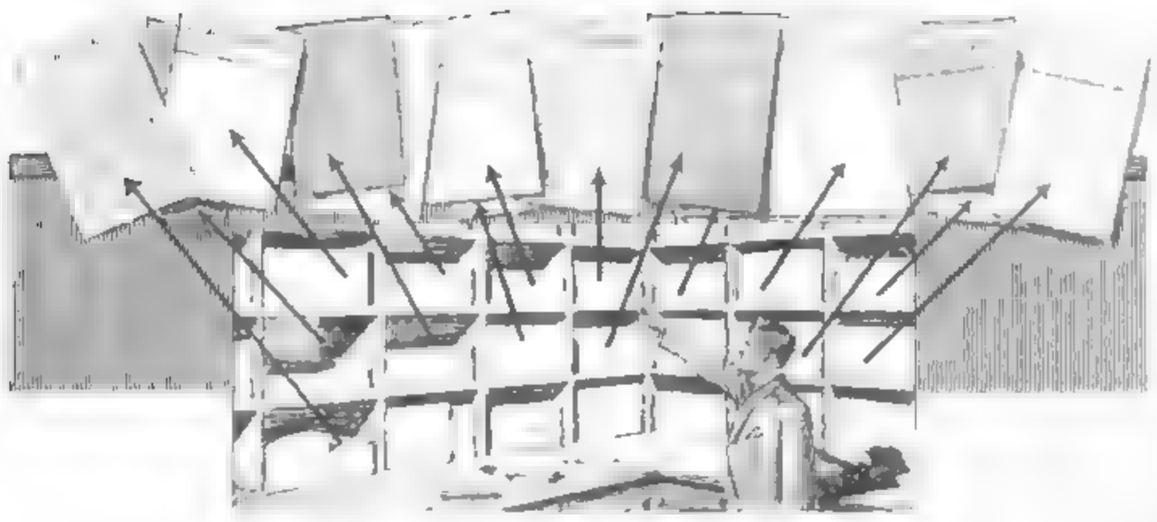

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There are no tortures more terrible to a Dongolawi than to pass unrecognized by his godmother, and Zack got the inspiration to play Said like a flute. Sunshine itself was no warmer and more genial than the Old Reliable smile. The Dongolawi was polishing pans to a nicety when Zack's shadow fell across his work. "Say, why don't you come on an' load my baggage?"

Said Wad Darho glanced up without cessation of industry. "I must keep my shop."

This complacency came pretty near jolting Old Reliable out of his determination to be agreeable. "You ain't got no catfish stan' yit—not by a long shot."

Said smiled. "Effendi must go—who shall stay? It is Said Wad Darho." The thrifty shopkeeper rose, gazed contentedly round him and stood with folded arms.

"Dat don't tree no coon. Fudl, he gwine to stay too; but dat don't make it hisn. You can't go lopin' down de long road an' take up wid de fust catfish stan' you comes acrost. Dat ain't de law."

Now Said had heard in his village somewhat of this mysterious and malignant thing they called the law. He had seen many waitings concerning it—*corvee*, conscription and the cutting off of hands. The suggestion of law disquieted him.

"It is mine." He spoke with wavering stubbornness.

Zack pulled out an impressive-looking document—taken from MacDonald's waste-basket. "How come it yourn? You ain't got no paper fer it. Maybe I got Fudl's name writ on dis paper."

The Dongolawi's legs crumpled up and tangled together like snapped fiddlestrings. He sank to his knees and caught the hem of Zack's coat. "But the Illustrious Effendi promised—Excellency!"

"I ain't gwine to give nothin' to Fudl; I gwine to put yo' name on dis paper—pervided you tends to yo' job."

Said reached out both claws; Zack deliberately stuck the paper in his pocket. "Come along wid me."

Three barelegged servants held three donkeys in front of the quarters; three white men conferred together within, and three sun-helmets rested on the table beside them, when Zack passed through with Said slinking at his heels. Zack would really have preferred to close that intervening door, but left it ajar. Said glanced nervously at the shut-in room, and the life went out of him even before the Black Effendi showed his hand. "Nigger, you lied me out o' dat money; an' you got to give it back. I'm gwine to holler fer Cunnel an' say somebody is robbed me an' I wants you searched. Dey won't never let you out o' jail!"

Like a trapped hyena Said sprang to the outer door—it was locked and the key gone. He turned at bay and showed those white fangs. Zack nodded wisely. "Dat's all I wants to know—you got dat money wid you. Give it here!"

Zack had lifted his voice. The Colonel called from the next room: "Zack, do you need help?" Before Zack could answer Said thrust a dirty bag into his hand. Old Reliable maneuvered nearer the door—nearer the white folks—and dropped those goldpieces one by one into his pocket.

"Dat's de way to do business! Now git a move on you an' tote dem boxes."

. . . . . .

The Nasir turned her prow to the north. Colonel Spottiswoode and Zack Foster, Effendi, with radiant faces, stood on the forward deck, their helmets lifted in courteous farewell. Every voice on the bank shouted a separate good-by—all save one—that lean, lone and silent Dongolawi, who stood with folded arms in front of the Hot-Cat Eating House.

"Why, Zack, yonder is Said. Isn't he going with us?"

"I done fired Side. I wants to git in a good humor befo' us hits Vicksburg. Dat nigger kep' me so pestered I give him de catfish stan' to make him stay."

"That's not your property—it belongs to the company."

"Yas, suh. I jes' 'lowed I'd leave dat 'twix' Side an' Mr. Bim!"

Tolstoi or Tosti

CONVERSATION between a playwright and a producer of musical comedy:

"Well," said the playwright, "I see that Tolstoi is dead."

"Is that so?" asked the producer. "I'm sorry to hear it. I always did like that little song he wrote called Good-by."

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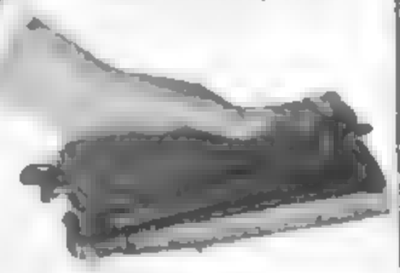


Send for Booklet

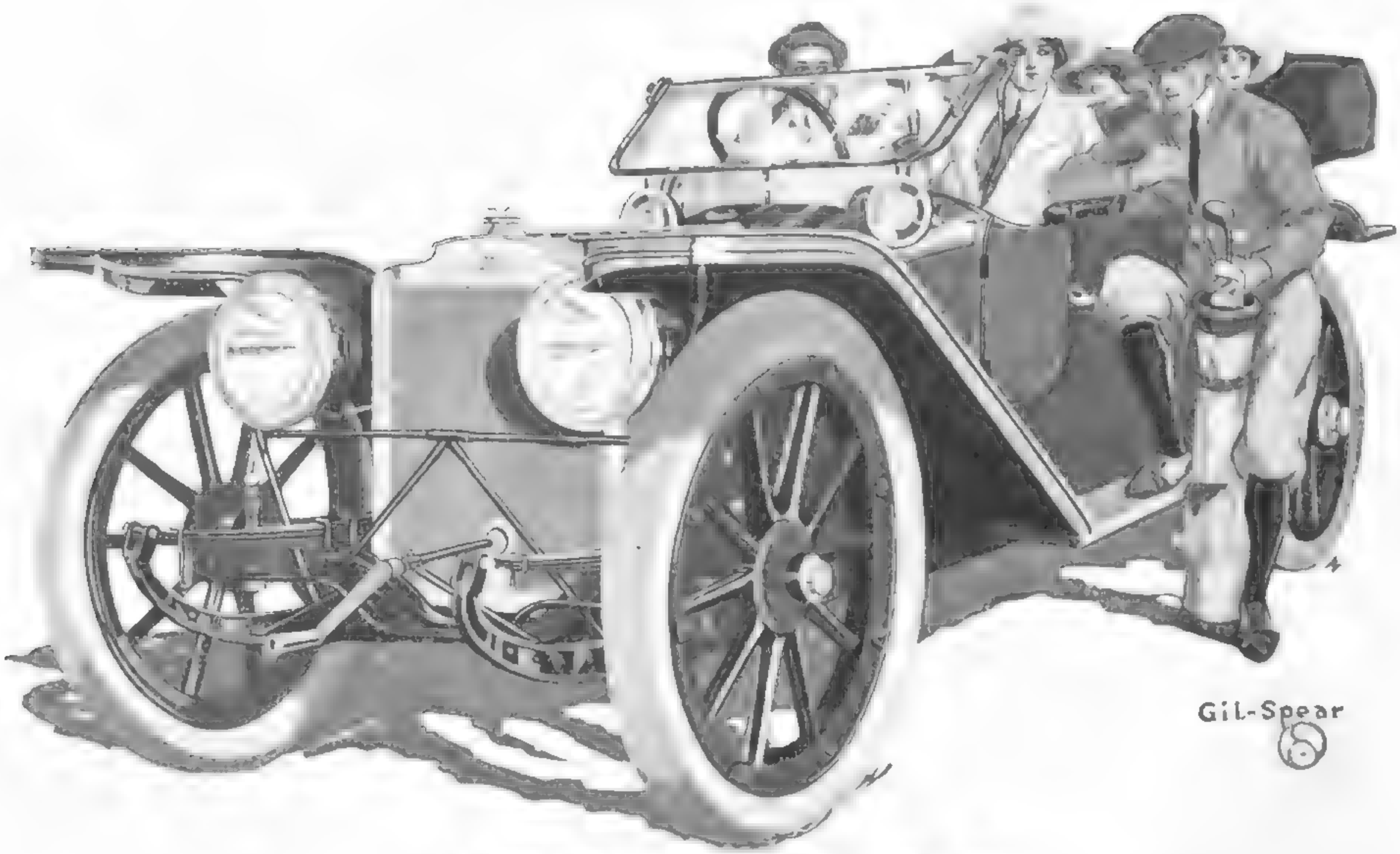
O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO.
100 Detroit St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me your Free Book illustrating and describing your styles of gloves and mittens. I am most interested in the glove you make for the following purpose

Name

Address

Town State



Electrically Lighted

AMERICAN UNDERSLUNG

Electrically Started

Positive proof of the growing popularity of underslung construction.

Actual Sales Last Fiscal Year Over Preceding Year, Gain 183%.
Actual Sales First Two Months This Year Over Same Last Year, Gain 175%.

THE "American Traveler" is a big car of huge power. This great, graceful machine stimulates your love of motoring. Imagine your thrill of mastery over this extraordinarily sensitive and powerful piece of mechanism. A touch of the throttle and the big motor responds. You fly sixty, seventy miles an hour with ease—carefree! The deep cushions of the spacious and richly appointed tonneau make you feel at peace with the world.

No side-sway, no danger, no discomfort of any kind; all is eliminated by the "American Underslung" frame construction. Loaf along if you like. No shifting of gears for a four-mile speed. You are driven by the most faultless and obedient of motors. Truly, this is the car for those whose recreation is touring.

Little need to build handsomely unless substantially. This is the secret of the "Traveler's" worth. You'll note no deterioration the second season. It is more than the handsomest, it is the best built car.

The "Traveler" is built on the famous "American Underslung" principle, which makes possible additional safety, economy and comfort.

The low center of gravity means *safety* and *added comfort.*

The straight line drive means *less wasted power.*

The larger wheels mean *easier riding, tire economy* and *maximum road clearance.*

The "American Underslung" frame permits the direct and practical introduction of all these distinct and exclusive advantages.

The "Traveler" is priced at $4,500. In keeping with its general elegance we have listed as complete equipment the very finest products of the accessory shops.

Due to the extraordinary care in construction we can make only a small number of "Travelers." You should arrange an appointment at once with the nearest American representative. Be sure to at least enjoy for once this car's wonderful fascination. We will be glad to give you our dealer's name and address.

We will be pleased to send you a 1913 catalogue.

The "American Traveler" (Type 56A) Fully Equipped—$4,500

The "American Scout" (Type 22A) $1,475

Six passengers. Motor, four cylinders, 5⅜-in. bore, 5½-in. stroke. Wheel base 140 inches; tires 41x4½ inch, front and rear on demountable rims.

$4,500 includes regular equipment as follows: combination electric lighting dynamo and self-starter, all five lamps electric ($350.00 outfit); $90 Warner clock combination 100 mile speedometer; fine plate glass wind shield, fine mohair top and curtains; high tension magneto and storage battery, two extra rims, shock absorbers; foot rest, robe rail; horn; jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

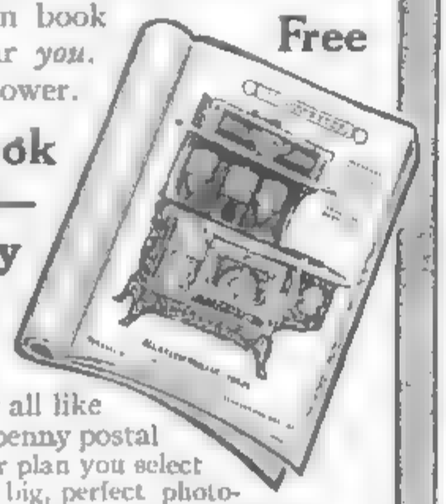
The "American Tourist" (Type 34A) $2,350

American Motors Company, Dept. J, Indianapolis, Indiana

Cash or Credit—30 Days FREE

A New Stove SURE When You See Kalamazoo Prices

You can't tell positively what success you will have with any stove until you test it in your own home. We make *the very kind you want* among our 400 styles—give you 30 Days' Free Trial and save you $5.00 to $40.00 according to what you need and location. You'll be surprised to find that the Kalamazoos—*acknowledged* the finest stoves made—are sold at prices no one else can approach. The largest factory in the world dealing direct is the reason. Two hundred thousand delighted customers—one or many in nearly every town, is the proof. See testimonials in book or write for names and addresses near *you*. And prices have been reduced still lower.

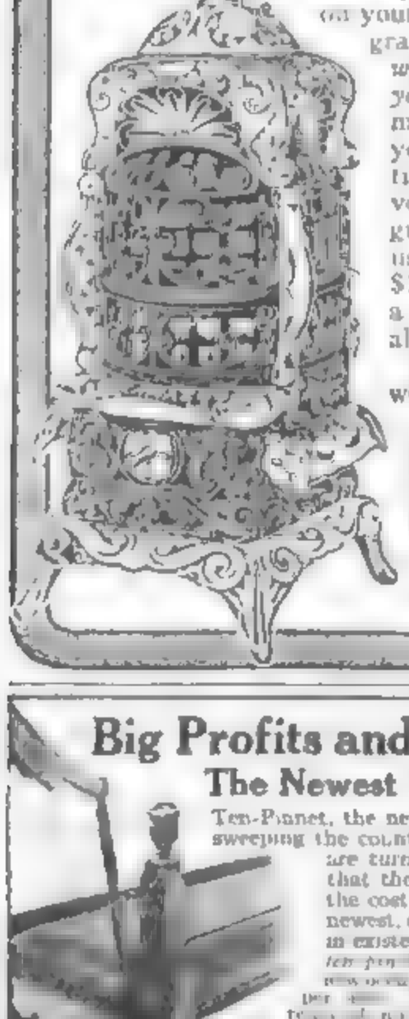


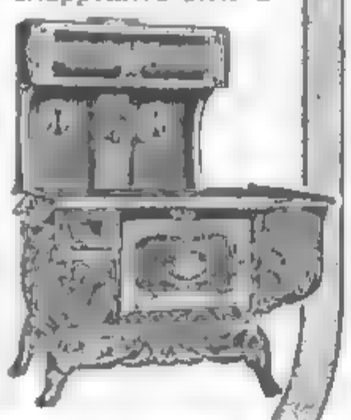
Free

WRITE for Free Book —Free Trial— 360 Days' Test—Low Factory Price—Freight Prepaid— Cash or Credit

There is no other stove after all like the Kalamazoo. Write us a penny postal to satisfy yourself. And by our plan you select on your *own* judgment, from big, perfect photographic illustrations, choose the *style* and *price you want*. And stove or range is shipped *the day we get your order*, freight prepaid. If disappointed after a month's trial, return and get your money at once—or any time within a year if flaws develop. Read the legally binding guarantee in free book. Write us *now*. A better stove and $10.00 or $20.00 saved are worth a penny postal. Ask for Catalogue No. 152.

When writing mention this weekly please.





KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.
Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Michigan
We make Furnaces and Gas Stoves, too. If interested, ask for special catalogs.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You And Gas Stoves Too

Big Profits and Your Own Business

The Newest Popular Amusement

Ten-Pinnet, the new automatic ten-pin alley, is sweeping the country, and men in the business are turning over their capital so fast that they don't need to worry about the cost of living. Ten-Pinnet is the newest, quietest automatic bowling alley in existence—the *real* and *only* automatic ten-pin [illegible]. It has an unlimited number of combination shots. Something [illegible] earning capacity from 75 cents to $1.50 per hour per [illegible] foundations [illegible]. The game is very fast and [illegible]. Only $[illegible] required to [illegible] start. We will sell only one person in your locality. Write for our [illegible] proposition. The success of the business in your locality of [illegible] will be [illegible]. This is your *real* opportunity. Grasp it now and [illegible]. Write today. (48)

Send for "Profit Facts" Today

THE PROFIT-AMUSEMENT COMPANY, 104 Draper St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Dealer—Don't Sell Jap-a-lac Just Because It's Advertised—

Sell Jap-a-lac because it satisfies. Because it brings back buyers for *more* Jap-a-lac and for *other* merchandise that is equally good.

This year we are doing more effective advertising than ever before. We are *proving* to the public that Jap-a-lac renews everything from cellar to garret, and are encouraging housewives to use *more* of its 22 different colors.

Remember, there's a *new 10c can* this year. Write for dealers' proposition.

The Glidden Varnish Co.
Factories: Cleveland, O. Toronto, Can. Branches: New York Chicago

GRANDMOTHER'S BOY

Continued from Page 19

that Kipling and Stevenson stuff, too, and liked me, and as I had a certain knack of seldom making them say foolish things they gave me their confidence.

My literary ideals at that period led me to write many articles for the more expensive magazines. One of these I especially wished to shine in—a sedate review read by a few thousand editors, professors of literature, intellectual maiden ladies and unsuccessful contributors. I turned out many an essay full of "perchances" and "methinks" and "Now, gentle readers," but none of the magazines ever published any of my stuff.

I had yet to discover that the gentle reader of our own day is the salesman buying something to read on the train, or the taxicab driver whiling away time waiting for a fare. But even had I known these persons then, I should probably have refused to degrade my art by catering to them, for I was still in that strange vestibule of the writing craft from which so many scribblers never escape, where I thought only of what I wanted to write and not of the people who were to read. It is a curious illusion that makes a young writer concentrate his attention on literature of the past when he should be turning for inspiration to the reading public. It brings into every editorial office a grist of screeds that are unavailable largely because they are cast in dead forms and deal with people and issues that have become extinct.

Still another blind alley drew me some distance off the main road—that was daily newspaper work. I thought experience in this line would teach me writing. It seemed more in harmony with my uncompromising literary ideals.

Only one city editor in Chicago proved willing to give me a trial, and under him I worked less than a week for nothing. He sent me round to police courts to see how well I could write the feature stories that are woven to fit the sordid characters passing through such a place, without much regard to the real facts in the case so long as the stories make attractive light reading. This city editor was an intensely nervous young man and a good deal of a bully, I thought. He ran his desk with the vigor of a section boss, and seemed to feel that the city news printed in his paper somehow kept the world together. I have seen a sixty-car circus taken off a lot half under water with less excitement and profanity than he needed in handing out the daily assignments, and his strenuous methods, contrasted with the clear desk and the composed manner of some big managers of men whom I had interviewed, reminded me of a phrase I used to hear frequently on the lips of an old bookseller: "He brought up a battery of guns to knock down a pigsty." This young man proved to be no better pleased with me than I was with him, so it did not take us long to part company.

The Measles of Discontent

All this time, though I never realized it then, trade-journal work was quietly forming me into a writer—or as nearly one as I shall probably ever be. My friend Stubblefield prospered. The Shrewd Buyer gained circulation and advertising so fast that in two years he was publishing it in a model printing office of his own, and giving all his time to the editing and management. I went with him, and was kept busy on editorial work and reporting, having dropped the composing stick permanently.

Trade-journal work did much for me. It took me round among the real people of today, who are the workers, and gave me an insight into the spirit of our country—the spirit of work. I met the American business man, and got to know him for something entirely different from the narrow moneygrubber that the bookish world supposes him to be. I began to take a genuine interest in the mechanism of business, because I was able to understand it. As perception became clearer it was astonishing to see the literary material lying everywhere. Characters? Why, the whole world of business was built on character, and every story of achievement, success or failure was a story of temperamental values and differences. Plots? The most ordinary business incident might yield a plot of nicest balance.

The artistic dabblers of the Brown Pitcher Club could not see this material. They looked back into a bookish past. Loafing in a world made comfortable for them by business, they sighed for the good old days of chivalry and something to write about, never reflecting that the work of the writer and artist is to give expression to the people round them, and that in those good old days of knights for which they mourned they would have been fitted with brass collars and turned out to herd pigs.

Two years on Stubblefield's journal taught me much of writing. I got through the measles of discontent and dabbling, and Echo began to assert himself again, selecting his own material in his own inscrutable way and merely troubling me to write it out for him. The self-consciousness and posing of the dilettante ceased, because I was too busy and interested to keep them up. Artistic measles is an unpleasant malady, but I got off with a light attack.

Stubblefield lasted only three years however. Some men are better fitted to bear adversity than prosperity. He was one of them. The Shrewd Buyer grew so fast and yielded such snag profits that my ex foreman grew overconfident and vain about his business abilities, and began branching out into other enterprises. The fable of the hare and the tortoise is constantly being repeated in business, and I have noticed that the plodding tortoise always wins if it has sense enough to keep going in a straight line—its one instinct usually.

Appropriating the Golden Goose

Stubblefield was a hare all right. His love of scheming was apparently unquenchable, and now that he had means to put schemes into execution he gave it full rein. Patent rights to inventions were purchased and he became a promoter. A little easy money went into his bank account from a chance option on a piece of downtown real estate, and that led him to tie up considerable money in other options. He spent so much time upon these outside enterprises that the paper was neglected, and finally he made the supreme error of taking a partner.

This partner was a true tortoise. His name was Henry Withers, and as credit man in a La Salle Street concern he had got a little money together by rigid saving. Henry immediately took charge of the goose that laid the golden eggs, and never lost sight of it. He put it under a strict cost and accounting system, the first time in the history of the business, for Stubblefield had let matters run along in a haphazard way, never worrying so long as there were profits. Gracious, how Henry Withers could plod and plug! I see him now in his cheap, skimpy suit, carefully brushed, working over the books, cautiously cutting off superfluous expenses and getting in overdue debts, and smacking his thin lips as he took a discount. Henry was a genial sort of miser, too, for he could crack dry jokes and had a knack of encouraging you to do your best to turn out work and save money for him. Not an item escaped Henry, and in six months he had the business so systematized that Stubblefield knew nothing about it—if he had ever known anything. Henry's plan was very simple. He cut down the golden goose's rations until he reduced the output of golden eggs. Then he went to Stubblefield in alarm to find out what was the matter. Stubblefield couldn't help, because he had never understood the business. Besides, he was completely tied up in his outside schemes, which Henry had encouraged. All Henry did, practically, was to allow Stubblefield plenty of rope. The latter obligingly tied himself in hard knots. For three months there were difficulties inside the office and out, and then the new partner bought Stubblefield's interest for a small price, because Stubblefield needed the money for his other projects. Today Stubblefield is back in the composing room as a foreman, and there he will doubtless remain. As soon as Henry Withers owned The Shrewd Buyer he put the journal on a miserly system of his own, filling the pages with clippings and milking the property of the profits for which we had laid the foundation by constructive editorial work. Under that editorial scheme there was no place for me. So I turned to a field about which I had been thinking for a few years.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Armour's
Bouillon
Cubes
Give you, in less than a minute, a delicious, tempting, stimulating and refreshing beverage which everyone loves from child up to its grandmother. A cup of boiling water—drop in one cube—stir. Your bouillon is ready. Easy as A B C
Most serve one soup course at any meal—the best kind to meal pick me up that you can serve in cold weather.
We also make Chicken Bouillon Cubes—a most delicious novelty. Ask for Free samples of both—a postal brings them. Address
ARMOUR & COMPANY
Dept. 262 Chicago

ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 13)

thinking. While the detective was eating his supper I took my mother into the living room.

"I've got to start for Germany," I said, "on the two-nineteen train tonight. I want you to send over in the morning and engage Amanda Babcock to come here and stay with you until I get back."

The detective and I walked to town together and I sent him to the hotel and to bed. Then I went to Jared Morrison's house and rapped him out. He was amazed at my purpose; and declared that the Pine Rapids affair could wait until old Johann got home.

"Perhaps it might wait; perhaps not," said I. "Don't forget the Amos Tapp affair and how near we came to losing a good thing. When a man is on the track of a big opportunity he plays with fire if he sits down and waits for all the circumstances to adjust themselves to his convenience. No; I'll start for Germany tonight—if you'll advance the cash!"

The old man wavered.

"I can't get you the money until the bank opens," he said. "Meanwhile I'll think it over."

"Never mind the bank," I told Mr. Morrison. "I've got money enough to get me to New York, and meanwhile you can wire me a thousand dollars from Kansas City. It'll be safer not to excite curiosity in Falling Rock."

I knew very well that my partner had eleven thousand dollars on deposit in Kansas City. Jared Morrison had money tucked round everywhere. He was one of those men who pile up fortunes where other men see absolutely no chance.

Well, I caught the two-nineteen train, and I made fast tracks across the continent. I had just time enough in New York to see a lawyer and get a letter to legal counsel in Berlin. Thus I made my first trip abroad.

Out After Big Things

I had no intention of tricking Johann Frelinghuysen out of his farm. I know certain professional promoters who make a business of doing that sort of thing. They work for anybody who will hire them, and they never look up the credentials of their employers. I know one who organized a company with a capital of a million dollars. The tangible assets were sixty thousand dollars and the good-will was put in at nine hundred and forty thousand. The principals kept the assets; the people got the good-will in exchange for their cash, half of which went to the hired promoter. But the bona-fide promoter is not in this class. He stands as a very important link in prosperity, for he is the man who does things—who fights the battles that open up untold possibilities for the industrial army which comes after him.

And then, too, I was operating in my home community, where I had already made myself prominent and respected. I could not afford to jeopard my standing.

When old Johann learned what we wanted he put on a fancy price.

"If you peoples don't buy, some odder peoples vill—not so?" he observed.

"But you might have to wait ten years," I suggested. "If you sell now you can spend those ten years in Germany."

So finally he sold, and thus was born the Pine Rapids Power Company, with a first capital of fifty thousand dollars.

We now consolidated all our enterprises so that the Falling Rock electrical plant and the local water company became part of the larger plan. The plant we built at Pine Rapids found a market for part of its electrical energy, but things moved slowly.

"Mr. Morrison," said I one night, "we've got to stir up things. Electricity will run factories, but of itself it'll never create them. I reckon that's my job."

Mr. Morrison and I had our heads together nearly all night over his dining-room table, and next day I went up to Kansas City again. In a few days we had men out getting options on a right-of-way for an interurban railroad some twenty-odd miles long, to run from Falling Rock down to Pine Rapids, which settlement had no transportation facilities. The proposed road took in Grapeville and several other villages. Meanwhile I had resigned the

We also manufacture a complete line of Direct and Alternating Current Fans Ceiling, Desk, Ventilating, Exhaust—for Home, Office or Factory.

Saving Millions for the Users of Small Machinery

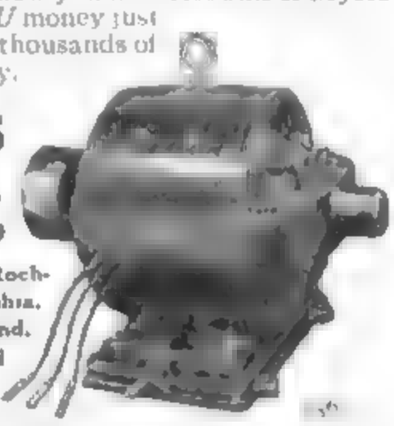
Economical "Standard" Small Motor *Makes* Money by *Saving* It

In countless factories, offices, workshops and stores where small machinery is used the Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" small motors are performing a marvelous mission of economy by *conserving power!* Scientific management demands such a motor. For, wherever a "STANDARD" motor drive is installed, power leaks are plugged.

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Motors

On all machinery requiring up to 15 h. p. the efficient "STANDARD" motor serves as a watchful guard to power consumption. No more delays for repairs.

The only power you pay for is the actual power *used*. *Allow our engineers to advise you free as to greater power efficiency.* Write us regarding your power problem. We will show you how Robbins & Myers motors will save *YOU* money just as they are saving thousands of others. Write today.



THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

BRANCHES: New York, Rochester, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New Orleans and Atlanta.

Your Boy's School Books

are an item of considerable expense. At the end of the term you should be able to sell them for at least one-half what you paid. Probably your experience has been that they sell for about twenty per cent. of the cost.

However careful of his books your boy is, no matter how neatly they are covered at home, a school book is bound to show some wear after eight months' use. The right kind of waterproof material for book covering is hard to obtain. Many economical housewives use wrapping-paper to cover their children's books—a porous paper that affords little protection and will not shed water. At the end of the term the binding is soiled and blistered.

We have a patent waterproof book-cover made especially for boys' schoolbooks. This cover has been adopted by the School Boards in many of the larger cities, because, as one of the superintendents writes, "It adds two years to the life of the book, besides keeping it clean and more satisfactory to pupil and parents."

Write to us, giving your boy's full *name, street and house number*, and upon request we will send him, *entirely without charge*, one of these covers for one of his books. Put the cover on a book that cost you, say, a dollar, and you should be able to sell it at the end of the term for 50 cents or 60 cents instead of 15 cents—a saving to you of perhaps forty-five cents.

When you write, give the height of the book. The covers are made in three sizes—only for books six to nine inches in height. Write to

THE SALES DIVISION—BOX 1381

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Penna.

FAIRY SOAP is pure because it is made from a higher grade of fats and oils than used in other toilet and bath soaps.

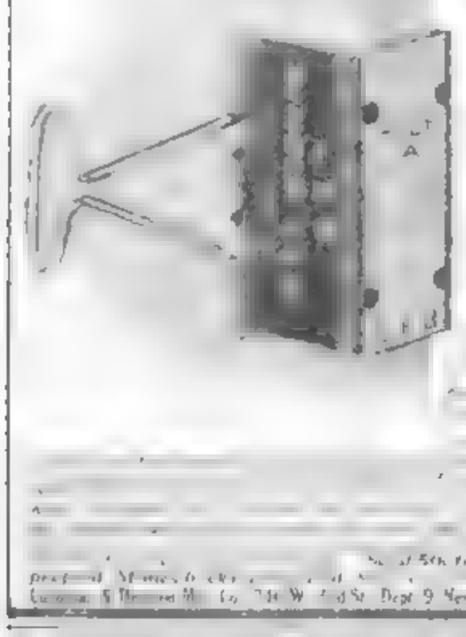
Fairy Soap

cools, soothes and refreshes the skin, and cleanses so gently yet thoroughly that it is best for babies, as well as grown-ups. ¶This oval, floating cake of soap purity costs but 5 cents.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY CHICAGO

A LOOSE LEAF BINDER FOR 5c

The L. E. B Binder Clip



MAKE YOUR COAL Deliver ALL Its Heat

By Installing The Honeywell System

HONEYWELL SYSTEM OF HOT WATER HEATING

has brought health and comfort to nearly 100,000 h[omes] heating to 70 degrees in zero w[eather]

It provides the utmost desirable [qualities] ... unites all these points of *safety* ... efficient, health giving service. Get ...

Honeywell Heating Specialty Co., 124 Main St Wabash Ind.

Southern Farm Facts

Land at $10 an acre up

Alfalfa makes 4 to 6 tons per acre, Corn 60 to 100 bu. All hay crops yield heavily. Beef and Pork produced at 3 to 4 cents per lb.—Apples pay $100 to $500 an acre; Truck crops $100 to $400 other yields in proportion.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY Mobile & Ohio R. R. or Ga. So. & Fla. Ry. will help you find a home in this land of opportunity. Booklets and other facts—free

M. V. RICHARDS, Land and Industrial Agent Room 63, Washington, D. C.

Chewing Gum Be our exclusive agent in your territory. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, sized to sell. Write today. Holmes Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

Sharpen Your Own Razor

Money-back Guarantee

$1 **Blades** to a better [edge] than when ...

Mr. E. C. Taylor says ... Victor Automatic will keep a keen edge on any blade for at least 6 months—or longer—200,000 delighted users. Each machine has full length, extra wide, special Honing and Finishing Strop. Sold on 30 days' trial. Get yours today.

Agents make Big Money

Write for our free trial offer and "Guaranteed Sales" proposition. Do this now

The Victor Specialty Co., 743 Victor Bldg., Canton, Ohio

SALESMEN WANTED

New office specialty. Sells for cash. As indispensable as a typewriter. First class salesmen only need apply Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa.

presidency of the Falling Rock Commercial Association. I had outgrown it, though I still lived there—not on the farm but in town. I was out after bigger things than Falling Rock could give me.

About this time a committee from the commercial association came to my house and protested against the building of the interurban. It would give Pine Rapids the advantage, they said, by drawing industries there that might otherwise locate at Falling Rock. Pine Rapids, understand, had the best power facilities by far.

This was just what I wanted. I had started something again. "Gentlemen," I said, "the company will develop all the power at Falling Rock that this town calls for. It's up to you to say how many horsepower you need. I have been fighting several years to build up a spirit of public enterprise here and I've only partly succeeded. The interurban will not hurt you provided you get busy, modernize this village, and drag down here all the factories you can get; but if you fail to do that Pine Rapids and these other towns will overshadow you. I can't help it—the world cannot stand still for Falling Rock."

Well, I wish you could see that town today! It is one of the most complete little cities in Missouri, with a population of several thousand people, fine streets, good schools and all modern utilities. It has sixteen factories and two more under construction—but I'm getting ahead of this history.

I went up to Chicago and retained an attorney for the Pine Rapids and Falling Rock Railroad Company. You'll observe that I was always the one who took the aggressive in these things—not Jared Morrison. He seldom thought out a scheme or took a step in my brand of initiative; yet without him I never could have pulled our plans through. He was the train of Pullmans; I, the locomotive. I did all the puffing while he rolled along smoothly behind me. I'd like to advise young men to get out and puff. That's the whole secret of my success. Most of the industries of the land were built by men who coupled on to opportunities similar to mine and then tackled the grade.

The Lucky Number Thirteen

I don't need to go into details as to the stock and bonds we issued. We placed most of these securities in our own region and we built the road. We swindled nobody, though our motives were often impugned until we finally demonstrated that we were in earnest. It was hard for people to understand that we were in the business of selling electrical power and not in real-estate booming. We did sell it too—more and more of it all the time. Selling electricity was like selling anything else.

Three years later our little interurban was extended, and afterward it was made part of an important railroad system of which I became a director.

Meanwhile I had married and moved to St. Louis. Our enterprises had now assumed considerable prominence and we were engaged in developing two other power properties similar to that of Pine Rapids. I was not rich; in fact, about all I had was a modest interest in the business and a salary of six thousand dollars a year as secretary of the company. But things were moving rather swiftly now—we had got over the roughest spots.

I went to New York to live when I was thirty-three years old—four years ago—because our operations had assumed a magnitude that made an Eastern headquarters a necessity. Since then I have been drawn into other corporations. Such things come naturally, once you get started. Indeed, I have found an extraordinary demand here in New York for aggressive qualities in promoting industrial activities. But my heart is still back there in Falling Rock, and as often as I can I run out and spend a night in the old farmhouse, which I still own. I like to lie there and listen to the cheerful hum of that first electric plant on Finch's Run.

It is hard to realize that all this was a total void thirteen years ago—that the creek was merely a nuisance and the farmhouse only a monument to failure. I often wonder how many such voids there are today in the nation—of one sort or another—in which courageous men will find fortunes during the thirteen years to come!

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

To Men's Wear Retailers—

Nothing sells goods like the enthusiasm of your clerks

And nothing you can stock will your clerks be more enthusiastic about than Superior Union Suits, "the active man's underwear."

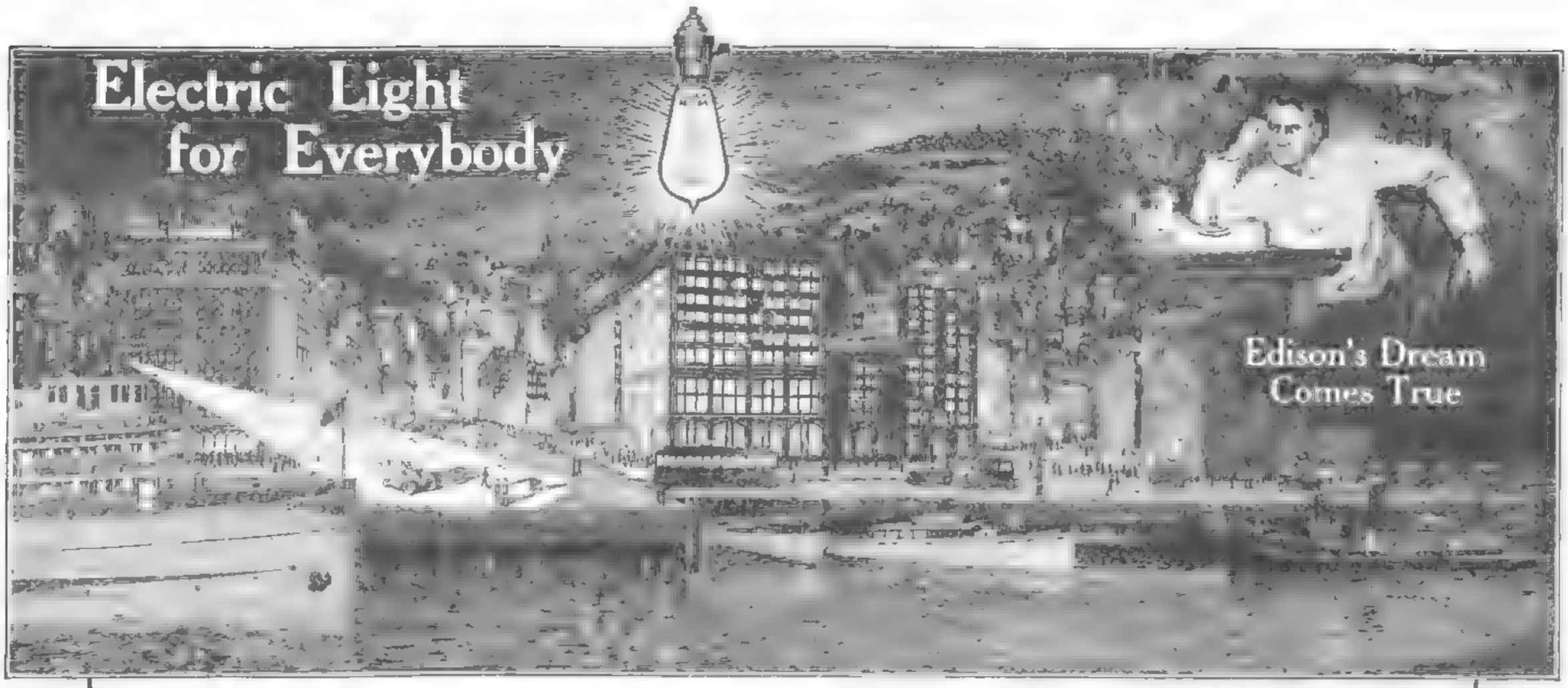
This was shown conclusively by the returns in the recent Superior ad-writing contest among men's wear clerks.

Every ad submitted showed that these clerks are as enthusiastic about Superior Union Suits as we ourselves.

You, as a progressive merchant, know that such enthusiasm comes only from confidence in the goods themselves. And you recognize its value in boosting the quantity and quality of sales.

Why not get the "enthusiasm generator" on your side this season? We are ready to make quick shipments of all Fall lines and a Spring advertising campaign unsurpassed in underwear history starts in this weekly list next week. A Special Store Service Department is ready to help you move the goods. Write or wire today

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO
Dept. K Piqua, Ohio



Every Way

Not only in homes, stores, offices, churches, theatres, factories and for electric signs and street lighting—but also on ferry boats, trolley cars, railroad trains, automobiles and even on battleships—these are some of the commoner uses of the

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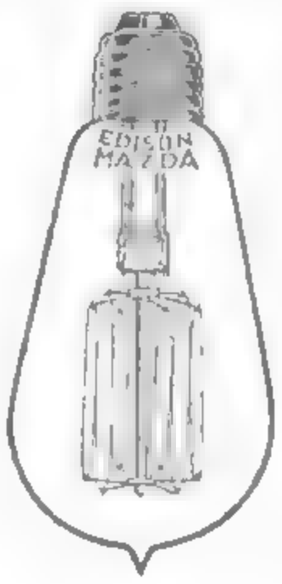
For boiler factory or dining room dome, for store window or clothes closet, for pocket flasher or auto lamp—for scores of uses—some of which would surprise you—millions of Edison Mazdas are in use today. There are sizes and styles for every lighting need.



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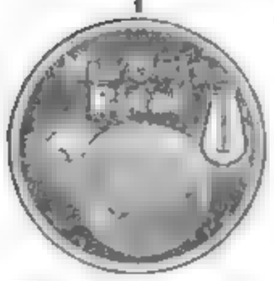

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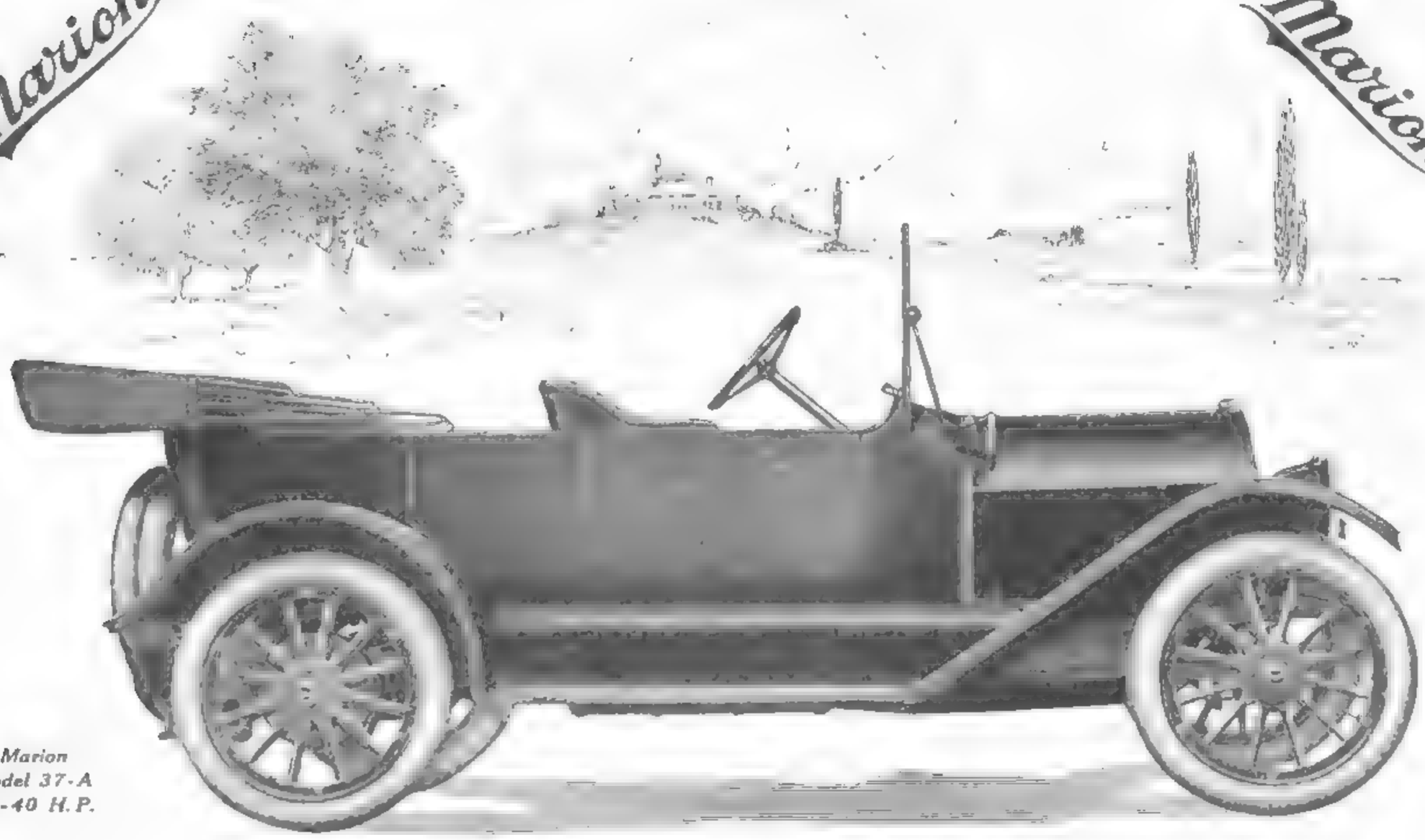

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THE REDDER'S LICK

Continued from Page 22)

"I came in on some business and I was at the show last night. Of course I recognized the name on the bills. Couldn't forget old man Montoya, who used to own half of Texas and then died and left his little Carmencita to make her own way in this wicked world."

The woman laughed unpleasantly.

"I reckon you've met some of my friends," she said. "Well, you've got to be a handsome devil, Rick Raymond. You were a good-looking kid; but if I'd known what you were going to turn out I don't know but what I might have stayed in Thomasville."

"I'm glad you didn't," said Rickey frankly. "I don't aim to say nothing mean, but that brings me right spraddle I out into the middle of my business. You made a good guess about me meeting one of your friends. His name's Jim Orr. Wait a minute! You can talk when I get through, but I want you to get all the facts first. If Jimmie had had time to get confidential about anything but how he was fixed financially, and how much he thought of you, he would probably have told you that him and me was old pardners and that I thought a heap of him—so much that I wouldn't have any idea of letting him get mixed up with you. Coming right down to cases, Daisy, I'm here to stop this foolishness with a jerk."

Carmencita's eyes half closed again and the look between the penciled lids was dangerous. She breathed quickly and spoke one word with difficulty

"How?"

"In my own way," Rickey replied evenly. "You'll throw your clothes into a trunk as soon as I've gone and you'll take the three o'clock northbound. You'll write Jimmie a note to say the stuff's off, so to speak; and that note won't give any address for him to write to, but it will tell him that being a married woman already it seems to stand in the way—sort of. It will surely mention that, Daisy."

The woman threw back her head and laughed.

"You certainly do say funny things, Mr. Raymond," she said when she had in some measure composed herself. "Do you know I've got a notion that if I told Jimmie I'd been a naughty girl, but I was sorry and wouldn't do it again, he'd stay right by me and tell you to tend to your own affairs? I think Charlie Bates is dead anyway. If he isn't I've got good grounds for a divorce."

"If you haven't I reckon he has," said Rickey sternly; "and if Bates is dead Bernstein isn't, and Hal Wisner is alive and kicking and easy got at. So is Manning Drake. I reckon if there wasn't any others them three would be enough. And let me tell you something about Jimmie; if he knew what I know he would do something foolish. Once the prod struck a right tender spot I'd hate to be the man—or the woman—he took in his bare hands. I'm figuring some on that, Daisy."

Her face grew more and more ghastly as he spoke, and her throat moved spasmodically, though she still tried to smile.

"There's just one thing more," continued Rickey—"I hold that back to play last. It's the chief of police at Galveston."

The woman gasped, threw herself forward and, with her clasped hands between her knees and her head bowed upon them, began to sob.

"My soul!" she cried. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Rickey, who had grown rather pale himself, took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. Presently he got up and laid his hand gently on the shoulder of the still sobbing woman.

"Daisy," he said, "you let me tell you what to do! There's an old man and his wife back in Thomasville—both of them mighty nigh the end of the drive; and I reckon they'd be powerful glad to have you with them. That ain't guesswork; I happen to know it's so. You head back for Thomasville and take a fresh start."

"I couldn't," she protested chokingly

"Sure you could," said Rickey.

"For one thing, Flanders wouldn't let me. You talk about killing—he'd kill me!"

A gruff voice broke in from the doorway:

"Who'd kill you, crazy Jane? What would I kill you for, and what wouldn't I let you do? Who's this man anyway?"

The intruder advanced farther into the room as he spoke and took up a threatening position between the two. A burly fellow, overdressed, overbearing, with a ferociously curled black mustache and heavy eyebrows that met across his scowling forehead. Carmencita sat up immediately and met his scowl with a look half frightened and half defiant. Rickey smiled happily for the first time in several hours.

"Well!" said the burly man, his frown deepening. "How about it?"

"This is a friend of Mr. Orr's, Flanders," explained Carmencita. "He's come to serve notice that the stuff is off regarding Mr. Orr and he would like to have me leave town on the three o'clock northbound."

"The devil you say!" growled Flanders. "Ho!" The monosyllable was a laugh fierce, scornful, ominous of coming disaster.

"And the ridiculous thing is that I am going to do it," added Carmencita; and she said it pleasantly with every indication of meaning it.

It was nothing much short of a roar that Flanders uttered.

"You get right out of here and stay in your room until I send for you," he commanded. "I'll settle with Mr. Orr's friend, *pronto!* Hear me?"

Here Rickey spoke silkily, sweetly:

"Excuse me, but I think the lady could hear you if you talked lower. Maybe the neighbors wouldn't, but she would, sure; still, she isn't going to her room right now, Mister Man."

"She ain't—eh?" said Flanders, gripping the back of a chair.

"Not by no manner of means. The person who is going to leave this here spacious and elegant apartment—*pronto*—is you, Mister Man! Don't look at me in that tone of voice or I'll put on my gloves and cuff you up to a peak and knock the peak off!"

"You can't run no bluff on me," growled Mr. Flanders, half puzzled.

"Whichaway?" asked Rickey. "Out of the door or through the window?" His dark eyes were glowing and his white teeth gleaming in the smile that was still happy. Flanders drew back a little and stole one hand behind him.

"You shouldn't do that unless you've got a gun and intend to use it," commented Rickey mockingly, "and then you ought to move quicker."

He walked forward, but had not taken three steps before Mr. Flanders retreated to the door.

"I'll wait for you outside!" he said as he disappeared.

Rickey turned to Carmencita, grinning.

"His heart's a heap bad—ain't it?" he said—"only he's got powerful control over it. No, you don't need to be worried about anything he'll do, Daisy—not beyond beating you up a few if there wasn't nobody round."

Carmencita nodded and jerked from beneath her teeth the handkerchief she had been biting.

"I wouldn't care anyway," she answered moodily. "Well, you heard what I said, Mr. Raymond. I lay down. Maybe I'll go back to Thomasville."

"Daisy," said Rickey earnestly, "if you cared a cuss and a half about Jimmie I wouldn't have a word to say. I'd back out right now; but I know you don't."

She waved the mention of Jimmie away with an exaggerated gesture of disdain.

"I was playing him for what he is," she admitted; "and much good it's done me! Rickey, is that straight about Thomasville?"

. . . . . .

Rickey kept his three o'clock appointment at the bank, but was not surprised to find that Orr was not there. Presently he went over to the hotel and waited patiently in the lobby. It was nearly six o'clock before the miner appeared and strode up to the chair where Rickey was sitting. Jimmie Orr's face was quite pale and his eyes bloodshot.

"Rickey," he said in a choked, unnatural voice, "you and me has been pardners, and there's been a heap betwixt us one way and another that I hate to think of now; but from this on—well, keep away from me. That's all! I'm through with you! You've played a mean trick on me, Rickey Raymond!"

"Jimmie," said Rickey, "I reckon it looks thataway to you; but ——"

He stopped; for Orr had swung round abruptly and walked away, his big fists

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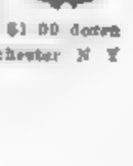

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clenched and the mere aspect of his broad shoulders eloquent of repressed fury.

"Well," said Rickey with an expansive sigh, "I done told you so!"

II

A DOVE note, plaintive and low, came from the distant thread of green where the arroyo merged into the desert, and peace, dovelike and drowsy, brooded over the ranch. The corrals were empty and the bunkhouse deserted for the time. In the broad shade of the china-berry trees, now purpling into fragrant bloom, Candelaria, the half-breed maid-of-all-unavoidable-work, drooped languidly over her washtub, with a corner of her eye on Vicente, the chore boy, who mowed a stretch of grass with equal languor; and in the house Maggie Raymond "red" the cool, shuttered living room and sang softly as she worked:

"There's little pleasure in the house
When our guidman's awa'."

Mrs. Raymond sighed and then laughed a little, for on a bookcase before her was lying, as it had lain for three days, the stub of a brown-paper cigarette, mute evidence of Guidman Rickey's besetting sin against order. Ordinarily Maggie would have consigned this blemish on the fair decency of the room to the dustpan with fitting remarks on masculine untidiness; but now she only laughed—a little, cooing, tender laugh—as she gingerly lifted the unsightly object to dust the spot where it had reposed.

"But there's not much longer to wait," she said, and walked out on the porch to peer through the rose trellis at the Tecolote trail. It was the twentieth time since the sun rose that she had done this.

"Sae true his heart, sae true his speech;
His breath like caller air;
His very foot hath music in't
As he comes up the stair."

So sang Maggie, with her eyes afar; and presently, as she looked, the long-expected little dust-cloud showed on the trail.

With a cry of joy she turned and ran into the house to make all ready for the welcoming of her man; and on the instant the quiet of the place turned to a bustle and rattle of preparation. Then she hurried to her room for a special adornment of dress and was occupied in this pleasing business when old Annunziata tapped at the door and thrust in her wrinkled brown visage.

"It is not the Señor Rickey," she said. "It is a wagon that comes."

"Don't tell me!" exclaimed Maggie. She went out and looked. It was a wagon certainly and its occupant was not Rickey; yet there was something familiar about the tall, bent figure that made the young woman catch her breath and then speed down the path to the gate to await his coming. A few minutes more and the wagon had reached the gate and stopped.

"Father!" Maggie cried happily. "Is it truly you at last!"

The old man clambered stiffly down and took her in his arms.

"It's e'en me, lassie," he said when he had released her; "and I could wish it wasnae," he added grimly as he set about tying his team.

Maggie turned pale.

"Father," she faltered, catching him by the arm—"not —— It isn't Rickey? Nothing has happened?"

"Oh, he'll be weel in body," said Andrew Ross impatiently. "Fu' of the pride of life and the deevilment of his nature is that young man; but something has happened an' I'll walk wi' ye to the threshold of his house to tell it ye."

Maggie called to Vicente to take the horses, but the old man stopped her.

"Let them bide!" he said gruffly. "Me nor mines will take bite nor sup of his. Let them bide, lassie."

"Father," said Maggie gently as she led him to the porch, "I hoped you had come here in friendship, and dear knows how it gladdened my heart; but, come as you may, you maunna say things like that to me of my husband. Oh, father, if you but knew him!"

"I ken him brawly, Maggie," said Ross. "It's you, his wife, that disna; and I'm here to open your eyes."

"I'll not listen to a word," declared Maggie with spirit. "You never liked him and you've always done him less than justice. Because he was a thought wild, as a boy will be whiles, and heedless of opinion, as I would have him be, you shut your eyes to all the good of him, all the

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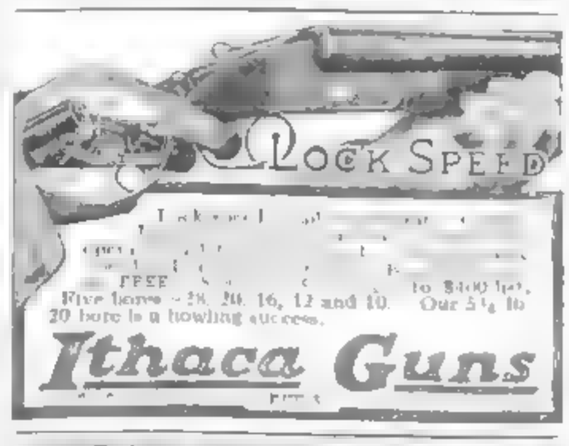

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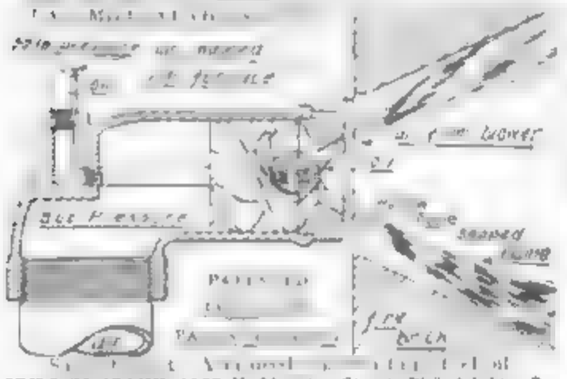

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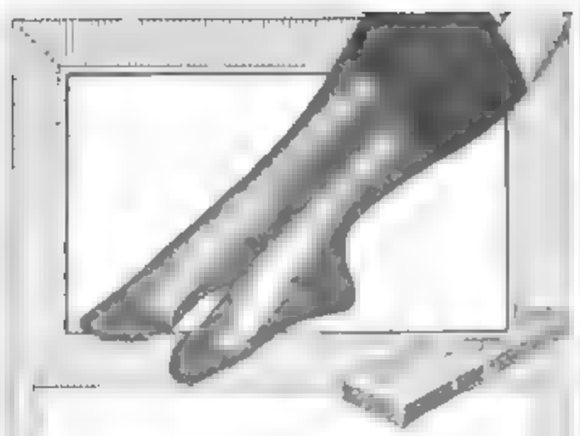

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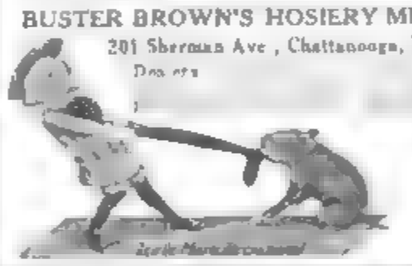

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brave in him, all the truth and kindness that he is made up of. You've set your face against him and now you come to me with —— What is it you have to say against him?"

Ross looked at her sorrowfully.

"Where did he gae, Maggie, and for what?" he asked.

"He went to Garnet, and perhaps to El Paso," Maggie answered. "There was a friend of his in trouble, and that would take Rickey to the ends of the earth; but he will be back the morning."

"Listen, lassie!" said old man Ross. "Would it take him to the dens of the deevil in yon city, to foregather wi' painted Jezebels, dalfing and drinking wi' the scum of the causeway as I saw him!" His voice rose to a roar of anger. "Hear ye that? I saw him!"

Maggie looked at him, pale, silent, but unflinching—defiantly.

"I'm a dour auld carl, Maggie," he proceeded in a gentler tone, "and I'll grant I've nae luve for the man ye marriet against my will and command; but a lee is what I scorn, and I'd not fyle my mouth and my saul wi' ane against the warst enemy I could have. Ye'll believe me when I say I saw him. Twa nights syne I saw him in a sink of iniquity, thrang wi' the vile and godless in all abominations and evils. There was he wi' the light smile on his fause face, and wi' him ane o' thae scarlet handmaidens of Satan, guzzling at a table in a neuk the twa. It was in my mind to kill him. Heedless of opeenion! My certie, yes! Maggie, come your ways hame wi' me."

It was a moment or two before Maggie spoke, and then in hard, unnatural tones that the old man had never heard.

"Shall I tell you what is my thought?" she said. "That you are daft—daft! You saw him? If I saw him with my own eyes I'd not believe it of him! If my own ears heard the like of that I'd not believe it, for I know better than eyes and ears can tell me what Rickey is. Oh, think shame to come to me with a tale like that!"

A quick clinking of spurs sounded on the path and a cheerful voice broke in on them:

"What's the tale? Let me hear it too."

"Rickey!" Maggie half screamed it and threw herself into her husband's arms, almost immediately tearing herself away to confront her father, who stood erect and bristling like a savage old hound.

"Tell him!" she challenged

"Oh, I'll tell him bithely," Ross gritted through shut teeth.

"Then I reckon it's something right unpleasant," observed Rickey evenly.

"I'll tell you, to begin with, what you are!" said the old man, the veins swelling in his temples with the passion that he barely held in. "No; I'll not do that," he went on after a moment's choking pause. "It's clean beyond me. I'll just ask you, Mr. Raymond, where you were and what you were doing the night before last at midnight or thereabout."

"Where I'd no sort of business to be and making a fool of myself," Rickey answered categorically. "I see you're posted," he continued with deceptive calmness. "Have you told Maggie all about it? Sure! Well, that was kind. I sort of concluded somebody would and I'd half made up my mind to tell her myself. I heard part of what she said as I came up. You didn't believe him—did you, hon?"

"Indeed, no," replied Maggie, trembling; "but ——"

"Well, I'm sorry, because I reckon it's part so."

"Ye'll no tell me there's a word or a sylvable that's not so," thundered Ross. "I saw ye myself!"

Rickey's eyes widened.

"You!" he exclaimed. Then a twinkle of his irrepressible humor came into his expression. "What in Sam Hill were you doing in Gomez'? Well, I don't want to embarrass you, and I reckon you were sent for; so I'll take your word for it and we'll say it's all true."

"Oh!" cried Maggie.

"You hear him?" said Ross, appealing to her. "He owns it - the shameless blackguard!"

"Hush!" commanded Maggie breathlessly. "Not another word!"

"But ye'll come hame with me?" pleaded her father, taking her hand.

She drew sharply away from him and looked at her husband, who returned her look with grave, watchful composure. Then she seemed to stiffen from her drooping tremor of agitation into a sort of marble

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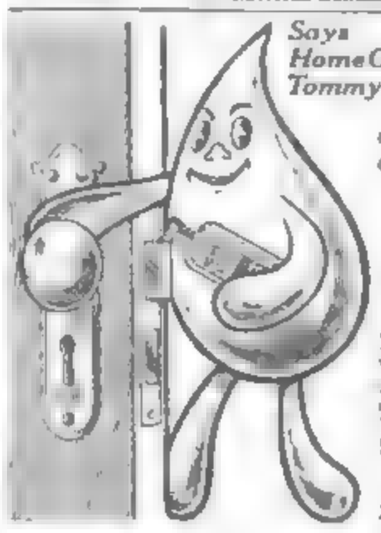

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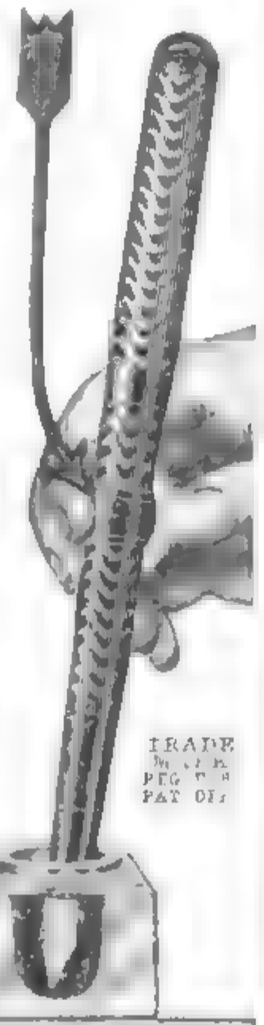

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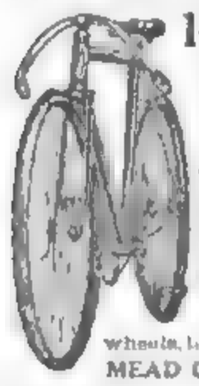

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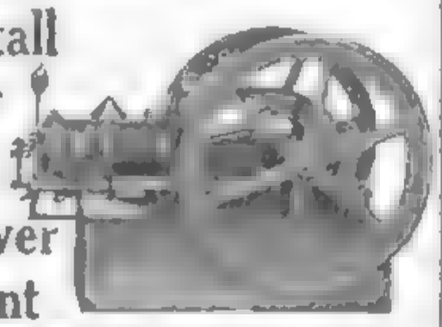

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rigidity. "Home is here with my husband!" she said. "Father, you would better go and leave us—in peace."

Rickey's dark eyes glowed.

"Here" he said, "I won't have this. You-all are kind of milling round here about nothing and I'm going to straighten you out. Mr. Ross, I reckon you mean well in your cussed, cantankerous way, if you'll excuse me; but hell's full of well-meaning men, and you've got your brand on the wrong steer. Come on in the house and behave for five minutes and I'll do some explaining. Come, folks!"

The old man turned on him, his gaunt face working with rage.

"Keep your explanations for them that holds your word a straw's weight," he snarled. "Maggie, do you mean that?"

"I mean that," said Maggie; and Andrew Ross turned and strode away.

The two watched him get into the wagon and drive off, and still watched until he and the team were a mere dust-blur on the trail. Then Rickey put his arm about his wife's waist.

"I'm sorry, darling," he said; "and now come and let me tell you about it."

"Is't true?" asked Maggie, facing him.

"It's sure true, hon," replied Rickey; "but——"

She tore his hand away with an effort of incredible strength.

"Don't touch me, please!" she said coldly. "I don't wish it—and I will hear no more! Do you understand? I have heard enough, and there's an end!"

"Maggie, girl!" said Rickey.

He had grown as pale as she, with the shock of her words and the steady, relentless gaze of gray eyes that opposed itself to his dumb pleading. There are women who have the quality of detachment in a measure invincible by their nearest and dearest—the power to throw up an impalpable but none the less insurmountable barrier against the invasion of their souls. Maggie Raymond was one of these; and Rickey knew instinctively that the dead wall of reserve was reared between them, not to be broken down by endearment, argument or entreaty.

"I'm tired," said Maggie, moving toward the door. She paused there and added listlessly: "You will be tired, too, and hungry. They have things to eat ready for you."

The next moment she had gone and Rickey heard the key turn in the lock of their bedroom door with a snap that struck his heart like an actual stab.

. . . . . .

They were unhappy days—those that followed. Once or twice Rickey, with a timidity foreign to his character, made an attempt to reopen the subject of their division; but Maggie's mere look strangled the words in his throat and he sadly desisted. The meals that had been seasoned with good talk and bubbling laughter—almost like "play meals," as Maggie was wont to say—were now eaten in a silence broken only by the most perfunctory observations and the briefest responses, the evenings of happy companionship, when they sat together on the porch, listening to the twanging melodies of Vicente's guitar or watching the starlit sky, or when Maggie read aloud and Rickey made quaint comment—these were things of the past. Without appearing to do so, Maggie avoided her husband as much as possible; and Rickey, with a chivalric delicacy and restraint that meant daily torture, forbore any unnecessary intrusion upon her. There were, of course, the usual activities of ranch life for him—long rides for the inspection of fences, the alfalfa-cutting, the digging of ditches and building of aqueducts to superintend—and he went about these tasks with extraordinary energy. Also, he drove his men, pricking them with undeserved sarcasms worse than the most violent abuse, so that two-thirds of them were on the point of mutiny.

"Seems like Mr. Rick Raymond, Esquire, is a-gettin' about a size and a half too big for his breeches," observed a hard-featured veteran of the Pecos ranges. He narrowed his eyes after Rickey's departing figure. "He's due to get wallered the next time he opens his head to me thataway," he added viciously.

"You want to tickle him plumb to death?" inquired his fellow sufferer with the wire-stretcher.

"I don't reckon I do."

"Because you'll oblige him a heap by making a play of that kind," said the other. "That boy's jest naturally spoiling for a fight. His whole system's aching to scrap so it hurts. He wants to break somebody acrost his knee and stamp 'em into a paste to relieve his feelin's. He'd run a mile after Old Man Trouble and light on him like a hungry bobcat on a baby rabbit. Rickey ain't got no swelled head he ain't that kind; but he's sore as a ulcered tooth about sumpin, and it ain't a-goin' to be more'n a week afore you hear him let out a whoop and cut loose!"

"You must know him right well," sneered the veteran.

"Tol'able well," answered the man with the wire-stretcher equably. "He's as kind as a kitten, Rickey is; and you can stroke his fur the wrong way a whole lot before you see his tail get thick, as a general thing; but he's a right active citizen when he gets started. What's worryin' me is that I ain't seen him smile in a pleasant way lately. That ain't natural for him—and that's why I wouldn't want any of his game if I was you."

It was two days after this conversation that Maggie was in the living room, occupying her fingers with knitting—as had become her habit in moments of leisure—and her mind with her own thoughts, which were not good for her. Suddenly she became aware of an intermittent thudding of hoofs near the corral, which her window overlooked, and of the shrill yip-yipping of riders driving stock, with an occasional excited shout. Still, she remained seated until old Annunziata came waddling in and announced that the horses were up and that the devil of devils, El Asesino, was among them.

Maggie had heard of El Asesino. He was a vicious stallion belonging to the *estancia* of Don Otero, a neighbor, and had earned his title by the murder of at least one man and the mutilation of half a dozen, to say nothing of his killings and maimings among his kind. Only his beauty and superlative qualities of speed and endurance had preserved him from a retributive bullet; but, with the increase of his savagery, he had been taken from the range and confined in a box stall, from which it was apparent he had made his escape.

Twice the herd, under the stallion's leadership, had been driven almost to the opening of the corral, which, in three divided sections of an ell, lay below the garden fence. As often El Asesino had whirled, doubled and raced, with his troop at his haunches, back past the drivers, to be headed off half a mile in the desert and forced again into the narrowing pass formed by the arroyo on one hand and an inclosed pasture on the other. The third time the outlying riders drew in and pressed the flying herd on with a rush; and Rickey, on Nigger-horse, spurred forward, swinging his lariat-end just in time to prevent the stallion from doubling again. The next moment El Asesino had leaped into the corral, while the herd, diverted by Rickey's swift movement, swerved to the left and entered the adjoining section.

Nigger-horse had hardly checked when Rickey slipped from the saddle and slid the corral bars into place, penning first the stallion and then the herd.

"Good work!" commented Hathaway, the wire stretcher man, who was the first to ride up. "Slick as paint! Ain't he a Jim-dandy though? Look at him!"

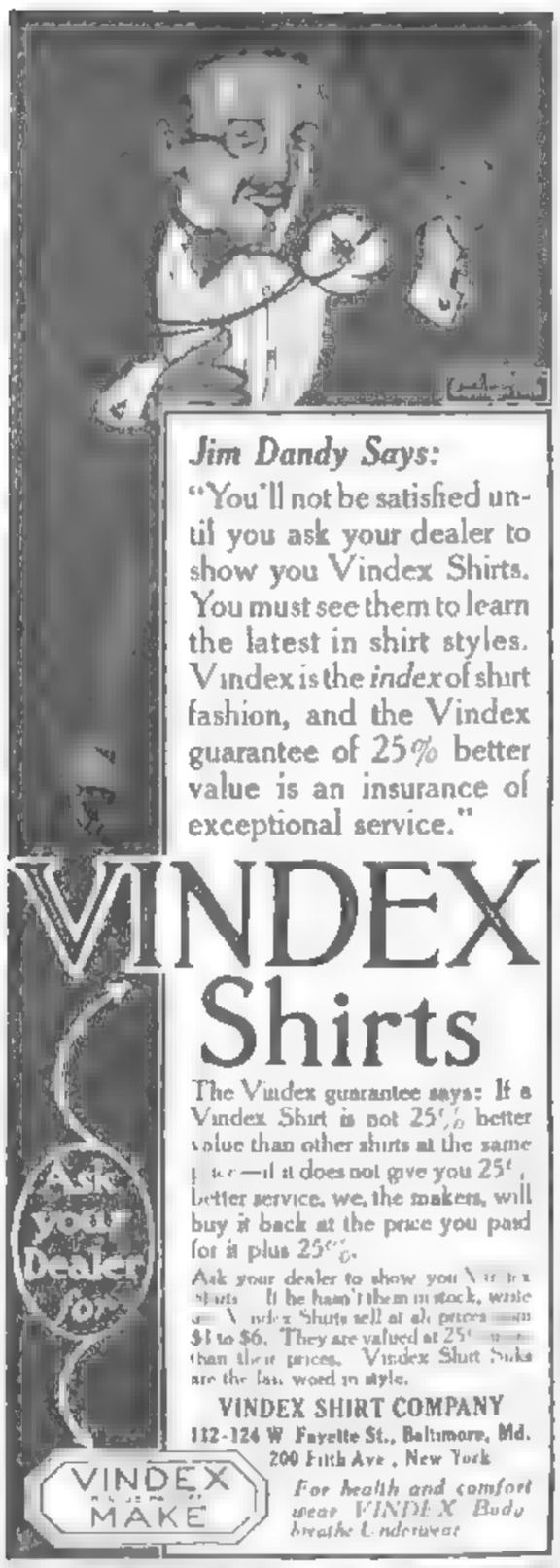
El Asesino, foam-flecked and with blood-red, wide-distended nostrils, after making a circuit of the corral, had rushed at the seven-foot barrier of stout poles and made a mighty leap, only to topple back and flounder in the dust. He was up in an instant and made another attempt, crashing against the obstruction with an impact that tried to the utmost the strength of the stout uprights and their rawhide lashings. Again and again, and with undiminished and furious energy, he reared himself against the unyielding poles.

"This won't do," said Rickey. He turned to the offended puncher from the Pecos. "I reckon you might hop in there and rope him," he continued in the indirect form of command he invariably used.

"In there?" asked the Pecos man hesitatingly; and then, at Rickey's hard, smiling regard, he flushed. "Oh, just as you say."

He dismounted, untied the lariat from his saddlebow and clambered slowly over the bars, but had hardly touched the ground when El Asesino saw him and charged with a blood-curdling scream of rage.

If the Pecos man clambered slowly down there was nothing tardy about his climbing up again. With a yell of fear that echoed



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the stallion's scream, he made one bound and his belly was on the topmost bar, from whence he fell to the side of safety with small concern for the manner of his alighting. Yet, quick as he was, the stallion's murderous hoofs smashed down on a pole as he fell and splintered it like a stalk of cane.

Maggie, at old Annunziata's call, had gone to the window a moment before, and she saw the man's escape. The stallion, beaten and prodded from the bars by stakes and quirts, wheeled about and trotted to the farther end of the corral, neighing to his mares. Then Maggie saw her husband coil a rope, shake the noose free and, climbing the corral, drop lightly inside. One of the men—Hathaway shouted to him with an oath and called him back, but he paid no attention.

"Mother of Mercy!" ejaculated Annunziata with a gasp.

Maggie looked calmly on. There was no color in her face, but there had been little at any time of late. Her expression was one of dull, almost languid curiosity, and the hand that held the window-curtain aside was as firm as the casing against which it lightly rested.

Rickey had walked slowly almost to the center of the corral and close to the snubbing post, the loop of his rope, neatly spread, trailing at arm's length behind him. His air was serene; his eye, nicely calculating distance and direction, was untroubled; his bearing confident, yet tensely alert. Then El Asesino saw him.

It was like a thunderbolt. Half a ton of superb muscle and sinew, animated by a diabolical frenzy of rage and launched with the suddenness of thought upon him! Ears flattened, mouth ferociously opened, with the lips curled back, baring the great yellow teeth; and then that stridulous, soul-shaking shriek—the most vehement expression of utter malignity and unappeasable fury in Nature—a sound compared with which the roar of a lion is flat and amiable!

Quick as a snake strikes, too swiftly for the eye to follow its motion, Rickey's hand sent the wide-circling noose to meet the charge; and as the stallion reared the rope drew up through the tough hondoo of sheephorn and lay close round his massy neck. Down came the vicious hoofs, but Rickey had darted to one side and a half-hitch of the rope fell over the snubbing post with a deft jerk of his wrist; then, still holding the end of the lariat in his hand, he ran to its length and stood braced, with a heel dug into the ground. The next moment El Asesino, hurled against the check at the slack, turned a complete somersault and came with a crash to the ground, where he lay stunned and motionless, while the men who had now leaped into the corral hurried up and hobbled and haltered him beyond power of harm.

"Mother of Mercy, thanks and praise!" cried Annunziata. "Oh, my little one, sweet pigeon of my heart!" Tears coursed down the withered cheeks. Maggie looked at her wonderingly and drew gently from the passionate embrace.

"There is no harm done," she said coldly. "Don't cry; it's silly to cry. Don't you know that? Where did I put my knitting?" She found it and resumed her chair, and the needles began to move rapidly in and out of the woolly mesh. "It's silly to cry!" she repeated. "I don't cry."

. . . . . .

When Rickey came in to the evening meal Annunziata told him that Maggie had a headache and would not appear. He thought the old woman seemed sorry for him—there was something in her tone and in her look at once commiserating and puzzled; and his heart swelled gratefully for the mute sympathy.

"Will the señor go in and see her?" she asked timidly.

"Did she ask for me?" Rickey inquired hopefully.

"No," the old woman answered; "but perhaps—— It might be well. *Quien sabe?* Yes—if the señor pardons—it might be well. No?"

Rickey smiled ruefully, but got up and tapped at the bedroom door. Maggie's voice called to know who it was.

"May I come in?" asked Rickey.

"Please, no. I have a headache—that's all."

Rickey sighed and went away.

The next morning he ate an early breakfast and, saddling Nigger-horse, rode his rounds. On his return he went to the little office he had partitioned off in the bunkhouse and busied himself with accounts

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and correspondence. He had been working for some time, when there came the sound of approaching footsteps and the door was pushed open to admit the bulky form of the source of his trouble, Jim Orr.

"Rickey," said Jim awkwardly, holding out his hand, "I've come to tell you I'm sorry for what I said in El Paso. I'm taking it all back, and I want you to—to sort of forget it."

Rickey remained seated and eyed his visitor steadily and in silence.

"Oh, certainly," he said at last, as if understanding had just dawned upon him. "Don't mention it. Sure, I'll forget it too—a little thing like that! Won't you rest yourself? And while you're feeling sorry I might as well tell you I am too. I certainly am. And I want to apologize for not letting you go right ahead and marry the lady, instead of poking round in the gutter for mud to plaster over her."

"Don't say that," begged Orr earnestly. "You done me the best turn one man could do another. I didn't know it then, but I do now. First thing, she wrote me a letter—and it wasn't no love letter, either, but it give me an idee or two; and I went to Flanders and took him by the neck and squeezed out one or two more. I'd 'a' come to see you then, but"—Orr blushed and looked foolish—"well, I was kind of busy; but I was in El Paso again the last of the week and I seen Gomez. I didn't know him, but he knew me and knew I was a friend of yours. Well, he told me about hearing a bunch of fellows talking about you after you had left his joint that night, and one of their names was Cruser. They was feeling pretty darn good over the way they got the old man in to see you talking to some woman; and Gomez says, says he: 'It was plain straight business he had with the girl and no foolishness whatsoever. He was tryin' to get a line on another lady that a friend of his had got tangled up with—and he was drinking seltzer lemonade, at that.' That's what Gomez says; so I done some figgerin', and after I got two and two put together I come here."

Rickey had listened attentively, and when Orr finished he silently held out his hand, which the miner gripped hard and held for a moment or two before releasing it.

"Lenore, she allowed ——" began Orr.

"What's that about Lenore?" queried Rickey with a half-smile.

"Nothin'," replied Orr hurriedly—"only Lenore and me —— Say, Rickey, I'll see you up at the house in about ten minutes. I reckon there's somebody else wants to talk to you. . . . I told her too."

Somebody came in with a rush and threw herself upon Rickey's breast—sobbing, laughing, murmuring inarticulate endearments, clinging to him closer and still closer with convulsive embraces, crying for forgiveness, wetting him with her tears.

And Rickey held her and kissed and soothed her in an ecstasy of joy and relief that seemed to suffocate him. He could have wept himself. He wanted to shout; all his self-restraint was needed to keep him from doing something violent and ridiculous as a vent for his emotion. It was some time before either grew calm enough to say anything intelligible—and then there was little said.

"And oh, my dear, I have not told you," cried Maggie presently—"I saw you yesterday in the face of death with that horse!" She shivered and hid her face for a moment in his bosom. "I went back and—knitted. My heart seemed turned to stone! And yet the horror and the fear of it . . . through all the night! It nearly killed me! Oh, what a hard woman you have for a wife, beloved! But there will be no more of it. Never!"

They looked at each other, the foolish young things, through happy, tear-wet eyes. At last Maggie rose and took his hand.

"Come," she said; "we must go. Mr. Orr and I have a surprise for you, Rickey."

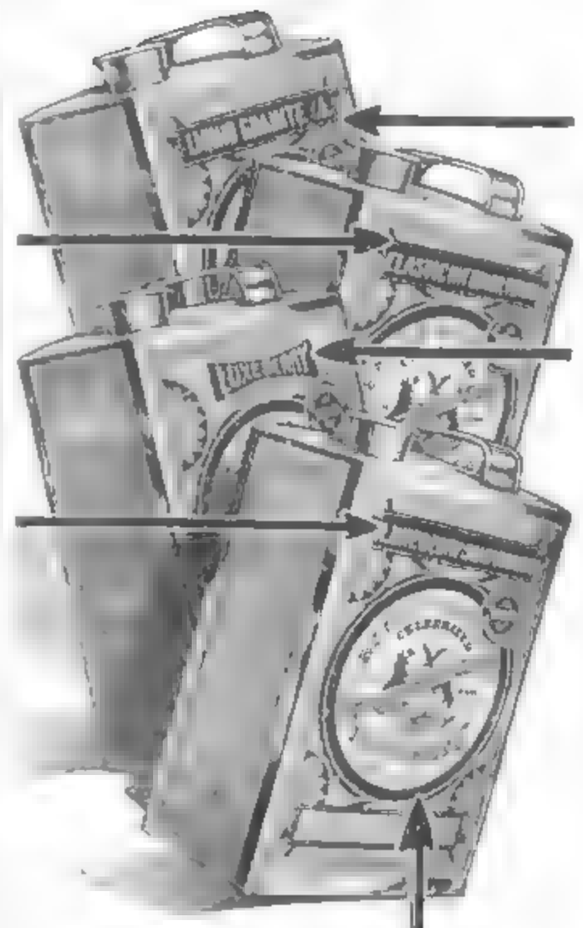
They went up to the house together with their arms about each other into the cool, darkened living room, where Orr awaited them; and with him ——

"It's our new superintendent," said Orr, chuckling, as Rickey blinked—owl-like—at the tall figure that advanced and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"It will juist be me, Rickey, man," said a deep voice—"juist a stiff-necked, bitter auld fule that's come to make his peace and to win a son. Will ye try me, laddie?"

"Will I!" cried Rickey joyfully. "It's the one thing I've wanted!"

And as their hands met there was born a loving friendship that was never broken.



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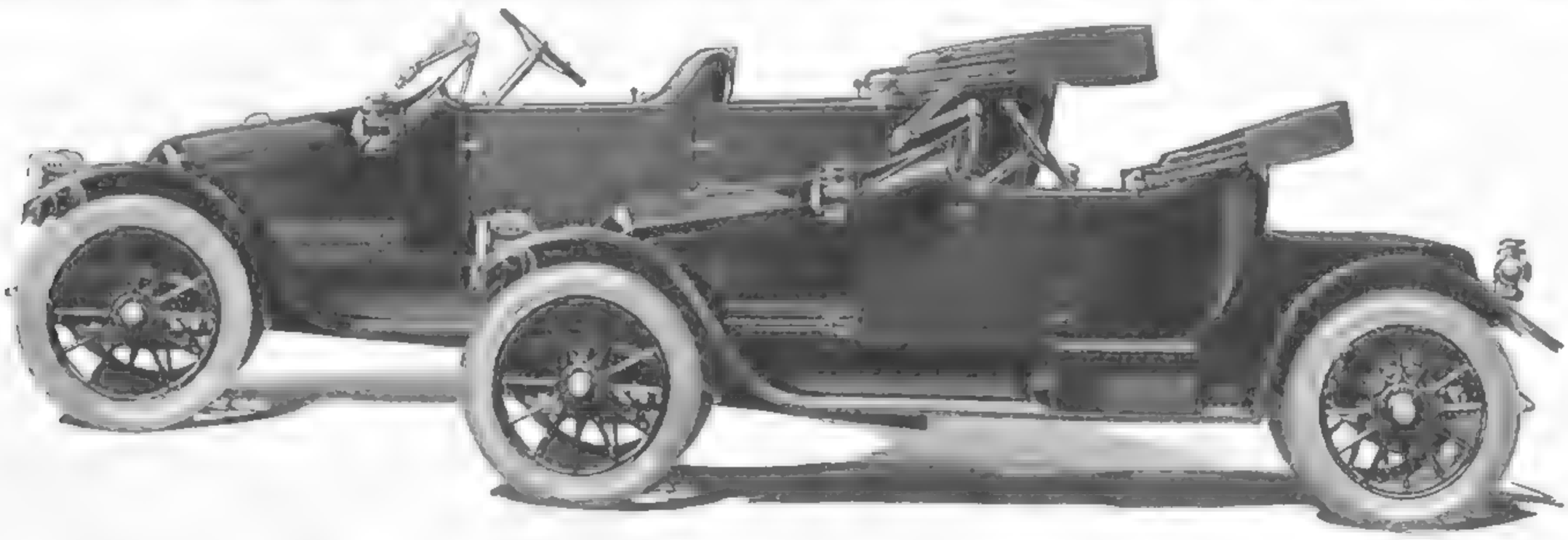

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MIND OVER MOTOR

Continued from Page 11

"Where is Miss Tish?" she asked

"Reading her Bible," I said tartly. "When Tish is up to some mischief she generally reads an extra chapter or two as atonement."

"Is she—is she always like this?"

"The trouble is," explained Aggie gently, "Miss Letitia is an enthusiast. Whatever she does, she does with all her heart."

"I feel so responsible," said Bettina. "I try to look after her, but what can I do?"

"There is only one thing to do," I assured her. "let her alone. If she wants to fly let her fly; if she wants to race let her race—and trust in Providence."

"I'm afraid Providence has its hands full!" said Bettina, and went to bed.

For the remainder of that week nothing was talked of in Morris Valley but the approaching race. Some of Eliza Bailey's friends gave fancy-work parties for us, which Aggie and I attended. Tish refused, being now openly at the racetrack most of the day. Morris Valley was much excited. Should it wear motor clothes, or should it follow the example of the English Derby and the French races and wear its afternoon reception dress with white kid gloves? Or—it being warm—wouldn't lingerie clothes and sunshades be most suitable?

Some of the gossip I retailed to Jasper, oil streaked and greasy, in the Baker garage where he was working over his car.

"Tell 'em to wear mourning," he said pessimistically. "There's a chance fatality or two. If there wasn't a fair chance of it nothing would make 'em sit for hours watching dusty streaks going by."

The race was scheduled for Wednesday. On Sunday night the cars began to come in. On Monday Tish took us all, including Bettina, to the track. There were half a dozen tents in the oval, one of them marked with a huge red cross.

"Hospital tent," said Tish calmly.

We even, on permission from Mr. Ellis, went round the track. At one spot Tish stopped the car and got out.

"Nail," she said briefly. "It's been a horseracing track for years, and we've gathered a bushel of horseshoe nails."

Aggie and I said nothing, but we looked at each other. Tish had said "we." Evidently Cousin Angeline's legacy was not going into a mortgage.

The fair grounds were almost ready. Peanut and lunch stands had sprung up everywhere. The oval, save by the tents and the repair pits, was marked off into parking spaces numbered on tall banners. Groups of dirty men in overalls, carrying machine wrenches, small boys with buckets of water, onlookers round the tents and track-rollers made the place look busy and interesting. Some of the excitement, I confess, got into my blood. Tish, on the contrary, was calm and businesslike. We were sorry we had sent for Charlie Sands. She no longer went out in Mr. Ellis' car, and that evening she went back to the kitchen and made a boiled salad dressing.

We were all deceived.

Charlie Sands came the next morning. He was on the veranda reading a paper when we got down to breakfast. Tish's face was a study.

"Who sent for you?" she demanded.

"Sent for me! Why, who would send for me? I'm here to write up the race. I thought, if you haven't been out to the track, we'd go out this morning."

"We've been out," said Tish shortly, and we went in to breakfast. Once or twice during the meal I caught her eye on me and on Aggie and she was short with us both. When she was upstairs I had a word with Charlie Sands.

"Well," he said, "what is it this time? Is she racing?"

"Worse than that," I replied. "I think she's backing the thing!"

"No!"

"With her cousin Angeline's legacy." With that I told him about our meeting Mr. Ellis and the whole story. He listened without a word.

"So that's the situation," I finished. "He has her hypnotized, Charlie. What's more, I shouldn't be surprised to see her enter the race under an assumed name."

Charlie Sands looked at the racing list in the Morris Valley Sun.

"Good cars all of them," he said. "She's not here among the drivers, unless she's—who are these drivers anyhow? I never heard of any of them."

"It's a small race," I suggested. "I daresay the big men——"

"Perhaps." He put away his paper and got up. "I'll just wander round the town for an hour or two, Aunt Lizzie," he said. "I believe there's a nigger in this woodpile and I'm a right nifty little nigger-chaser."

When he came back about noon, however, he looked puzzled. I drew him aside.

"It seems on the level," he said. "It's so darned open it makes me suspicious. But she's back of it all right. I got her bank on the long-distance 'phone."

We spent that afternoon at the track, with the different cars doing what I think they called "trying out heats." It appeared that a car, to qualify, must do a certain distance in a certain time. It grew monotonous after a while. All but one entry qualified and Jasper just made it. The best showing was made by the Bonor car, according to Charlie Sands.

Jasper came to our machine when it was over, smiling without any particular good cause.

"I've made it and that's all," he said. "I've got about as much chance as a watermelon at a colored picnic. I'm being slaughtered to make a Roman holiday."

"If you feel that way why do you do it?" demanded Bettina coldly. "If you go in expecting to be slaughtered ——"

He was leaning on the side of the car and looked up at her with eyes that made my heart ache, they were so wretched.

"What does it matter?" he said. "I'll probably trail in at the last, sound in wind and limb. If I don't, what does it matter?"

He turned and left us at that, and I looked at Bettina. She had her lips shut tight and was blinking hard. I wished that Jasper had looked back.

V

CHARLIE SANDS announced at dinner that he intended to spend the night at the track. Tish put down her fork and looked at him.

"Why?" she demanded.

"I'm going to help the boy next door watch his car," he said calmly. "Nothing against your friend Mr. Ellis, Aunt Tish, but some enemy of true sport might take a notion in the night to slip a dope pill into the mouth of friend Jasper's car and have her go to sleep on the track tomorrow."

We spent a quiet evening. Mr. Ellis was busy, of course, and so was Jasper. The boy came to the house to get Charlie Sands and, I suppose, for a word with Bettina, for when he saw us all on the porch he looked, as you may say, thwarted.

When Charlie Sands had gone up for his pajamas and dressing gown Jasper stood looking up at us.

"Oh, Association of Chaperons!" he said, "is it permitted that my lady walk to the gate with me—alone?"

"I am not your lady," flashed Bettina.

"You've nothing to say about that," he said recklessly. "I've selected you; you can't help it. I haven't claimed that you have selected me."

"Anyhow I don't wish to go to the gate," said Bettina. He went rather white at that, and Charlie Sands coming down at that moment with a pair of red-and-white pajamas under his arm and a toothbrush sticking out of his breast pocket, romance, as Jasper said later in referring to it, "was buried in Sands."

Jasper went up to Bettina and held out his hand. "You'll wish me luck, won't you?"

"Of course." She took his hand. "But I think you're a bit of a coward, Jasper!"

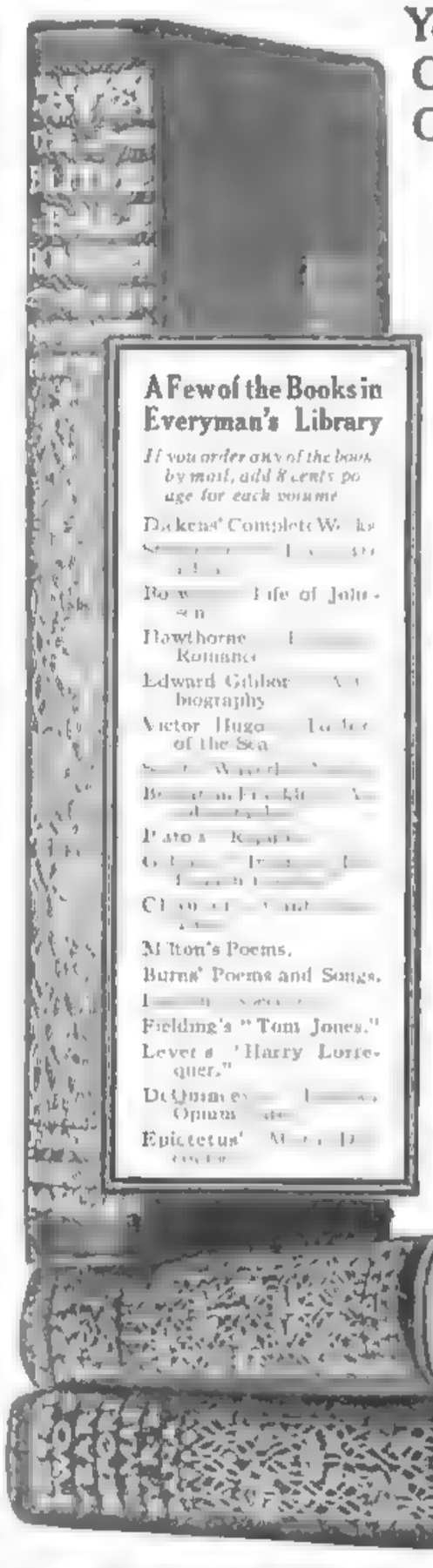
He eyed her. "Coward!" he said. "I'm the bravest man you know. I'm doing a thing I'm scared to death to do!"

. . . . . .

The race was to begin at two o'clock in the afternoon. There were small races to be run first, but the real event was due at three.

From early in the morning a procession of cars from out of town poured in past Eliza Bailey's front porch, and by noon her cretonne cushions were thick with dust. And not only automobiles came, but hay wagons, side-bar buggies, delivery carts—anything and everything that could transport the crowd.

At noon Mr. Ellis telephoned Tish that the grandstand was sold out and that almost all the parking places that had been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reserved were taken. Charlie Sands came home to luncheon with a curious smile on his face.

"How are you betting, Aunt Tish?" he asked.

"Betting!"

"Yes. Has Ellis let you in on the betting?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," Tish said sourly. "Mr. Ellis controls the betting so that it may be done in an orderly manner. I am sure I have nothing to do with it."

"I'd like to bet a little, Charlie," Aggie put in with an eye on Tish. "I'd put all I win on the collection plate on Sunday."

"Very well." Charlie Sands took out his notebook. "On what car and how much?"

"Ten dollars on the Fein. It made the best time at the trial heats."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Charlie Sands. "Suppose we put it on our young friend next door."

Bettina rather sniffed. "On Jasper!" she exclaimed.

"On Jasper," said Charlie Sands gravely.

Tish, who had hardly heard us, looked up from her plate.

"Betting is betting," she snapped. "Putting it on the collection plate doesn't help any." But with that she caught Charlie Sands' eye and he winked at her. Tish colored. "Gambling is one thing, clean sport is another," she said hotly.

I believe, however, that whatever Charlie Sands may have suspected, he really knew nothing until the race had started. By that time it was too late to prevent it, and the only way he could think of to avoid getting Tish involved in a scandal was to let it go on.

We went to the track in Tish's car and parked in the oval. Not near the grandstand however. Tish had picked out for herself a curve at one end of the track which Mr. Ellis had said was the worst bit on the course.

"He says," said Tish, as we put the top down and got out the vacuum bottle oh, yes, Mr. Ellis had sent Tish one as a present—"that if there are any smashups they'll occur here."

Aggie is not a bloodthirsty woman ordinarily, but her face quite lit up.

"Not really!" she said.

"They'll probably turn turtle," said Tish. "There is never a race without a fatality or two. No racer can get any life insurance. Mr. Ellis says four men were killed at the last race he promoted."

"Then I think Mr. Ellis is a murderer," Bettina cried. We all looked at her. She was limp and white and was leaning back among the cushions with her eyes shut. "Why didn't you tell Jasper about this curve?" she demanded of Tish.

But at that moment a pistol shot rang out and the races were on.

The Fein won two of the three small races. Jasper was entered only for the big race. In the interval before the race was on Jasper went round the track slowly, looking for Bettina. When he saw us he waved, but did not stop. He was number thirteen.

I shall not describe the race. After the first round or two, what with dust in my eyes and my neck aching from turning my head so rapidly, I just sat back and let them spin in front of me.

It was after a dozen laps or so, with number thirteen doing as well as any of them, that Tish was arrested.

Charlie Sands came up beside the car with a gentleman named Atkins, who turned out to be a county detective. Charlie Sands was looking stern and severe, but the detective was rather apologetic.

"This is Miss Carberry," said Charlie Sands. "Aunt Tish, this gentleman wishes to speak to you."

"Come round after the race," Tish observed calmly.

"Miss Carberry," said the detective gently, "I believe you are back of this race, aren't you?"

"What if I am?" demanded Tish.

Charlie Sands put a hand on the detective's arm. "It's like this, Aunt Tish," he said; "you are accused of practicing a short-change game, that's all. This race is sewed up. You employ those racing cars with drivers at an average of fifty dollars a week. They are hardly worth it, Aunt Tish. I could have got you a better string for twenty-five."

Tish opened her mouth and shut it again without speaking.

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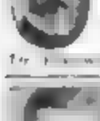

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J. Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine

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win the race. Having made the Fein favorite you can bet on a Brand or a Bonor, or whatever one you chance to like, and win out. Only I take it rather hard of you, Aunt Tish, not to have let the family in. I'm hard up as the dickens."

"Charlie Sands!" said Tish impressively. "If you are joking——"

"Joking! Did you ever know a county detective to arrest a prominent woman at a racetrack as a little jest between friends? There's no joke, Aunt Tish. You've financed a phony race. The permit is taken in your name—L. Carberry. Whatever car wins, you and Ellis take the prize money, half the gate receipts, and what you have made out of the betting——"

Tish rose in the machine and held out both her hands to Mr. Atkins.

"Officer, perform your duty," she said solemnly. "Ignorance is no defense and I know it. Where are the handcuffs?"

"We'll not bother about them, Miss Carberry," he said. "If you like I'll get into the car and you can tell me all about it while we watch the race. Which car is to win?"

"I may have been a fool, Mr. County Detective," she said coldly; "but I'm not a knave. I have not bet a dollar on the race."

We were very silent for a time. The detective seemed to enjoy the race very much and ate peanuts out of his pocket. He even bought a red-and-black pennant, with "Morris Valley Races" on it, and fastened it to the car. Charlie Sands, however, sat with his arms folded, stiff and severe.

Once Tish bent forward and touched his arm. "You—you don't think it will get in the papers, do you?" she quavered.

Charlie Sands looked at her with gloom. "I shall have to send it myself, Aunt Tish," he said; "it is my duty to my paper. Even my family pride, hurt to the quick and quivering as it is, must not interfere with my duty."

It was Bettina who suggested a way out—Bettina, who had sat back as pale as Tish and heard that her Mr. Ellis was, as Charlie Sands said later, as crooked as a pretzel.

"But Jasper was not—not subsidized," she said. "If he wins it's all right, isn't it?"

The county detective turned to her.

"Jasper?" he said.

"A young man who lives here." Bettina colored.

"He is—not to be suspected?"

"Certainly not," said Bettina haughtily; "he is above suspicion. Besides he—he and Mr. Ellis are not friends."

Well, the county detective was no fool. He saw the situation that minute, and smiled when he offered Bettina a peanut. "Of course," he said cheerfully, "if the race is won by a Morris Valley man, and not by one of the Ellis cars, I don't suppose the district attorney would care to do anything about it. In fact," he said, smiling at Bettina, "I don't know that I'd put it up to the district attorney at all. A warning to Ellis would get him out of the state."

It was just at that moment that car number thirteen, coming round the curve, skidded into the field, threw out both Jasper McCutcheon and his mechanician, and after standing on two wheels for an appreciable moment of time, righted herself, panting, with her nose against a post.

Jasper sat up almost immediately and caught at his shoulder. The mechanician was stunned. He got up, took a step or two and fell down, weak with fright.

I do not recall very distinctly what happened next. We got out of the machine, I remember, and Bettina was cutting off Jasper's sweater with Charlie Sands' penknife, and crying as she did it. And Charlie Sands was trying to prevent Jasper from getting back into his car, while Jasper was protesting that he could win in two or more laps and that he could drive with one hand—he'd only broken his arm.

The crowd had gathered round us, thick. Suddenly they drew back, and in a sort of haze I saw Tish in Jasper's car, with Aggie, as white as death, holding to Tish's sleeve and begging her not to get in. The next moment Tish let in the clutch of the racer and Aggie took a sort of flying leap and landed beside her in the mechanician's seat.

Charlie Sands saw it when I did, but we were both too late. Tish was crossing the ditch into the track again, and the moment she struck level ground she put up the gasoline.

It was just then that Aggie fell out, landing, as I have said before, in a pile of sand. Tish said afterward that she never missed her. She had just discovered that this was not Jasper's old car, which she knew something about, but a new racer with the old hood and seat put on in order to fool Mr. Ellis. She didn't know a thing about it.

Well, you know the rest—how Tish, trying to find how the gears worked, sidewiped the Bonor car and threw it off the field and out of the race; how, with the grandstand going crazy, she skidded off the track into the field, turned completely round twice, and found herself on the track again facing the way she wanted to go; how, at the last lap, she threw a tire and, without cutting down her speed, bumped home the winner, with the end of her tongue nearly bitten off and her spine fairly driven up into her skull.

All this is well known now, as is also the fact that Mr. Ellis disappeared from the judge's stand after a word or two with Mr. Atkins, and was never seen at Morris Valley again.

Tish came out of the race ahead by half the gate money—six thousand dollars—by a thousand dollars from concessions, and a lame back that she kept all winter. Even deducting the twenty-five hundred she had put up, she was four thousand five hundred dollars ahead, not counting the prize money. Charlie Sands brought the money from the track that night, after having paid off Mr. Ellis' racing string and given Mr. Atkins a small present. He took over the prize money to Jasper and came back with it, Jasper maintaining that it belonged to Tish, and that he had only raced for the honor of Morris Valley. For some time the money went begging, but it settled itself naturally enough, Tish giving it to Jasper in the event of—but that came later.

On the following evening—Bettina, in the pursuit of learning to cook, having baked a chocolate cake—we saw Jasper, with his arm in a sling, crossing the side lawn.

Jasper stopped at the foot of the steps. "I see a chocolate cake cooling on the kitchen porch," he said. "Did you order it, Miss Lizzie?"

I shook my head.

"Miss Tish? Miss Aggie?"

"I ordered it," said Bettina defiantly—"or rather I baked it."

"And you did that, knowing what it entailed?" He was coming up the steps slowly and with care.

"What does it entail?" demanded Bettina.

"Me."

"Oh, that!" said Bettina. "I knew that."

Jasper threw his head back and laughed. Then:

"Will the Associated Chaperons," he said, "turn their backs?"

"Not at all," I began stiffly. "If I——"

"She baked it herself!" said Jasper exultantly. "One—two. When I say three I shall kiss Bettina."

And I have every reason to believe he carried out his threat.

. . . . . .

Eliza Bailey sent me this letter from London:

Dearest Mother: I hope you are coming home soon. I really think you should. Aunt Lizzie is here and she brought two friends, and, mother, I feel so responsible for them! Aunt Lizzie is sane enough, if somewhat cranky; but Miss Tish is almost more than I can manage—I never know what she is going to do next—and I am worn out with chaperoning her. And Miss Aggie, although she is very sweet, is always smoking cubeb cigarettes for hay fever, and it looks terrible! The neighbors do not know they are cubeb, and, anyhow, that's a habit, mother. And yesterday Miss Tish was arrested, and ran a motor race and won it, and today she is knitting a stocking and reciting the Twenty-third Psalm. Please, mother, I think you should come home.

Lovingly, BETTINA.

P. S. I think I shall marry Jasper after all. He says he likes the Presbyterian service.

I looked up from reading Eliza's letter. Tish was knitting quietly and planning to give the money back to the town in the shape of a library, and Aggie was holding a cubeb cigarette to her nose. Down on the tennis court Jasper and Bettina were idly batting a ball round.

"I'm glad the Ellis man did not get her," said Aggie. And then, after a sneeze: "How Jasper reminds me of Mr. Wiggins."

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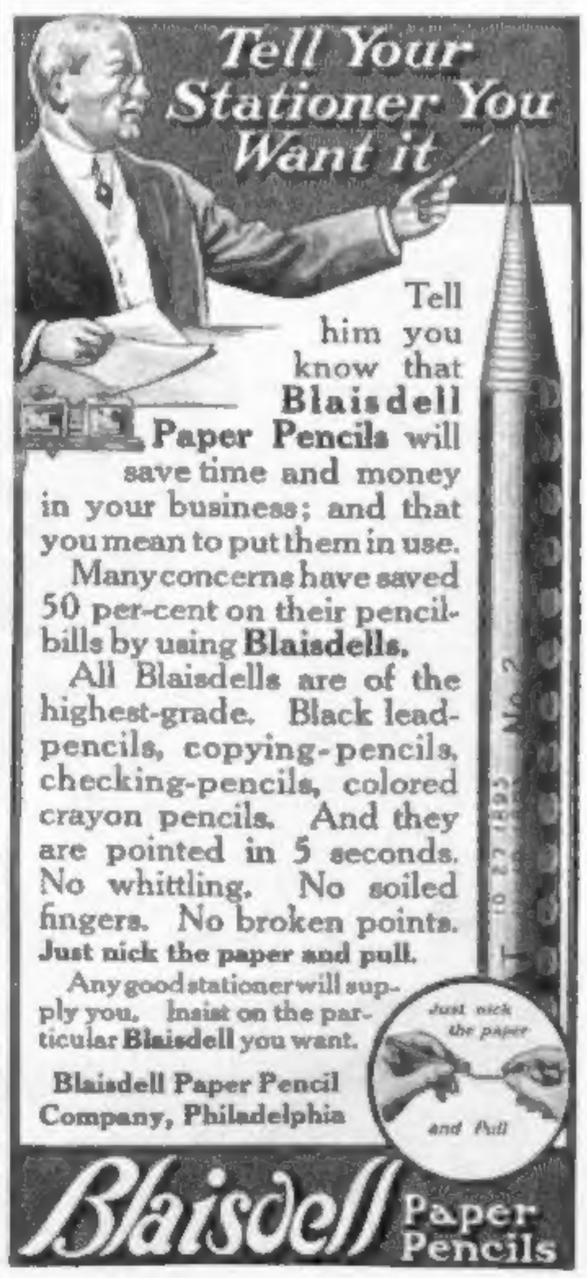
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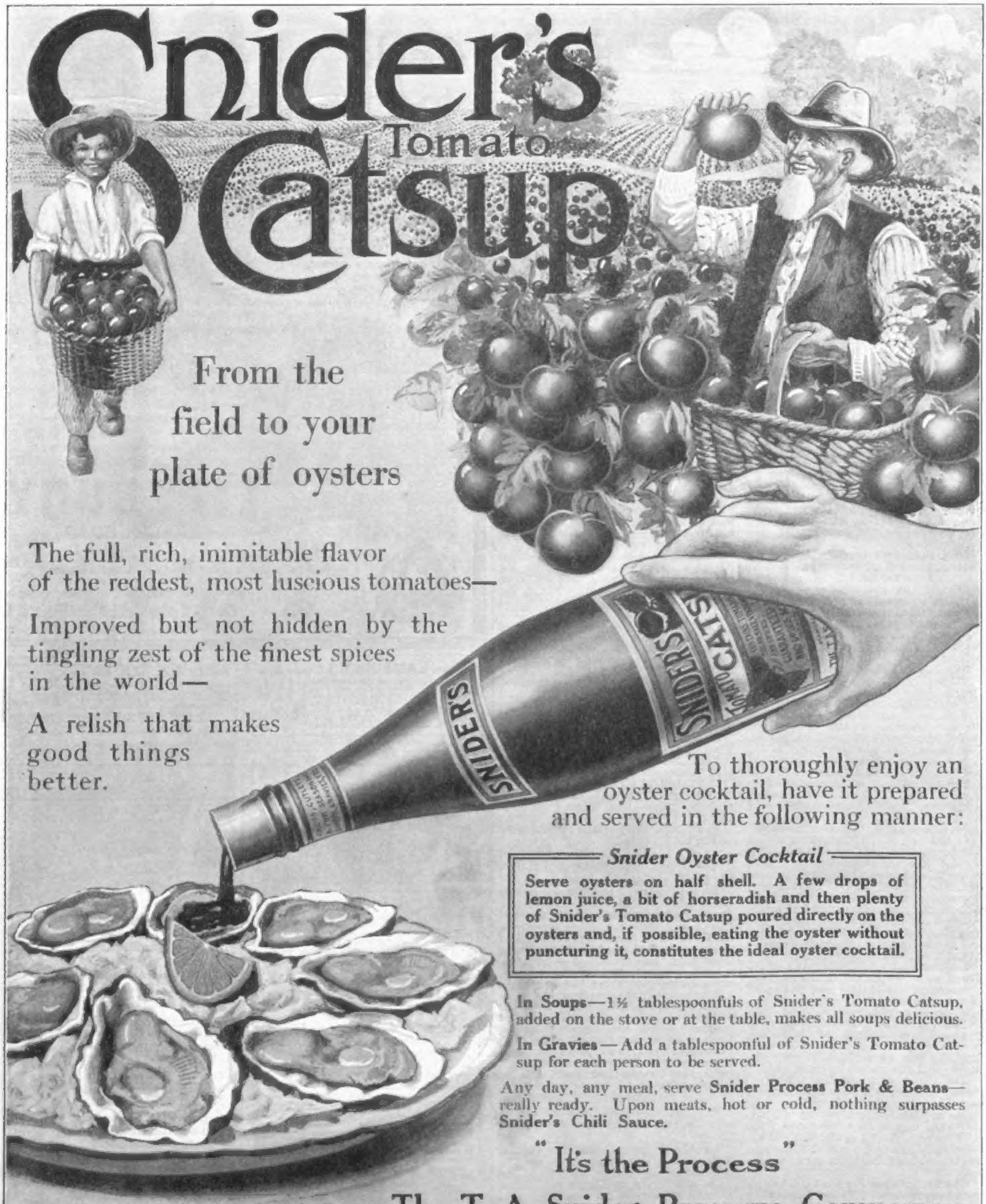

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